





ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

A Poem,

IN SEVEN PARTS.

BY

CHANDOS HOSKYNs ABRAHALL.

“ Still pressing on beyond Tornêa's Lake,
And Hecla, flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight.”

THOMSON.

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1856

DEDICATED,

BY PERMISSION,

TO

LADY FRANKLIN,

IN ADMIRATION

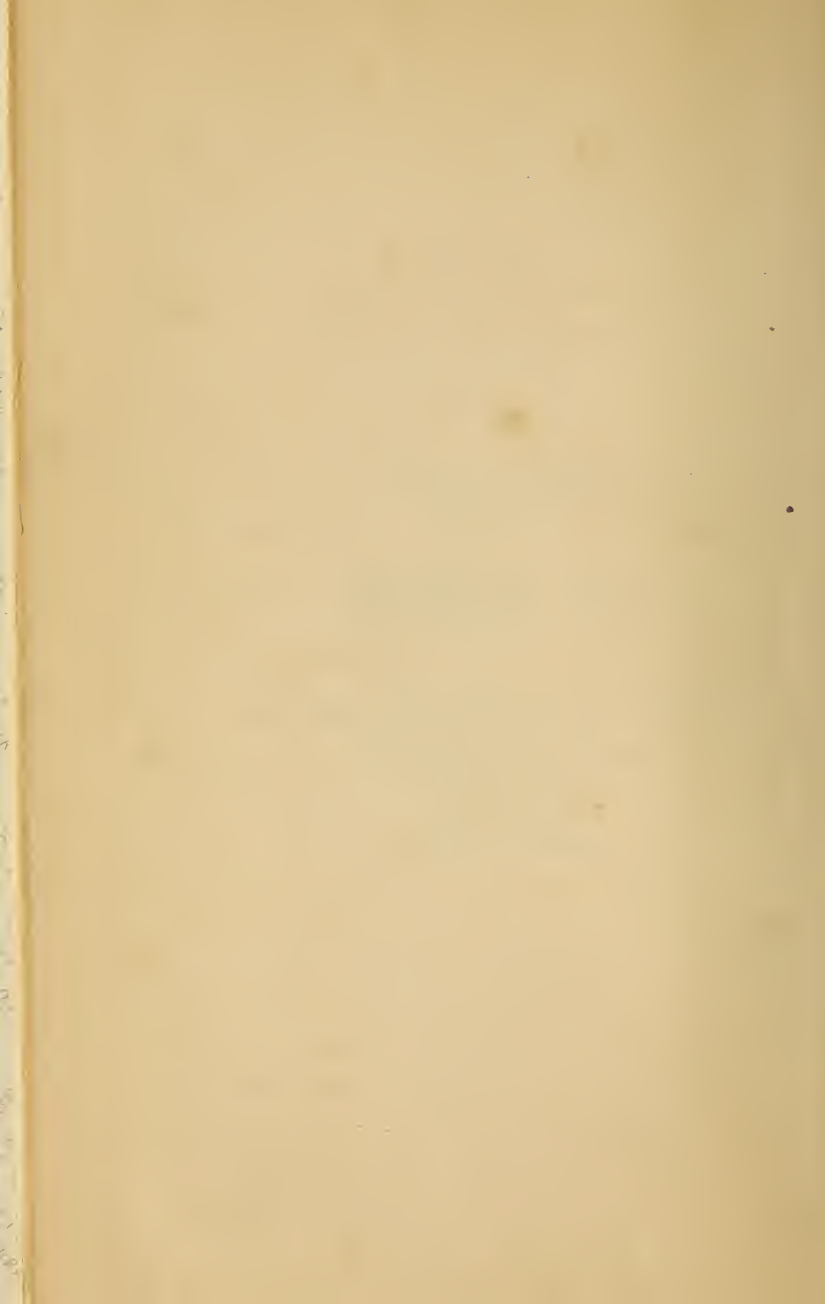
OF

HER PATIENCE, PERSEVERANCE, AND FORTITUDE,

UNDER TRIALS UNEXAMPLED

IN THE ANNALS

OF HER COUNTRY.



OFFICERS

OF HER MAJESTY'S DISCOVERY SHIPS, "EREBUS" AND "TERROR."

H. M. S. "EREBUS." Complement, 70 men.

Sir John Franklin, K. C. H.	Captain.
James Fitzjames	Commander.
Graham Gore	} Lieutenants.
H. T. D. Le Vesconte.....	
James W. Fairholme	
Charles F. Des Vaux	} Mates.
Robert O. Sargent.....	
E. Couch	
H. F. Collins.	Second Master.
S. F. Stanley	Surgeon.
H. D. Goodsir.....	Assistant Surgeon.
James Reid.....	Ice Master.

H. M. S. "TERROR." Complement, 68 men.

Richard Crozier.	Captain.
Edward Little	} Lieutenants.
G. H. Hodgson.	
John Irving.....	
Frederick Hornby.	} Mates.
Robert Thomas	
G. A. Maclean.....	Second Master.
J. S. Peddie.....	Surgeon.
Alexander M'Donald	Assistant Surgeon.
Thomas Blanky.	Ice Master.
J. H. Helpman	Clerk in Charge.

“THE attempt to discover a water communication through the Arctic Regions between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, is one which has engaged the attention of maritime nations, and especially that of Great Britain, for a period now extending over nearly three centuries.

“Rewards for the discovery of a North-west Passage have more than once been offered by Parliament. Successive Sovereigns have encouraged the enterprise, and men of science have, through succeeding generations, urged the attempt. In the earliest Arctic voyages no doubt a hope was entertained that the North-west Passage would open a safe and speedy route to India; but this idea was speedily abandoned; and for a long series of years the advancement of natural science, and the extension of our knowledge of the globe, appear to have been the sole incentives of these expeditions, which, sullied by no lust of conquest, or selfish views, must ever be considered among the most disinterested of national undertakings; they have served to bring forward some of the best officers and bravest seamen in the British Navy, and have added greatly to the lustre of that service of which our maritime nation is so justly proud.”—Extract of *Report from the Select Committee on Arctic Expedition. House of Commons, 20 July, 1855.*

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IN submitting his work to the Public, the author feels much diffidence as to any poetical merits it may possess ; yet he thinks its issue requires no further apology at a time when the national sympathies have become suddenly and painfully awakened to the subject of Polar adventure : it has been his aim to record in the language of poetry the daring exploits of all ages and nations in the remote seas of the north ; but, most of all, to elevate the character of the British Navy, and to commemorate the achievements of those great officers, and brave seamen, whose lives have been devoted to the advancement of their country's fame in the arduous field of Arctic Discovery.

ERRATA.

- Page 3, line 10.. For *only* read *inly*.
— 23, — 30.. For *approaching* read *approving*.
— 61, — 18.. For *lost* read *last*.
— 66, — 25.. For *through* read *though*.
— 87, — 5.. For *portentuous* read *portentous*.
— 87, — 23.. For *lusture* read *lustre*.

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

PART I.

“Jacet extra sidera Tellus
Extra anni solisque vias.”

VIRGIL. *Æn.*

ARGUMENT.

THE subject introduced in an Apostrophe to Home. Recollections of Home, as viewed in their influence on the Lover, the Exile, the Poet, the Captive; hence also on the Soldier and Sailor; but most of all, on the Adventurer in unknown and inhospitable regions. General summary of the rigours of the Arctic climes, and the dangers encountered in Arctic discovery. Furtherance of Science the object; Fame the impelling cause. Appeal to History. A slight digression on the value of a national Museum as a depository of great relics; its archives a treasury of great records. Hence, after a recapitulation of the horrors peculiar to Polar adventure, the first or introductory part of the Poem closes with a brief detail of the subject to be treated at large hereafter.

FAREWELL, blest Home! Thou spell of wondrous power,
When Memory, hovering o'er her natal hour,
Turns pensive from the busy world to trace
The old endearments of that sacred place,
To whose sweet calm each traveller of life,
Shatter'd with time and care, or scarr'd with strife,

The ruin of crush'd hopes, doth inly yearn,
And with repentant heart sighs to return.

Sweet scene of early pastimes ! still alike
Thy charms inspire where'er thy visions strike ;
Garb'd as of old, or deck'd for future bliss,
All-welcome thou, that never com'st amiss !
Where Memory scans the past with pensive eye,
Or Hope looks onward to to-morrow's sky.

Still can thy scenes, in shadowy distance drest,
Feed with a rapturous hope the lover's breast ;
With soft remorse the exile's heart control,
And haunt with holiest dreams the poet's soul ;
Can cheer the captive's lonely destiny,
Whose only joy springs from the thought of thee ;—
He, habitant of the cold stony cell,
For whom Time tolls the known and measured knell,
Who from the iron link and dungeon-bed
Speeds but to die, his hopes already dead ;—
If in his fetter'd sleep thy dream arise,
He stirs, and starts with unavailing sighs,
And hugs the phantom that can yet impart
Balm to his thought, and refuge to his heart.

Wearied at length, the soldier, of his strife,
Adventure, of his wild amphibious life,
The seaman, of his restless wish to roam,
Spontaneous turn to thee, congenial Home !
Each seeks again thy long-forsaken arms,
And time and absence but enhance thy charms !

What though strange schemes of blood's unholy trade,
And slaughterous thoughts the warrior's breast pervade ;
Though lust of enterprise or strife sustain
Spirits that probe the waste, or sweep the main ;
Steel'd against all save thee, thy voice persuades
With a calm eloquence, thy blissful shades

Nightly in visions of sweet peace reveal'd,
Through the arm'd terrors of the tented field,
Steal o'er the soldier's sleep—and still recur
In dreams to the sea-weary mariner,
Scorch'd in the calm of torrid depths afar,
Or pent in ice beneath the polar star :
He, child of warm emotion, impulse-led,
Sheds the quick tear, yet scorns as soon as shed ;
And though he strive by mirth's unthinking smile
To out-brave the thought, he only thinks the while—
His life of storms outlived, his wanderings o'er—
To press yet once again his native shore ;
And when through favouring gales he nears her strand,
Straining his eye for the first glimpse of land ;
Oh ! who can picture, save themselves who roam,
The boisterous glee that bears him buoyant home,
To assert at last, Hope's long-expectant boy,
The sweet fulfilment of the promised joy.

But powerful most, o'er toils reposing hour,
When years and musing thoughts their influence shower,
A plaintive-pleading throng, thy scenes surprise
The busy breast of panting Enterprise ;—
He, strange Enthusiast, though endear'd by all,
That soul of loftiest aim can gladness call ;
Stamp'd with distinctive honours, the proud wreath
Of valour won from floods or fields of death ;
With tried devotion to assure his claim,
Where e'er he turn, to universal fame ;
Blest in his social ties ; with ease and health,
All nature's bounties, all the world's true wealth,
On shores where exiled kings and patriots come,
Order's secure, but Freedom's sacred home :—
He, wearied with repose, with ease distress'd,
'Midst lavish'd blessings failing to be bless'd,

Forsakes his soil, turns from her temperate vales,
Her plenteous garners, and her balmy gales,
To encounter death, where the Destroyer yields
The atoning trophies of no battle fields ;
But strikes unseen, in the unknown distress
Of a remote and icy wilderness.

There, while to trace her wanderer's destinies
On love's quick pinions fond Conjecture flies,
And half-creates, in Hope's expectant smile,
Tidings whose sweet foretaste might yet beguile ;
Haply, while there, some life-subduing blast,
With frost tenfold infuriate sweeps the waste,
Chains every limb, and every nerve benumbs,
And death with sudden consternation comes ;
As sinks the intrepid Chief, he looks awhile
In lightning-thought upon his native isle ;
And though strange seas their unknown depths expand
Betwixt these horrors and that distant land ;
As life's last fleeting spark his bosom warms,
Gives back his home and pictures all its charms ;
Contrite he sighs, with love too late confest,
And owns that home a paradise of rest.

But banish from the soul the dark surmise,
Let smiling Hope o'er fairer fields arise ;
Say that the North relents, the tempest spares,
That deserts are subdued, and fate forbears :
Yet, as he goads his panting soul to fame,
Can no sublimer wish, no holier aim,
No softer charm 'midst danger's wildest deed,
Dispute that soul, nor vainly intercede ?
Shall Love, though seas dispart, yield her domain,
Or Home's forsaken friendships sigh in vain ?
No !—though awakening pride discard the thought,
Though zeal's high-mettled energy hath wrought

That soul unyielding, and that aspect stern ;
True with the Arctic star the tender thoughts return ;
There, as Remembrance haunts his couch of storms,
Imagination shapes her fondest forms ;
There, as he musing rests, that steadfast star
Bears on its beams each tender thought afar,
Illumes the waste, where e'er his footstep roves,
And smiles at once upon the home he loves.

But when at length, a nation's smiles to share,
The chief, responsive to that nation's prayer,
Issues a conqueror from the gulfs of fate
To wreaths of triumph, and the pomp of state ;
Repentant then, like an impetuous child
To the maternal breast again beguiled,
Oh, then ! in thee his home, he feels, he sees
The heart's true rest, the spirit's lasting peace ;
In thy soft scenes that halcyon calm denied
To joyless wanderings o'er the world beside ;
In thee, sweet Home ! a richer wealth reveal'd
Than all the wonders of Adventure's field ;
Fairer than all his feats of daring done,
His deserts quell'd, the trophies he hath won ;
Priceless, beyond Ambition's envied crown,
A nation's homage, or a world's renown.—

Oh, Home ! Life's sweet consoler !—Thou who hast
Our purest ties, the earliest and the last ;
Where first the enchanting Muse I smiling heard,
Traced the wild path, and caught the whisper'd word ;
Where deathless hopes their earliest beams display'd
Amid the fragrance of the sylvan shade ;—
Oh, Thou, that wak'st Affection's holiest train,
When 'midst thy dear scenes Memory lives again !
Thou still, where all Life's loveliest pictures dwell,
Home of my birth and boyhood—oh, farewell !—

Farewell !—amid those soft charms rest awhile
Where Memory lingers with a wishful smile,
As still-inclining Nature fondly leads
Back to thy checker'd glades, and flowery meads ;
Not now at her high bidding do I bend
To attune the lay that she alone would lend ;
Not now the winding walk o'er heath or hill,
Down the deep glade, along the murmuring rill,
The forest through, or up the breezy knoll
Can wake to notes of bliss the enraptured soul.—

Ah, no !—Adieu, each softly-soothing scene,
Ye suns and shades deliciously serene !
Where meek Contentment keeps her rosy cell,
And Peace and Love with sweet Seclusion dwell :
'Tis mine full many a league afar to fly
Where an eternal North invests the sky ;
A ghastly expanse, where sun nor season glow,
'Midst seas of frost, and solitudes of snow ;
Where snows amass'd on snows continuous piled,
A white confusion in a shapeless wild,
Glare forth their icy terrors, and betray
The impervious barriers of a despot's sway.

Here, if, while swerving from her wonted course,
Or borne by hurricane's disastrous force,
With her doom'd crew the ill-fated bark be cast
(As harrowing tale still pictures of the past),
Behold !—if Fancy with no faltering eye
Might fix her gaze—behold their destiny !

Escaped the grim and fury-fronted deep,
The yawning gulf, the breaker-beaten steep ;
Where the starved savage couches for his prey,
And Solitude holds on unbroken sway :—
The storm, the ocean-rock, the insidious sand,
The lawless savage, and the desert strand,

Sparing, consign them to a deadlier host,
In snows unfathom'd, and eternal frost.
'Tis there the all-dreaded phantom of our fears,
With his worst pangs and grisliest shapes appears ;
There, his true minister and prompt ally,
Danger, in hydra-form, sits watchful by ;
Famine, Disease, and Death await them there,
And the low withering form of fierce Despair.—

Yet, influenced by impulsive souls that feel
The insatiate thirst of scientific zeal,
To adventure prone, fired with Ambition's flame,
And all impassion'd for their country's fame,—
See, gallant bands in bold succession ply
Discovery's barks beneath that distant sky,
Where in the waste of an unfathom'd deep
Spell-bound in ice the unconscious billows sleep ;
Skill'd they to probe its terrors, and expand
The extent of Science with unerring hand ;
To watch the varying needle, and descry
With curious awe the wonders of the sky ;
To pierce, fur-clad, the untrodden wilds that stretch
Beyond the scope of eye, or footstep's reach ;—
Eager for halting Science to disclose
The mysteries hid beneath that waste of snows ;
Where Nature palsied, of her quickening power
Bereft, the teeming soil, the genial shower,
Wraps in the robe of death her sterile womb,
Herself her victim, and herself her tomb !

But here should native footstep chance to stray,
Urged to the chase by want's instinctive sway ;—
Blest for the hour, he meets no hostile hand,
No treacherous prowler of a border-band,
Prompt with incumbent force, or stealthy craft,
The slaughterous hatchet, or the envenom'd shaft :—

The Invader comes, girt yet with nobler arms,
Persuasion's influence, and Instruction's charms. —

Wrapt into Fame's anticipated view,
Sanguine in strength, while thus the exulting crew,
Full of wild thoughts, in emulation throng
To assail those barriers unsubdued so long ;
While, steel'd in hardihood, and arm'd in heart,
With all that zeal and courage can impart,
They stem the encumber'd bay through fields of ice,
Where'er reopening inlets yet entice,
And urge, 'midst whirling gulfs, with struggling breath,
Through every obstacle their way to death ;
Till, gain'd the expanse that cannot be withdrawn,
Where, bound in frost, the incumbent waters yawn, —
They saw the approach, piercing with trenchant steel,
A steadfast ocean that defies the keel ;
The herculean siege engenders no dismay,
A trench is opened, and they storm their way : —
When, lo ! o'er wastes interminably spread,
The Giant-glacier rears his glittering head ;
And as he sits upon his sapphire throne,
Where, till the death of Time, he reigns alone ;
With wakening wrath he eyes the encroaching hosts,
Dares their presumptuous might, and scorns their boasts ;
Sweeps with a fearful spell their rash career,
With power unseen arrests, and chains them there,
In links of ice deep to the solid wave,
Transfix'd with frost, and fasten'd to their grave ! —

Appalling doom ! which yet no fabling muse
Portrays in fiction's visionary hues ;
Mysterious group'd for some o'erwrought mischance
In horror-teeming tale, or wild romance ; —
Such doom, alas ! — if records soothly tell —
The adventurous first of Britain's sons befell : [1]

Wrought by the dark contriving hand of Fate,
Too wildly strange for fancy to create,
Such, History's awful tome reluctant leaves,
With sighs reluctant such the Muse receives ;
Yet, as beseems her, prone to picture still
Passing affliction, or recorded ill ;
With pencil true (art simple, yet sublime)
To trace the fading lineaments of Time,
And show to sons of his existent race
What features strange impress'd his ancient face ;
Sad, yet unshrinking from the task severe,
Zealous she speeds from her secluded sphere
On fervid wing to history's speaking page,
For the strange cause of that adventurous rage
(Were it or human influence or divine,
Heaven's dark decree, or mortal's bold design)
That lur'd, and left, abandon'd to their doom,
Patriot and hero in a bloodless tomb.

As some fond form, by Meditation led,
Scans midst the silent chambers of the dead
Each sculptured scroll, and culls with curious care
The various fate that struck the sleepers there ;
In such wise scans the Muse, with fervent haste,
Those monumental annals of the past,
Where Time's great treasury, Instruction's dome,
A nation's storehouse, beckons her to come.

'Tis here, 'midst gather'd worlds, Research pervades
Each region wrested from Oblivion's shades ;
Cons o'er each curious relic, and surveys
The uncouth wonders of Time's distant days :
Lo ! here complying Nature brings to birth
The marvels hidden in her womb of earth,
While Art exults, as, rescued from the dust,
She sees her triumphs ranged, a sacred trust ;

A priceless hoard, launch'd forth from every shore
That sea can sweep, or Enterprise explore ;
Where Libya's sands the inquiring step control,
Or where the unthawing ocean blocks the Pole :—
Rescued from ruin, here yet finds a home
The chisel'd pomp of mutilated Rome ;
Here her proud rulers, still imperial, shine,
Her marble deities look yet divine :
While lo ! as by the enchanter's touch sublime,
Wak'd from oblivion's dust, and scorning time,
From his unfathom'd gulfs in crumbling hosts
Emerged mysterious like unburied ghosts,
Assyria yields her rifted sepulchre,
And Egypt casts her mystic shadows here.

Apart from clamorous step afar retired,
Resort of busy thought, and soul inspired,
To contemplation sacred and the Muse,
There is a haunt where countless tomes diffuse
Their various lore ; where wisdom's goddess reigns,
Her bounties showers, and her high state maintains ;
And History, skilful to acquaint each theme,
In her appropriate temple sits supreme.

Blest spot ! here roves Research beyond control ;
Here quaffs, though aye unquench'd, the inquiring soul
His copious draught from an exhaustless well,
Where still fresh streams the unshrinking treasure swell ;
Here Learning's ample feast perennial flows ;
And Want can banquet still, and Care repose.
Blest spot ! a nation's mercy to the bard,
Whose lore is scanty, and whose lot is hard.

Stay'd in her pensive flight, the Muse arrives,
Surveys, and culls from history's mingled hives
Her proffer'd spoil ; when lo ! a train of years
Fraught with one dire fatality appears ;

Awe-struck, she sees o'er each portentous scroll
The Fates their changeless destinies unrol,—
Ponders, and fears too credent ear to yield
To horrors strange beyond belief reveal'd.

And, oh ! ye spirits inspired, to whom belong
The gifts of eloquence, and voice of song ;
Say ye, to whose impassion'd souls are given,
Though clay-bound here, the sympathies of Heaven !
When sorrow mourns, what magic might restrain
The breast that vibrates with responsive pain ?
What potent charm the harmonious bosom reach,
With power each stern emotion to unteach ?—
Illusive lyre ! hast thou that magic sound,
To assure it painless, yet implant the wound ?
To infix the sorrow, yet withhold the smart,
And wake no anguish while you wring the heart.—
Vain, vain the effort of the unequal Muse
Herself to outvie, and her own laws abuse ;
In vain, alas ! her sweetest numbers flow
To invest in smiles a history of woe !

Such then—no vision shaped in Frenzy's dream,
No poet's rapture—such the unthankful theme.
It tells of seas unpierced, and sunless skies ;
Of ice-wreck'd ships, and wild calamities,
'Mid gulfs profound where ramparts, raised by frost,
Baffle the prow, and hem the encumber'd coast,
Or high in towery might, from shore to shore,
Swept by the howling blast, promiscuous, roar.
Here valour unsubdued, though fall'n beneath
Relentless horrors, and a host of death,
Sleeps (such inhuman destiny's decrees)
On dark, mysterious shores and secret seas ;
And many a frame, by hopeless famine worn,
Hath given to desert snows a life forlorn ;

Or, struck by frost fierce beyond thought, resign'd
The faltering pulse, nor left a trace behind.

But, if the adventurous Muse may yet unfold
The appalling gloom of winter's secret hold,
Through lifeless wilds explore forbidden path
And cope the tyrant in his polar wrath ;
It tells of regions desolate, where Time's
And Nature's instincts fail—unearthly climes ;
Fell wilds, where vainly asks the inquiring eye,
Vainly the imploring heart a sympathy ;
Where in the waste of an unteeming earth
Nature sleeps on, suspended from her birth,
Eternal Winter's undisputed spoil,
Snows her ungenial showers, and ice her soil ;
Regions to mortal eye yet unreveal'd,
Where Winter, still unconquer'd, keeps the field,
And Solitude, eternal and unknown,
Maintains her vast and unmolested throne.

Yet here, if through the maze of polar night
The wandering Muse sustain unwonted flight,
'Tis hers on searching wing those paths to trace
Where the sea-sons of Europe's varied race,
Led by the meteor-star of Enterprise,
Steer'd their bold barks beneath those bitter skies ;—
To watch them from that dimly-shadow'd day,
When, in barbarian pomp and rude array,
The fierce Norwegian, with his boisterous clan,
And reckless prow, the adventurous quest began ;
To scan their wanderings with observant eye,
Pour o'er their toils late strains of sympathy,
Pursue their devious perils, and explore
Discovery's self on her adopted shore.

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

PART II.

“In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o’er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom.”—GRAY.

ARGUMENT.

THE Scandinavians. Their early excesses in Europe. Checked ultimately by established government; more especially by the power of Britain, where the rising star of freedom first attracted and influenced the neighbouring states of the continent. Scandinavians, or Scythians of Norway and Denmark, the earliest sea-rovers. Influenced by a powerful chief, their attention is turned from land-ravages to predatory excursions by sea; hence the first discovery of Iceland, Greenland, &c. by the daring sea-kings. Their position under a despotic leader, in a barbarous age, instinctively disposed them to wild expeditions; but hence it would appear the more remarkable that men of a civilized period should be led away by an adventurous impulse from which no beneficial results were likely to accrue. The fates of the first adventurers unknown; those of the adventurers of ages immediately succeeding, known but imperfectly. The whole concluding with *Tableaux* descriptive of the various disasters suffered by those who have been exposed to the perils of Arctic adventure.

TIME was, ere Europe wrench’d her trampled lands
From the fierce Scythian’s desolating bands,
That long effaced with fire, or smote with sword
(As savage instinct sway’d the avenging horde),

And, like a tempest-driven tide of old,
With war's all-wasting ruin reckless roll'd ;
Ere Science dawn'd, or Truth's celestial light
Pierced the deep gloom of European night ;
Ere Britain yet vouchsafed her giant-birth,
Law and twin-born Security, to earth ;
Ere, rear'd by her through oft-repeated throes,
Freedom's develop'd form majestic rose,
To array in peace her unsubjected steep,
Or launch her guardian-thunders o'er the deep ;
While states, less favour'd, languished yet forlorn,
Their rights unknown, their liberties unborn ;
'Twas then, to stay the advance of savage war,
O'er her wild island-hills, behold ! a star—
Cloth'd in prophetic beams unseen before,
Like unexpected hope midst ocean's roar—
Arose, a watch-tower to the world, and gave
Life to the fall'n, and promise to the brave.

While early thus the Guardian-isle stood by,
Instructor calm of Europe's infancy,
Full many a realm, sea-sever'd from afar,
In mute amazement eyed the auspicious star,
Eyed, yet recoil'd, too prostrate they to scan
The social ties, and sacred rights of man :
Lo ! Asia's mingled tribes, remorseless hosts, [1]
Flock'd o'er her helpless plains and scoured her coasts ;
And, like the invading pest that sweeps the air,
Ravaged her bloom, and laid her bosom bare ;
Barbarian legions, sentenced still to slay
By lawless chiefs more barbarous yet than they ;
War-fiends accurst,—where'er her oceans foam'd,
Or teeming valleys smiled, they reckless roam'd,
'Midst realms a favouring Heaven vouchsafed to bless
With every charm of Nature's loveliness.

[PART II.]

Thus many a year of blood and anarchy
Swept with its nameless sins unnoticed by ;
The dark dominion of an age of night,
When foulest triumphs of usurping might,
And lust uncurb'd, and causeless deeds of death,
Gave to the victor his most vaunted wreath,
And prodigies of crime, till then unknown,
His proudest trophies, and his best renown.

Till worn with havoc, surfeited with blood,
Or, by excess, tamed to a milder mood,
Wearied, or panting for some wilder chase,
To throw fresh charms on danger's featured face ;
Or, it may be, the conscience-haunted chief
Seeking in unknown horrors stern relief
From deeds that spoke, and thoughts that pictured worse,—
In seas and storms, a refuge from remorse ;—
(For thoughts, in tincture deep of murder's die,
A conscious soul's avenging agony,
Unsummon'd oft on fiercest breasts intrude,
Point to the crime and bring back all the blood):—
Yet, for the spell, whose strange impulsive cause
Urged the barbarian to relent and pause ;
Adventure's thirst, mere lust of wider range,
Be it whate'er it may, that wrought the change ;
There, where the wave swept his Norwegian coast,
Halting, the impetuous chief survey'd his host ;
And as his eye, whose eager gaze exprest
Volumes of meaning, scann'd the mystic west,
In accents, stirr'd by that prophetic glance,
He told of worlds and triumphs in advance ;
Where—though the seas were wild, their depths unknown,
Misty the course, and traversed yet by none—
These transient perils past, a boundless range
Waited their steps with glories great and strange ;

Stores of wild wealth unconquer'd yet by arms,
A world of bliss, a paradise of charms.—
Thus, with fair terms and fables, coin'd to please,
Of golden reigns in far-distant seas,
The wily chieftain won the expectant horde,
Forsook the ensanguined path, and sheath'd the sword.

'Twas then of yore (as records dimly tell,
In scroll uncouth or runic chronicle),
Led by a sea-king chief, whole pirate-bands
Of Northmen fierce from Scandinavian strands,
Taught by the raven's faithful wing to steer, [2]
Stemm'd through bewildering mists their dark career,
Nor stay'd their course, nor curb'd the ambitious aim,
Till Greenland's snows the unfruitful prize proclaim.

Thus strange the attempt : yet deem it little strange,
If, framed in Nature's wildness, prone to range,
Practised in plunder, and inured to toil,
A chief, who lack'd fresh regions to despoil,
A watery bar the obstruction sole that lay
Betwixt his restless foot and wider sway,
O'ersteps the limits of the invidious main,
To assure new ravage and extend his reign ;
Nor deem it strange his ministers of death,
Vassals, whose lives hang on a leader's breath,
Creatures of chance and crime, whose souls aspire
To deeds alone of pillage, blood, and fire ;
Their law a robber-chieftain's stern command,
Their guide his fiery eye, and lifted brand,
Their trust the ruin wrought by savage might,
Tumult their peace, and danger their delight ;—
Deem not, while Hope still pictures the results,
As those wherein the savage thought exults,—
Rapine, and that which most their souls hold dear,
Unbridled range within a boundless sphere ;

[PART II.]

Deem it not strange that Spoil's instinctive bands
Throng at a chieftain's beck, whose wild commands
To all their fiercest energies appeal,
And fire the torch of a licentious zeal ;
Nay, marvel not, if in so fond a thrall
They spring responsive to the awakening call,
Shout to the bark that bears them on, and hail
The wind that wafts them a propitious gale.

But when, controll'd, the stream of earlier time,
That pour'd a deluge of impetuous crime,
Runs, as its wild impurities subside,
In calmer waters and a clearer tide ;
When, for Improvement's growth and Art's advance,
Bursting the ungenial mists of ignorance,
Instruction rises with resistless sway,
Dispels the gloom, and struggles into day ;
When truth asserts at length her awful power,
And nations hail the civilizing hour
When Law, the friend of freedom and of life,
Arrests the steps of predatory strife ;
When barbarous hordes their barbarous conflicts cease,
And turn their arms to implements of peace ;
While Hope, with an exulting look elate,
Beckoning existence to a happier state,
The Enchantress smiles, and sings in sweetest strain
Of joys that in her promise yet remain,
Friendship, and love, and all those cherish'd ties
That bind in one, life's kindred sympathies ;
And Peace, that wakes the smile, and prompts the song
To lusty Industry the wilds among,
In all the fulness of her presence comes,
Tills Nature's solitudes, and founds her homes,
Exiles afar the demon strife, and brings
Ambrosial blessings on her hallow'd wings.

Then marvel that a breast, though steel'd by war
 On hostile floods or hateful plains afar,
 Returning once more to the lap of Peace,
 When Honour is confirm'd, and years increase,
 From slaughterous toils redeem'd, and taught to feel
 Affection's ties and Friendship's fond appeal;—
 Marvel such yet can own the ungentle glow,
 With kindling zeal impatient to forego
 The flowery paths of competence and ease,
 For ruthless deserts and tempestuous seas;
 The soft endearments of a cultured home,
 With all its social sympathies, to roam,
 Self-exiled, on a dark and hopeless quest,
 Inhuman Winter's uninvited guest;
 Content to encounter, with unequal might,
 His piercing furies through an age of night;
 To endure, from help, from home, from friend remote,
 Each aggravated ill that shocks the thought;
 Defeated oft, intrepid still to dare
 The unyielding foe, and battle with despair;
 Triumphant, on Adventure's fatal field
 Though foil'd, in pride triumphant yet to yield,
 Without his hallowing cause, a martyr's breath,
 Urgent on fate, and covetous of death.

But grant that partial fortune intervene,
 And unexpected triumph crown the scene;
 That stern persistence force the obstructed way,
 What was the spur, or where the conquest?—say!
 An uneradicable lust of fame,
 A fruitless wreath, a visionary claim.

Yet, oh! the eventful issue! What avail
 (Save food for wondering thought or thrilling tale)
 The ice-lock'd portals of the mystic North
 Wrench'd early thus by savage chieftain forth?

[PART II.]

Where all those golden fields, their promised spoil,
Balm of their hopes, and guerdon of their toil?
If Page be speechless, and Tradition mute,
Cease, fond Inquiry, cease the vain pursuit—
Bootless thy quest—where Darkness keeps the tale
Of death, and Fate forbids to lift the veil;
Inquiry, cease! let desert-depths betray
Their dubious doom, or scan the event and say.

But if to explore their later toils thy aim,
Who wrought through polar snows a path to fame;
Or, curious still, thou would'st the Muse relate
The unwonted horrors of their various fate,
Whose barks career'd, where outlaws led the van,
The issue in the unthankful sequel scan.

Some, toss'd by tempests in the o'er-sweeping wave, [3]
Resign their ardour to a hasty grave;
Spared by the storm, deluding mists involve,
And leave their secret for some rock to solve,
Or island-waste where human fiends await,
Prompt to consign them to a hideous fate.
Some, that prolong life's dreary term awhile,
Brav'd the sea-storm, and past the desert isle,
A band of reckless zealots, strangely led
To invade a region that rejects the tread,
From buffet of the inhospitable surge
To depths more dire, and lonelier wastes emerge,
Whose rocks, like Resolution, 'midst the roar
Of vain, vast seas, reluctant yield a shore,
Where, in a yet untempted world of ice,
And howling storm, and rifted precipice,
And snows that trap the tread, in mist conceal'd,
A thousand Fates, for ever unreveal'd,
Open the pit profound of shroudless sleep,
Where bend no sympathies, no sorrows weep,

No trooping loves, with lingering look to crave
The last sad glance within the closing grave ;
But headlong launched the wanderer sinks forlorn,
By rite unhallow'd, and no voice to mourn.

For some who, steel'd with strength's superior power,
O'erstep the amazing steep, and live the hour,
The Proteus Death assumes a fiercer form,
Strikes in the frost, or baffles in the storm ;
Or, 'midst fell wilds to foot of life unknown, [4]
Through the night's vast expanse erroneous thrown,
Consigns to lingering pangs, an unthought doom,
Deep in the inmost desert's loneliest gloom.
For such—ah ! happier had they shared that fate
They lately deem'd so dark and desolate,
Hurl'd down the unseen abyss, or swept in snows,
To swift destruction's merciful repose !
Yet spared, all those unnumber'd ills arise
The unyielding waste to wolfish want supplies,
Their hoarded stores (Adventure's precious fare)
Failing, though doled with all a miser's care,
Scant chance provides the foul repast for these,
That feeds not life but generates disease ;
Till Want, Disease, Despair, a various foe,
Urge to that pitch, that sad extreme of woe,
When (harrowing thought!), where plied the intrepid band
The unwearied effort at their chief's command,
Powerless unsightly phantoms haunt the scene,
Such as the grave's sad inmates should have been ;
Wrought by fell want an unacquainted crew,
This one a stranger to the other's view,
Unmann'd in action, spiritless, undone,
Each sees in each the ghastly skeleton ;
While, as unclean Distemper works her way,
And opens to Despair an ampler sway,

[PART II.]

A hideous scene ensues, the Furies rise, [5]
And instincts dire and dreadful hopes surprise,
Till Nature yields, and Life, too long oppress'd,
Hails the destroyer, and subsides to rest.

But where Disease and Want in vain conspire
To extinguish lingering Life's enfeebled fire,
Still fated to pursue the path of pain,
Perchance a trembling remnant yet remain ;
For such, alas ! fain would the Muse forbear [6]
To unveil the workings of that wild despair
That wars with hope, and, in a deadlier zeal
Than bares the breast to the self-pointed steel,
O'erleaps restraint, perverts fair order's school
To revelry uncurb'd and wild misrule,
Shuts mercy forth beyond the power to save,
And spurns the hand that wrests him from the grave.
Lo ! as affection wanes, and zeal expires,
'Midst baffled hopes and unattain'd desires,
And Discontent the impatient imp and pale,
And famine-born Mistrust and Hate prevail ;
Sever'd at once those ever-stringent ties
To danger-seeking sons of Enterprise,
That league of soul, the enduring bond that late
Had link'd so fast their fellowship of fate ;
Desertion comes, degenerate fiend, at length
To drain the feeble current of their strength ;
Till, reckless wrought, and madden'd with despair
(As if Destruction lack'd an agent there),
Mistrust to tumult goads the unthinking band,
And Revolt lifts her parricidal hand,
Command a mockery grown, entreaty fails,
And he who truest served, the first assails.

Urged by a mere despair of hope to find
The boon denied to effort uncombined,

Some, rather than espouse a causeless cry,
The deep stern plaint of rising mutiny,
To unrelenting deserts sue for life,
And wage with raging storms a kindlier strife ;
But, as the wind's impetuous breath bereaves
The hardiest forest-tree of its last leaves,
Sped forth to fall at random flight alone,
Swept by the blast, and on the desert strown ;—
Thus, as he strays the solitary wild,
Fate's restless toy, misfortune's houseless child,
From his last spot of refuge whirl'd away,
Cast forth to careless chance and wild dismay,
The wanderer sinks, a hapless victim there,
No hope assures him, and no mercies spare ;
His last-left desperate refuge but to die,
Howling to desert winds the unpitied cry.

Some, less contentious, less robust than they,
Yield to impatient fate a speedier prey ;
Submissive, yet with fire of soul the same,
Perchance the spirit of a feebler frame,
Yielding where 'twere but idle wrath to cope,
And calmly sinking with the wreck of hope.—
Thus, when Mischance her fated victim takes
Where succour shuns him, and where hope forsakes ;
In storm, disease, captivity, or strife,
Where'er opposeless ruin hems the life,
True courage takes his stand, content to die,
And sternly mute to the last agony.

Of impulse too benign, too mild a mood
To feed the fire of an unholy feud,—
Their tent of rest and ark of hope become
Strife's hateful hold, and fierce Rebellion's home ;—
Some wander forth, each as sad impulse leads,
Where'er the white-strown tempest least impedes ;

[PART II.]

He Thinks not where, and cares not for the course,
So it but speed to death, a blest resource,
To bar from the ignominious living fate
Of evil triumph, or the rebel's hate;
Where wearied Nature may resign her lease,
And pass the spirit in congenial peace.
Lo! onward as he toils, a struggling form, [7]
Through solitudes of snow and skies of storm,
Oft the tired instinct, halting, strains to see
With anxious gaze if comfort yet might be;
And, as he turns to approach some sheltering nook,
Bends from his irksome path, and leans to look,
He scans, with wistful glance, the homeward sky,
Feels the quick pang, and heaves the hopeless sigh;
And, hark! while pictured on his pensive thought,
His home, far o'er tumultuous seas remote,
Electric strikes, in accents wild and faint,
Such as the soul pours forth in fond complaint:—

“There,” he exclaims, “o'er yonder wintry main,
“That bounds this cruel desert's dark domain,
“In my own land, my home of gladness there,
“How sweet 'twere now the lowliest hearth to share!
“There while in round serene the seasons roll,
“And plenty cheers the heart, and peace the soul;
“While there the peasant culls with simple toil
“Kind Nature's bounties from his native soil,
“And smiling love's sweet fellowship between,
“Endears each task, and sanctifies the scene;
“Or speeds with welcome step his punctual fare,
“Or, studious still the approaching smile to share,
“Decks his rude cot (Affection's fond employ),
“And makes that bowery haunt a home of joy.

“While charms like these my native plains attire,
“Where temperate skies and verdant fields conspire,

“ With jocund sounds and rapturous scenes, to impart
“ The genuine mirth that wins upon the heart ;—
“ Crown’d with perpetual storm, and robed beneath [7]
“ In ghastly snows, the unvaried garb of death ;
“ Here Winter reigns ;—here, save the sweeping blast,
“ That adds new horrors to a frozen waste,
“ Or wild lament like mine, no voice intrudes
“ Within these vast and cheerless solitudes.
“ And, oh ! when, worn with toil, this tottering frame
“ Instinctive seeks o’erwearied nature’s claim,
“ Yielding, unfriended, in the midnight storm,
“ To the cold sleep of death its fated form ;
“ Here, from the watchful home, the fond regard
“ Of love’s or friendship’s eye afar debarr’d,
“ E’en from the scantiest aid compassion gives
“ Where helpless in her pangs affliction lives ;
“ The hastening step, the quick responsive call,
“ Lone, unregarded, and remote from all ;
“ No human sympathy a sigh bestows
“ On the cold couch of desolate repose ;
“ Repulsive Nature spurns me from her breast,
“ And e’en the earth denies its grave of rest.”

Yet cease, poor outcast, cease thy fruitless wail !
What may the tears of all thy grief avail ?
With memories vain vex not thy soul, nor mourn
O’er vanish’d scenes that never may return !
The Fates from yon portentous skies proclaim
A speedy rescue to thy wasted frame ;
Soon, wretched wanderer, shall thy wearied feet
Rest in unconscious Nature’s last retreat ;
In bliss unknown thy dying eye shall close,
While unseen mercies waft thee to repose :
Vain, vain thy yearning spirit’s fond regret,
Thy sleep is near, thy earthly sun is set,

[PART II.]

Till one great morn of endless light arise,
Relume thy clay, and lift thee to the skies !

The fond burst of that vainly-vented grief,
That mocks the heart with semblance of relief,
Outpour'd, athwart the desert's wild expanse,
Once more sad Instinct flings her asking glance ;
Yet hope is none. There springs no refuge there,
Save that wild refuge of the worst despair,
The dreary hope despondent anguish brings
To assure the wretched heart affliction wrings :—
That hope is death ; yet, lo ! the unyielding life
E'en with that hope maintains a feeble strife,
Though each strain'd desperate step but nearer treads
The end Affliction craves, yet Nature dreads.

Poor child of sorrow, pilgrim of distress,
Thou hast drunk deep the cup of bitterness !
Rest, then ! relenting Heaven disarms thy doom,
And smooths the path that verges to the tomb ;
Lulls to a calm forgetfulness of life,
And spares the anguish of the parting strife :
The mystic hand, whose chastening ire, alas !
Forbade awhile the bitter cup to pass,
Seals with returning love thy last release,
And mercy triumphs, and thy end is peace !

Consign'd to fate each unavailing care, [8]
Each lingering hope abandoned to despair ;
Lo ! as he strains the struggling breath to build
(Ere life's expiring lease be all fulfill'd),
With faltering hand some beacon's lonely pile,
Memorial sad of life's last bitter toil,
Landmark of death, perchance, yet left to tell
That here his efforts ended, and he fell ;
Quell'd at the piteous task, and weary-grown,
Subdued, and dragg'd from wiser instincts down ;

There as he seeks, upon that couch of snows,
The fatal refuge of his last repose,
O'er the lull'd sense delicious languors creep, [9]
Till, by the pleasing snare deceived to sleep,
The feeble powers of fated life give way
To the compelling charm's mysterious sway;
To the strange spell resistless yield the breath,
Oblivious sink, and slumber into death.

Of some, whose fate the Muse might yet unfold, [10]
The little left to tell is quickly told :
An enervated crew to guilt allied,
Each nobler son self-exiled from their side,
Launch'd forth as reckless impulse might command,
They roam, the refuse of a desperate band,
To triumph in a lawless zeal awhile,
Where naught that sword or pillage can despoil
Meets their impatient eye, or can assuage
The stubborn rebel's unrepenting rage ;
Till, changed to ruthless hate his desperate hopes,
In indiscriminating wrath he copes
E'en with the comrade of his path, or flies
To frenzy's wilder ends, and, self-conflicting, dies.

But if perchance survive a straggling few
The stormy course of peril to pursue,
Branded with guilt that no atoning grace
Might expiate, nor time nor change efface ;
For such full soon a thousand ills arise,
A thousand vengeful fiends their steps surprise ;
As insight dire prophetic conscience gives
Into the ghastly cell where vengeance lives,
Thick-thronging fates with dismal horror fraught,
The legions fierce of unrelenting thought,
With persecution's busy zeal infest,
And haunt with hideous ghosts the secret breast ;

[PART II.]

Till wild with fears, an ever-threatening host,
Despair their hope, their strength an empty boast,
With importuning want, and grim Remorse,
The pale companions of their dreary course,
At length by tedious stages they regain
The wild yet welcome margin of the main;—
There, they content, if ocean's waste awhile
With vain yet friendlier promise might beguile,
And from their soul sweep with the savage scene
The galling thoughts of what their guilt hath been,—
Content full well that rolling path to roam
Though but to waft unwelcome tidings home,—
While saved for yet a darker fate, they yield
Their shatter'd venture to the watery field,
O'er the frail launch the avenging surges sweep,
And leave untold their secret in the deep.

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

PART III.

“Even yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
 Where to the Pole the Boreal mountains run,
 Taught by the father to his listening son,
 Strange lays.—” COLLINS.

ARGUMENT.

From a review of the darker features of Arctic Enterprise, the poem proceeds to a consideration of whatever triumphs over, or escapes from, the perils of such adventures history might be found to afford. The catastrophes attested by historical record should not be charged to the invention of the Muse; the truth of such, more strange than any fiction; the efforts of the imagination to deepen their distress, ineffectual. Yet, as it is a duty imposed by truth, so it is a task of satisfaction to enumerate instances where indomitable courage and perseverance have prevailed over every obstacle. After a glance at the obscure records of remote ages, the reader is introduced to the discovery of Iceland by NADNOD, a Norwegian pirate; barbarous emigrants from Norway, who followed in his wake and founded a colony in Iceland. Description of the Sea-king and his roving habits; attracted finally to the north and west by the hope of new ravage. To such expeditions are to be traced the earliest discovery of Greenland, Spitzbergen, and, doubtless, the mainland itself of North America. Traditions regarding the sunken shores of Friesland; superstitious terrors of seamen in traversing that part of the Atlantic, even at the present day. Such fears not supposed to have swayed the early rovers; a slight closing detail of the real dangers encountered by them.

PAUSING from fates, whose melancholy throng
 Crowd her dark page, and haunt her spectral song,
 [PART III.]

From the deep gulf of time's abyss below
Rising unvaried save in form of woe,
Like apparitions to her eye amazed,
The vain illusions that herself hath raised ;—
'Midst horrors pausing, let the Muse proceed
To wake from polar night the heroic deed ;
Trace the wild steps of daring, the distress,
The unlook'd-for rescue, and the bold success ;
The insatiate zeal, the unwearied effort scan,
Since first barbarian prow the eventful course began.

And ye of gentler instinct, who retain
The tale of terror with no transient pain ;
Who see in hourly ills enough to grieve,
Shrink from the worst, and tremble to believe ;
While direr fates, and darker scenes, alas !
Rest unreveal'd, or unrecorded pass,
Should yet some unexpected scene surprise
Or intervening fate disastrous rise,
Charge not the Muse, nor deem the unerring strain
An offspring wild of Fiction's procreant brain.

Ah ! rather trembling think what nameless woes
Sleep undiscover'd in their dread repose,
By time's unebbing tide for ever borne
Into that night profound that knows no morn ;
And, while Disaster tells her own sad tale,
Let rescued Truth her awful form unveil ;
Mark then each feature of her varied mien,
With no false vision to distort the scene,
And say if e'er appear'd to wandering thought
A sadder scene by frenzy's dream o'erwrought ;
Where might Romance a darker scroll contain,
Or all the Muse's lore a wilder strain.

Yet little boots it that the Muse prolong
Her ineffectual flight, and fruitless song,

For vain the power of all her mystic art
To infix that anguish deeper in the heart,
Whose own sad theme its sorrows best declare,
And where most mute is still most vocal there.

And what though Fate withdraw the veil, and yield
The secret depths of that forbidden field,
Whose ramparts dire intrepid might assailed,
Till zeal resign'd her fires, and nature failed ;
E'en then the assiduous Muse—intent to tell
What various fates the sons of Search befell—
There as she scans the desert, and surveys
Its devious horrors, and its trackless ways,
Wrapt in the dreary scene, what fears confest,
What dark misgivings, and what cares molest.

There as in thought the astonish'd vision strays
O'er boreal wastes, a dire and endless maze ;
Regions whose wild creation seems forgot, [1]
Shunn'd by the sun, where very life lives not ;
Regions of death, wherein no hope beguiles,
No passion glows, no changeful nature smiles,
But in one spectral form invests the gloom,
As some wild dream pictures some hideous doom,
Some cruel exile, yet through woe or worth
Unsuffer'd, save by those great sons of earth,
Heroes or captive-patriots, who defy
Siberian frost and Scythian tyranny.—
There, studious still to extend Instruction's range,
Versed in familiar worlds, to seek the strange,
While fond Inquiry through the unknown expanse
Goes forth to trace Adventure's bold advance,
And, launch'd erroneous o'er the amazing scene
Where all his struggles and his toils have been,
Sees naught save wild disaster to proclaim,
The foil'd achievements of a wasted frame ;

[PART III.]

The embarrass'd Muse a fruitless zeal displays,
And the prodigious Theme itself betrays.

Yet, though strange scenes and harrowing fates prevail,
Since Truth enjoins an ever-faithful tale,
Sweet were the toil to mingle in the strain,
Whate'er of loftier promise yet remain ;
So may a favouring god the verse inspire,
And feed the awakening lay with kindlier fire.

Lists not the Muse to range in vague surmise
Through the dark paths of earlier enterprise,
When savage Nature, in her thirst of gain,
Launch'd the frail venture o'er the yielding main ;
And little boots the unmeet attempt to trace
Where Quest instinctive led each wandering race,
The unknown adventurers of a voiceless age,
Ere yet Tradition's tongue, or Record's page,
Or runic stone in rude memorial told [2]
Each wondrous scene, and signal feat of old :—
Yet ill beseems, those shadowy times to pierce,
When, fresh from slaughter's fields, untamed and fierce,
His venture rude the Rover of the north
Urg'd through dark seas and misty tempests forth ;
Untimely urg'd ; the blood of thousands slain
Cries forth for vengeance on the raging main ;
The restless spirit of each mangled form
Haunts the disaster, and assists the storm ;
Untimely urg'd : swift o'er his course appear
The avenging furies of his fierce career,
Perplex a hostile path with darker gloom,
Unman his efforts, and secure his doom :—
There oft in age remote, at midnight hour,
Arm'd in the terrors of a viewless power,
The invaded North came forth, a challeng'd foe,
Swept in swift wrath, and laid the invader low ;

Or,—in amazing mist involv'd the course,—
With the ice-squadrons of his polar force
Closed to an instant doom, or flung forlorn
On some sad strand, through farthest ocean borne,
In all the pangs of ruthless wastes to die ;
For Spoil's unsparing sons a fitting destiny.

Less luckless he (as Record's scrolls relate), [3]
The impetuous chief, who, led by forceful fate,
Went forth to wage, on untried depths afar,
With wild Atlantic winds the unequal war,—
What time o'er Iceland's solitary shore
Man's voice first mingled with the ocean's roar.

'Twas at the dead of night a tempest's wrath
Struck the bold Rover from his reckless path ;
Despoil'd the spoiler's might, perplex'd his schemes,
Marr'd all his promise, and dispell'd his dreams.
Yet though the unruly furies of the deep
His lonely bark with ceaseless tumult sweep ;
Though snows and intercepting mists delay,
And the huge ice-float yields a dubious way ;
Though frequent floods the labouring prow o'erwhelm,
And blasts of polar strength dispute the helm ;
Seas roll o'er seas from Arctic depths profound,
And death yawns in a thousand gulfs around :
From efforts foil'd more fierce, and baffled hopes,
In savage grandeur with the waves he copes ;
Hurls to their reckless rage his desperate life,
And stems in storms of mist the unequal strife :
Yet little heeds he where those mists appear, [4]
Or seas conflicting threaten his career,
The lurking treachery of the secret shore,
Or in that voice of storm the breaker's roar ;
Till, lo ! forlorn yet dauntless, he descries
Fierce fiery columns from the expanding skies

[PART III.]

Shoot o'er the howling deep a ghastly glare,
And leeward rocks, the dreadful truth declare.
Now wakes the instinctive struggle for the life,
No war with recreant foes, a sterner strife :—
Ah ! little urged he now the invader's aim,
The extorted homage, or the unsparing claim ;
Wild-eyed Ambition narrows now her field
To crags the barest that may refuge yield ;
Enough for him one rood of desert soil,
The chief who pined with Europe for his spoil :—
And little,—as his gazing eye admires
With all-unconscious awe those mystic fires,—
Deem'd he such seeming angers of the sky
The heralds of a calm security ;
Those opening rocks that loom'd so desolate,
The gracious beacons of a happier fate ;
Till he, whose crimes had won a wild renown,
And almost ask the avenging thunders down,
Challenge the yet all-equal Heavens, and cry
Aloud for swift and fearful penalty,—
He who still dream'd of a like monstrous fame
In climes unboastful yet of chart or name,—
Waked by a tempest from his trance awhile,
Finds, in the deserts of an ice-bound isle,
A rescued life, an unexpected home,
Fate milder far than where he yet would roam,
'Midst her abandon'd cliffs, and misty gloom,
A safer shelter and a kinder doom.

Thus timely-rescued from his rash career,
He in whose wake a piteous train appear,
Naddod, the chance-conducted pirate, comes
To found on shores of frost Norwegian homes ; [5]
Till quest revives, and swift from Iceland's snows
New thoughts of blood and schemes of spoil arose.

Bold in reverse, Adventure spreads her sail,
To acquire fresh horrors for Disaster's tale :
Arm'd at her call, impatient of delay,
Barbarian prows their cumbrous pomp display ;
And mingling hordes the hasty venture yield
In wild succession to the watery field.

Yet say, what unexampled woes, perchance,—
What seas, what tempests baffled their advance ;—
They perished through what pangs,—alas ! and where
The cruel issue of their dark career !

Cease, curious Thought ! nor let the Muse presume
To evoke the terrors of their distant doom :
Lest now, while Loves the unwearied vigil keep,
And hope yet lives with daring on the deep,
Fresh from the grave of vanish'd years arise
Some dire portent of nearer destinies ;
To lend Conjecture's gloom a darker hue
In some fond bosom too severely true ;
Fill with new fears the o'er-burdened breast of Care,
And give to living Grief a new despair.

Unwelcome shades ! while Britain's fates impend,
Let fairer scenes and worthier thoughts attend,
And if, where Record fails some fate to unfold,
Or still Tradition leaves some tale untold,
'Twere vain to explore those secret depths sublime
Swept by the unreturning tide of time ;
Yet scarce less vain in lengthening verse to spell
Each storied page, and uncouth chronicle ;
To inquire, and drag from their reluctant day,
Where mute oblivion still disputes the sway,
Each misadventure's shapeless form that fades
In the dim twilight of her distant shades :
To pry presumptuous in the scrolls of fate,
And bid the powers of darkness to relate

[PART III.]

Their wanderings, who with all-untutor'd aim
Storm'd the wild way to ravage or to fame ;
Till flung, submissive to the imperious blast,
To strew, the sport of storms, some wintry waste ;
And, like the surge their reckless launch that bore,
Roll'd from the sea, and broken on the shore.

Toss'd thus by chance, regardless of the hour,
Impell'd yet erst by Fate's superior power
To outbrave the blast, live from the surge, and find
Refuge in rocks, and mercies in the wind,—
At the mere bidding of a barbarous fame,
Reckless of fate, the intrepid Rover came,
A wild excursive life of spoil to close,
The lonely pilgrim of a waste of snows.

Such seem'd his doom ; and many a dismal page
Tells of such doom in a less distant age ;
But nature, in enduring breasts, hath yet
A force unknown save in the worst defeat :
Launch'd on some gulf where Danger's shapes appear
Direst, and Death wears every form of fear ;
There hopeless Valour works his wildest deed,
No fears restrain him, and no doubts mislead ;
Ascendant now, stern, and unconquer'd still,
Wakes forth the mute resolve, the opposeless will ;
Where shrinks the unequal soul, triumphant there,
Roused in extremes, and great but in despair.

Haply a passing fear surprised the chief,
Yet vain its influence as its season brief ;
A care might cross him, or a doubt control,
Soon other visions stood before his soul :
Fierce Recollection came, a timely guest,
And stirr'd the power that slumbered in his breast ;
Woke all the Scythian to his soul of force,
And show'd within himself his true resource :

When came the Scythian to his soul again,
What was despair, fled like a passing pain;
There as he view'd, bare to the breaker's rage,
That bark, his all, his ocean-heritage;
That bark that bore him, "like a thing of life,"
Through the storm's tumult, and the battle's strife,
Shared all his fiery energies, and hurl'd
His lawless flag throughout the watery world;
Far other thoughts, as through the surge's sweep
He eyed that bark yet labouring in the deep,
Felt what he was, and what his sires had been,—
Far other than despair, his thoughts, I ween.
There with that bark, her crew, and stranded store,
(The casual spoil of Albion's plunder'd shore),
Shatter'd, forlorn, the outcast of the deep,
And forced invader of a nameless steep—
(Spared yet those pangs, the ocean's lonely doom,
Or lonelier terrors of the polar tomb)—
Though from the deep, his wild dominion, spurn'd,
Swift to his veins the impetuous blood return'd;
His flagging hopes ancestral thoughts inspire,
And Odin kindles all his ancient fire : [6]
Now waked the soul; with spirit unsubdued,
Stern as his fate, the undaunted Rover stood;
A moment's commune with his strange mischance,
O'er the huge scene around a moment's glance
Sufficed him now :—upon the savage scene
He dwelt in mute and momentary mien;
Restless below along its oft-swept path
Toil'd still the surge, yet now with ebbing wrath,
And left, reluctant, as the tempest fell,
His prostrate bark sad ruin's tale to tell:
Why ponders he?—self-safety might declare
That bark his last-left solitary care;

Then wherefore halt?—what should his will await,
 To assure his hopes or fears, and fix his fate?
 He asks,—when, lo! forth from the struggling sky
 Broke the wild morn like a new destiny;
 He hail'd the omen: instant at his beck
 The impatient crew sprung forth, and clear'd the wreck;
 Claim'd with exulting shout their ocean-isle,
 And piled her barren cliffs with British spoil. [7]

'Twas then full many a chief of Norman note
 (Fit pioneer of icy realm remote),
 Through seas and storms, a wild tempestuous way,
 Storms kindlier yet and seas less wild than they,
 Clove their dark course;—and many a restless son,—
 Swept from the home-domain their swords had won,
 Domains those swords no longer could defend,—
 Fled to the savage seas as to a friend;
 And, well-content their forfeit lives to save,
 Though but to yield them to the ocean's grave;
 Bless'd in the storm might wildest chase away
 The wilder fury of a despot's sway,—
 They gain the isle, and in her fastness sure,
 In her cold snows and icy cliffs secure,
 For twice two hundred stormy years defy
 The galling yoke of Norway's tyranny. [8]

Yet think not Peace her holy influence shed,
 Or mercy triumph'd when an outlaw fled,
 Nor deem, alas! that Freedom's outraged laws,
 Or Justice baffled in some sacred cause
 Prompted his flight; lawless ambition fired
 Each breast, and all the robber's zeal inspired.

Spoilers themselves, yet of that stubborn school
 That owns no homage to the Spoiler's rule,
 They marvell'd much what recreant hand would yield
 To one engrossing chief each conquer'd field;—

With crews congenial to each ocean-lord,
Broke from the bondage their fierce souls abhorr'd,
And fled where'er to yet unrifled strands
Ocean's wide plain a yielding path expands.—
There was their world, the unbridled spirit there
Revell'd in strength, and wandered free as air ;
The waters were their world, the impatient life
Of winds and waves to them congenial strife ;
Rebels at home, no despot-power controll'd,
Where the wide sea, alike rebellious, roll'd.

But scope thus boundless, power thus unrestrain'd,
And all their savage liberty regain'd,
New-edg'd their lusts, and stung their souls to feel
Rapine's fierce thirst with all a tyrant's zeal :
And he who fled from tyranny, content
With his own sway in his own element,
Resolved henceforth to exalt his views, and reign
Himself the unscrupulous tyrant of the main.—
No subject-lord now of a vassal-band,
He ruled the waters with a king's command ;
His palace a rude bark, his subjects few
A reckless horde, yet not unfaithful crew ;
Bound by no statute, by no law restrain'd,
Wild as the sea the imperial Rover reign'd ;
Throned on the surge, with empire all as wide,
And range as boundless as the ocean-tide,
Where'er its billows beat his sceptre sway'd,
Each tide bore tribute, and each strand obey'd.

Such chieftains thus, the tyrants of their day,
Held the wide deep in undisputed sway ; [9]
Balk'd of some spoil, 'twere but a passing pain,
The waves urged onward to some new domain ;
Forced from one field of rapine but to reap
A richer harvest on some neighbouring steep.—

Thus, tyrant-like, as rolls the encroaching surge,
Swept from one shore another to submerge,
While distant strands, still as he onward flows,
A deluged waste, his ebbing depths disclose,—
Thus roved they, as the impetuous will approved,
Like their own seas, and ravaged as they roved;—
Till cloy'd, or weary of each wasted soil,
Where Ruin left no fields for further spoil,
In boisterous zeal untamed, and ill at ease,
They wrought fresh inroads in untravers'd seas ;
Imaged new spoil beneath another sky,
Woke the wild hope, and fired the insatiate eye.—

Then first 'twas theirs those mystic seas to explore,
Where nought save polar billows swept before ;
To teach their keels that dubious path to plough,
Where thickening icebergs crush the encroaching prow ;
Their impulse first the infant chart to inform
Of shores untravers'd yet but by the storm ;
Where Greenland shrouds in mist her awful brow,
Lost in herself, a boundless waste of snow ; [10]
Or devious still, where, in far-distant skies,
Crown'd with cold death, Spitzbergen's mountains rise,
And Winter, stretch'd continuous to the Pole, [11]
Holds in eternal ice his dark control.—

But if, by gale of kindlier breath impell'd,
A various course the adventurous Rover held ;
Haply his fate those gorgeous scenes to attain
(The destin'd treasure of the western main),
Where regions erst of passing beauty crown'd
The Atlantic wave, in arts and arms renown'd ;
Realms favour'd by the gods, transcendent isles,
Teeming with life, and rich with priceless spoils ;—
Yet for, perchance, some dark mysterious crime,
Doom'd by the avenging Fates, and swept from time,

In one dire night (such the decree of Heaven),
By the ocean-earthquake from their centre riven,
In billowy depths they found their darksome bed,
In one vast gulph entomb'd, a nation's dead. [12]

Wondrous!—and yet no fabling muse records
The spectral tale their dreary fate affords :—
For still in many an old time-honour'd spot,
The sailor's home on sea-beat shore remote ;—
When midnight sends her social bliss around,
'Mid suasive looks and circling cups profound ;
And many a wild mishap, and freak of mirth,
Call'd by the magic-hour again to birth,
In Recollection's busy train recur
To the worn breast of ancient mariner :—
There, as with all the veteran's look sublime,
That lives, the light of many a vanish'd time,
He scans the expectant crew, takes wistful up
The inspiring tube, and quaffs the charmed cup ;
Shapes each old course again, and tries to steer
His wandering thought through many a rolling year ;—
True to his call, a dark mysterious train
Rise forth like ghosts from ocean's grave again ;
And as the sea-wind's hollow gust the while
Howls through each cranny of the mouldering pile,
And in mute awe, with harrow'd looks and pale,
Yet all-responsive to the appalling tale,
Each rustic ranged around the social fire,
Caught with the spell, draws nigher still and nigher,—
Charm'd from the inmost cell, all-breathless there
Each tiptoe-listener comes, and thrills to hear,
How from unmeasured fathoms of the deep,
Where Friesland's wave-subjected deserts sleep,— [13]
Though seas have roll'd, blown by the Atlantic storm,
The sands of ages o'er each perish'd form,—

[PART III.]

Still from their buried breasts, at that dark hour,
When Midnight comes with all her spectral power,
Aerial shades in mortal shape again
Pervade the tempest, and possess the main :—
And still 'tis told,—in accents sooth and fair
Men who have lived their lives at sea declare,—
Should adverse winds the fated bark delay
Devious, and to those fearful depths betray,—
Emerging oft from ocean's caves below,
Strange shrieks of pain, and hideous sights of woe,
With dire portent the pilot's breast alarm,
And haunt his spirit with a dreadful charm :—
But great Resolve, that never knew control,
With the all-unyielding impulse mans his soul ;
Sternly he plies, though powers opposeless still
Confound his course, and counteract his skill ;
Strains with indignant valour at the helm,
Though ghosts obstruct, and speaking seas o'erwhelm ;
Prone to the wheel, at length with faltering hand,
Baffled, he yields to some unknown command ;
Halts, spell-bound, at the helm, nor dares to brave
The threatening tumults of that fearful wave.—

Such is the tale, not baseless Fame's alone,
Which still Tradition hallows as her own ;
And many a chief, and many a stalwart crew,
Live yet to attest, and sternly swear 'tis true.

Yet to say sooth, no shadowy fears subdued
Norway's fierce sons, they were of other mood ;
Their bosoms nursed no visionary cares,
Far other instincts, other thoughts were theirs :
No unsubstantial ghosts their prowls detain,
But Death's stern self existent in the main ;
Fate's spectral semblance thwarts not their career,
But Fates with all their powers of death appear.

When tempests, waked in all their polar force,
Swept them to deserts as a last resource,
A last sad chance of fearful life's escape
From the unregarded shoal, or viewless cape,—
'Twas theirs to struggle for a lingering breath
With all the stern realities of death ;
Dash'd to the shore of some remote and rude
Region of storms, an awful solitude,
Where nought save rocks or lifeless snows surround
Their steps, or, wild with many a gulf profound,
That waste of waves, in whose dark depths conceal'd,
Full many a darker fate sleeps unreveal'd,
Where howls the blast on Scotia's utmost shore,
Or Færo lonely midst an ocean's roar. [14]

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

PART IV.

“Et tantas audetis tollere moles?”

VIRGIL. *Æn.*

ARGUMENT.

The excursions of the Norwegian Sea-kings the first germ of those Polar expeditions which have been continued, with little intermission, to the present day. Distinction between the expeditions of the time being, and those of distant ages; these having been merely predatory, while the former were undertaken for purposes of science.—Notices of the followers in the wake of NADDOD . . . EIREK.—THORWALD.—LIEF.—THORSTEIN.—OHTHERE.—MADOC.—PYTHEAS.—NICOLO ZENO. A new era of discovery commences with the introduction of the mariner's compass into European navigation. Reflections arising from a consideration of this mysterious guide. The unseen force of the Magnet an emblem of the Divinity, a part of that Power. A knowledge of the unerring action of the needle becomes a source of consolation to the Merchant, the Lover, or the Bride, who may have their dearest interests on the deep: Pictures of each. Yet the compass the greatest boon to adventurers in unknown seas. Notices of COLUMBUS.—CABOT.—MARCO POLO.—VASCO DE GAMA.—THE CORTEREALS.—BARENTZ.—BEHRING.—Concluding with a brief review of the Maritime States of Europe, all of which, with the single exception of Britain, failed alike in their attempts at Polar discovery.

SUCH was Adventure's germ: From casual birth
Obscure thus grew the excursive impulse forth,

Whence, through untutor'd nature's instincts, rise
The first crude schemes of that strange Enterprise,
Whose zealots still the unthankful quest renew,
Still shape the expected course, and still pursue ;
And, like the followers of some creed whose faith
Misleads the footsteps, and obscures the path,
Delusion's fools, the victims of self-will,
In a vain cause the all-willing martyrs still,—
With fruitless zeal, and unrequited toil,
Still,—still pursue a visionary spoil,
Where springs from foil'd exploit their proudest wreath,
And their best promise from the hope of death.

Of such hereafter : Such wild deeds require
The strains, alas ! of a far loftier lyre ;
Such deeds a more than passing tribute claim,
For such, though wild, have yet a healthy fame,
With the foul taint of no excess imbued,
By spoil untarnish'd, and unstain'd with blood.

Far other famed, Norwegian Eirek shone, [1]
The dark usurper of a watery throne :
A son of wildness, like his fell compeers,
Little by conscience sway'd, and less by fears ;
The destined ravager of field and flood,
Nursed in the lap of sin, baptized in blood,
And of a name that brands, a name of dread,
From hue of foulest guilt inherited.—
Thorwald, his sire, an exiled homicide,
Went for his crime to Iceland's shores, and died ;
Bequeathed yet dying, like a precious crown,
To his son's brow, the demon-instinct down ;
And to that son—who thus imbibed the fire
And fierceness of his formidable sire ;
Caught all his crime, walked in his bloody course,
A gloomy savage, stranger to remorse ;

[PART IV.]

In guilt the master-spirit of his age,—
To Eirek 'twas a welcome heritage.
In the dark genius of that sire apace
(The enormous founder of a lawless race),
Grew forth, adult in crime, the docile son,
To achieve whate'er his sire had left undone ;
Till, fill'd the sum of his flagitious time,
He shared the dire yet certain fate of crime ;
Hurled to his end, a grave without its rest,
In death unpitied, as in life unblest.

A truce to such ; nor longer let the Muse
In dismal strain the atrocious theme diffuse ;
Nor once upon the dark conjecture dwell,
What pangs subdued him, or what fate befell ;
Enough that 'twas unknown :—To us 'tis given
To brand the crime, but leave the rest to Heaven ;
Sure in the justice of the eternal skies
Supreme, where Vengeance waits his enemies.

A truce to such ;—Fly we the hateful theme,
As from the fates of some forbidding dream,
Whose shapeless terrors, failing to retire,
E'en though the spectres with the scene expire,
The awaken'd sleeper's awe-struck thoughts control,
Hover around his path, and haunt his soul.—

Pass we where friendlier visions wake their claims,
Telling of still unwrought yet worthier aims ;
And thence to friendlier still : for what avail
Deeds of obscure and questionable tale,
Where all save vague conjecture's traces fail.

Yet he who, wild as his Norwegian steep,
Went forth, the true Red Rover of the deep ;
And by a thirst more sanguine, deed more dire,
Better'd the instruction of his savage sire ;— [2]
(As oft 'tis seen, from seed of wildest root
Springs forth a tree that bears the goodliest fruit,)

Thuswise it fell ; a fiend, whose guilt full-grown
Bore all the blushes of its red renown,
Gave to the shores he had despoil'd a child,
Whom Nature's instincts, than his sire's less wild,
Benignant nursed, and in the adventurous Lief [3]
Seem'd to give promise of a gentler chief ;—
Nor vainly thus ; for as he grew he gave
Hopes of that holier zeal, the zeal to save.
No harrowing thoughts disturb'd his spirit's path,
Save of remorse for his sire's lawless wrath ;
Born of the blood of those who lived by spoil,
No son was he to invade a peaceful soil
Save at the impulse of a nobler toil :
Though train'd in all Adventure's various sins,
Even with his youth a worthier zeal begins ;
A foe to no one save the friend of vice,
He gave himself a willing sacrifice ;
And though he roved as roved his sires before,
He went not to destroy, but to restore ;
To cleanse the current of the ancestral fame,
And from himself infuse a purer claim ;
Went forth in the superior hope sublime
To atone their deeds, and compensate their crime.—

With shadowy step from Record's mingled host
Emerging lonely like some midnight ghost,
Comes now, in yearning Nature's anxious mien,
One fond enthusiast yet upon the scene.— [4]
He, scion of the same fell sire with Lief,
Of path more lonely, and career more brief ;
The piteous martyr of a pious rage,
And wanderer of a hopeless pilgrimage ;
Went forth, self-urged, a brother's bones to save,
And left his own in Baffin's wintry wave.—

[PART IV.]

Here pause we : nor let Doubt presume to tell
What death of billow or of blast befell
That fated fleet remorseless Eirek gave
To seek in desert seas the inglorious grave ;— [5]
Or, midst those tides that wash with ceaseless roar
From Greenland's cliffs, and Cherie's lonely shore, [6]
To where the wolf howls through the empty waste
Of Lapland naked to the northern blast,—
To say what terrors of the ice-built steep,
Or yet-unknown disaster of the deep,
Struck Cambrian Madoc from his rash career, [7]
Or blocked the excursive bark of bold Ohthere.

Close we the scene ere vague Conjecture sway
The Muse, mistrustful of the uncertain day,
To trace what course inquiring Pytheas held, [8]
Urged by what zeal, or to what quest impell'd,
When Nature's self opposed the unmeet intent,
And barr'd his path with a new element :—
Or in scarce less presumptuous strain relate
Where that Venetian pilot found his fate, [9]
Who, onward urged his stormy course to keep
From the bleak bounds of Scotia's farthest steep,
Abandon'd to the blast his ocean-quest,
And fell forlorn, an unexpected guest,
On Friesland's shores the outcast's home to crave,
Friesland all-powerless still herself to save.

Of such was fame when Europe's days were young,
Fame, save in Runic rhyme, as yet unsung ;
Fame, in good sooth, but little skill'd to infuse
Fire in her lay, or elevate the Muse :
But while they vanish with their dubious day,
And aught they boast of loftier deed away,
A worthier era opens to the view,
To whose great sons a worthier wreath is due.—

No longer now, launch'd from Norwegian strand,
Whole pirate-fleets their lawless sails expand ;
No longer, reckless borne on every breeze,
Their flags insult the subjugated seas.
Steadfast of soul, alike untaught to feel
Quest's aimless hope, or Spoil's inglorious zeal ;
To nurse unholy thoughts of blood, or claim
The hateful greatness of a lawless fame ;—
Research wakes forth ;—a manlier impulse now
Inspires the Rover's soul, and speeds his prow ;
Struck with the dangerous charm, Science obeys,
Nor doubt nor dread her anxious course delays ;
No shore invites save what the desert shows,
No spoil save that the wildest waste bestows ;
Such yet suffice :—bold Enterprise spreads forth
His suasive sail, and points her to the north ;
Where nought save wintry wilds of ice and air
Invest the scene, to search new regions there ;
To the vague map the watery bound impart,
Outline the limit, and convince the chart ;
From a new nature cull new spheres of thought,
And bear from wond'rous climes, as yet unsought,
New funds of treasure to her various store,
Stretching her steps to worlds unreached before.—

Yet not alone the heroic zeal that bore
Enthusiast Science to that stormy shore,
Sustained her ; the quick Spirit of the spheres
Whispers a wonder that enchants her ears ;
A spell, whose viewless influence mutely told
Her faltering prow the unswerving course to hold.—
No more the pilot, uninstructed still, [10]
Plies his grave task with hesitating skill ;
No longer now, lost in bewildering storm,
Welcomes a beacon in each passing form ;

[PART IV.]

Led by the looming of the midnight shore,
 The snow-crown'd summit, or the breaker's roar ;
 Or, dim-described through hovering mists afar,
 The inconstant guidance of the distant star :—
 No more that feather'd wanderer of the dark,
 The important pilot of the Rover's bark,
 Borne on the pinion of prophetic flight,
 Sage bird, the instinctive raven stemm'd the night.—[11]
 Fraught with a more convincing power than these,
 There comes a Spirit from far Indian seas ; [12]
 A Spirit that might a priceless secret tell,
 And still subserve, a faithful oracle ;
 A Spirit of truth, whose sleepless power defies
 Tempests the fiercest that might sweep the skies ;
 Still steadfast sways, though wildest oceans roll,
 And points with changeless virtue to the Pole.—

Thus by benignant Heaven 'twas whisper'd how
 Commerce a speedier course should steer her prow ;
 To lead Research a safer path to fame,
 Thus, all-divine, the electric Wonder came.

Nor came alone :—now waken'd Ardour copes
 In all the energy of new-born hopes ;
 Search speeds afield, and Valour, reassured,
 Forgets his toils, his pangs, his deaths endured ;
 And, arm'd with more than human instinct, goes
 O'er treacherous sands, strange seas, and trackless snows.—

Mysterious agent ! timely boon from Heaven
 To Earth's erroneous sons in mercy given !—

Emblem of Him, part of His power divine,
 Who, Centre of a vast unknown design,—
 Though other worlds, by mortal eye unseen,
 Countless, in other systems intervene,—
 Visits His utmost orb, and from afar,
 Rules in each sphere, and lives in every star ;

And watchful o'er His worlds, intent to teach
Each law His Providence assigns to each,
Presides in secret o'er each teeming earth,
And spreads Creation's gorgeous banquet forth ;
Receives His humblest creature's cry, and gives
His fulness forth where the quick instinct lives ;
Yields yet to one alone the power to scan
The amazing workings of His mystic plan.—

To this, His favourite child, He gives to feel
Science' deep charm with ever-thirsting zeal :
Yet he, poor mortal, oft misled to stray
Beyond the precincts of his feeble day,
To depths unknown where darkness, tide, and storm,
In conflict dire the onward path deform ;
Like the lost wanderer of Adventure's seas,
Drifted amain, the sport of every breeze ;
Like him, alas ! his course beneath the skies
Becomes one strange bewildering enterprise :—
Frail, liable to ill, and darkly blind
Beyond the bounded path by Heaven assign'd,
Little avails his own unaided force
To find, or to preserve, the righteous course ;—
But from above, a never-failing Friend
Instructs, and leads his blindness to the end ;
Suggests in secret, with descending might,
The wrong to shun, and to pursue the right ;
And—as the prompting spirit of the north
Conducts through storms the ocean-wanderer forth,—
Permits each mortal course, but points from high
To the blest calms of Immortality.—

Part of His power, emblem of Him in this,
That thou canst guide and canst not guide amiss ;
All-wondrous charm !—what priceless mercies dwell
In the mute virtue of thy mystic spell !—

[PART IV.]

With shrewd Inquiry's all-important air,
And looks that glance beneath a brow of care,
Lo! the grave merchant plays his worldly part,
Along the cabled quay, or swarming mart;—
He knows his bark in practised hands and true,
A skilful pilot, and a trusty crew;
Yet adverse winds to treacherous rocks betray,
And treacherous sands that choke the watery way;
And when Sleep shuts his cares within his breast,
And thoughts of direful wreck invade his rest;
Sudden he starts;—the gathering gusts he hears
Confirm his dreams, and realize his fears;—
Yet, while around his couch regardless blow
The heightening blasts to aggravate his woe,
One thought of Thee, his guardian on the deep,
Calms all his fears, and lulls his cares to sleep.—

But the fond maid, whom flattering Hope decoys
Into the golden dream of future joys,—
Roused from a revelry of bliss to rue
The morn that dooms her to the last adieu;
The last sad morn that wakes the unwelcome breeze,
To waft her lover to far-distant seas;
There to be toss'd as tide and tempest urge,
Torn from her arms, and wedded to the surge:—
When, still in Sorrow's cell a lingering guest,
Hope, entertained no more, deserts her breast;
And the friend's pity, and the parent's prayer
Point but to Resignation's mute despair:—
How hast Thou power, though cureless pangs intrude,
To inspire new hope, and bless her solitude;
And speak, true as thy faith unto the Pole,
Peace to her couch, and comfort to her soul!—

Or scarce less hapless She, content to share
With one loved breast each sorrow and each care;

To ask no joy whose earthly thought shall stray
Beyond the blameless wishes of the day ;
All that her fancy forms of bliss, complete,
While to her own that breast responsive beat :—
But He, fond partner of her hopes and fears,
Whose form alone her daily path endears ;
Should Fate imperious force him from his home,
Where Fame invites, or Honour bids, to roam ;
On Danger's distant field, perchance, to die,
As busy Fear might shape his destiny ;—
She, once so blest, now heart-wrung at the doom
That hurls her peace to an untimely tomb ;
Partakes each pang her lord's changed aspect wears,
And feels the fate his busy haste prepares ;
Yet studious now his last sad steps to share
With all unfeigned Devotion's punctual care,
Descends, in all that helplessness of grief
That shuns all refuge as a vain relief,
And all those thoughts of terror, to the shore,—
Those dreadful thoughts that they shall meet no more ;—
There sees him borne along the billowy waste,
There, fondly-faithful, gazes to the last ;
Then homeward hies, home now no more, to dwell
In reft Affection's solitary cell ;
There to sigh forth her unregarded fears,
And waste in widow'd loneliness her tears :—
Yet, Spirit, thou,—whose great directive charm
Instructs the helm, and prompts the pilot's arm,—
Inspir'st afar, by sweet remembrance blest,
A holy calm in her tumultuous breast ;
And bring'st,—a seraph of celestial power,—
Cheer to her soul in sorrow's loneliest hour :—
Oh ! when all other charms are vainly sought,
What saving hope yet lingers in the thought,

[PART IV.]

That through the wildest storms thy faith can prove
Fix'd as her faith, and changeless as her love.—

But led by thee, whose spell alike possess'd,
Can calm each care that agitates the breast,
Search swept the seas, and Enterprise unfurl'd
His flag triumphant o'er a vanquish'd world.

Thine was the safeguard could alone sustain,
Dark Power! that awful wanderer of the main, [13]
Who, mark'd for special deed, at Heaven's behest,
Unveil'd the wonders of the teeming West;
Gave a new era to the circling year,
And to the growing globe another sphere.—
Or that great Pilot, whose adventurous rage [14]
Lacks but the voice of Truth's impartial page;
He who, a Chief of scarce less lofty fame,
Forestall'd the conquest, but resign'd the claim.

Or Polo, He, the Pilgrim of the east, [15]
Whose path was where bland Nature's influence ceas'd;
He whose far-searching spirit walk'd alone
Stupendous realms within the burning zone;
And first waked thence thy majesty, and gave
Thy guardian-genius to the western wave.—
Illustrious Chief!—what though no sculptured bust
Crown with pale pomp thy ever-honour'd dust;
What though no wreath, the hero's cold reward,
Or speaking stone thy daring worth record;
The mercy thou hast wrought is thy best meed,
And gives a crowning greatness to thy deed;
Hosts yet unborn shall bless thy sacred name,
And endless time perpetuate thy fame!—

When, magic needle, at thy mute command,
The enthusiast urged o'er Kobi's hungry sand
His wilder'd way, where lifeless plains extend
Their sameness dire,—a waste without an end;—

Through leagues untried thy faultless influence told
 The course no mortal instinct could unfold ;
 Thy watchful friendship, thy unboastful power,
 Cheer'd the dark gloom, and charm'd the spectral hour !—
 Nor less assured, when strong ambition stirr'd
 Europe's proud sons to feats as yet unheard,—
 'Midst torrid storms and southern seas afar,
 Bold Gama braved the elemental war, [16]
 Where Afric's rocks their lengthening horrors shape,—
 Baffled the tempest, and subdued the Cape.—

Yet could not all thy saving might avail,
 Where, through the tumults of the northern gale,
 With fruitless force, and ineffectual zeal,
 Research still plied the Lusitanian keel ?—

Stung with the daring energy, behold !
 Two brother-Chiefs, illustrious names of old, [17]
 (Their fate's a secret, and their tale untold !)—
 One sought, Columbus-like, mysterious shores,
 Where the deep revels round the wild Azores ;—
 He went and came not ; by the ice-tempest's breath,
 Or by some huge disaster hurl'd to death ;
 Straight a wild impulse sway'd the younger chief,
 He could not choose, it was Affection's grief ;
 He fell, a martyr to a vain belief ;—
 He went too and for ever :—How they fell,
 Through what strange pangs, let dark Destruction tell :
 Tradition knows not, tongue might ne'er relate
 The woe that leaves no record of its fate ;
 For none can speak where none was left to save,
 And wastes alone howl'd o'er the lonely grave.—

But which is He, who thrice essay'd in vain
 To rend the shackles of the Arctic main,
 Cope with the dire north-east, where polar frost
 Yokes in eternal thrall the helpless coast ;

[PART IV.]

And cleave through adamantine seas his way
To the rich regions of remote Catkay?—
Thine the bold effort, Barentz!—the renown [18]
Endurance brings and Daring, is thine own!—
But thou wert doom'd : the race of death begun,
The fearful goal how could'st thou hope to shun?—
Ill-destined Chief ! 'twas thy stern task to outbrave
Zembla's deep snows, and Kara's icy wave,—
To sink, alas ! into a lonelier grave !
Yes, thou wert doom'd : yet not till fierce Disease
Instinctive warn'd thee from those ruthless seas,
To seek within thy long-deserted soil
Friendship's warm grasp, and Home's expectant smile ;
Then envious Death, who spared thee in that hour
When thou wert prostrate at the tyrant's power,
Stole on thy hopes, and subtly struck thee low,
Thou, who hadst braved a thousand deaths of woe!—
There,—in the depths of Winter's solitude,
Thy bark abandon'd, and thy strength subdued,
While Death, dark-gathering round thy piteous crew,
In all his polar vastness met their view,
Urging that chance Despair had yet in store,
To launch their fortunes to some friendlier shore ;—
Where polar blasts their earliest furies blow
Far on Zelania's ever-icy brow,
Methinks I hear thy dying voice exclaim,
While life's last throes convulse the struggling frame,
“ Lift me, oh lift me, friends, where once again
“ I may retrace in thought you envious main ;
“ Let me yet once that fatal scene review,
“ And I will bid my earthly hopes adieu.”—
Ill-destined Chief ! true to thy last command,
The sad crew ply the ever-faithful hand ;—

Thy end was near, and in congenial gloom,
And the deep open'd up an ample tomb ;
A change by thee unfeared ; thou hadst no dread
Of death, or life's desire,—thy hopes were dead :
But for the thoughts that speechless gaze express'd,
While triple failure rankled in thy breast,—
The harrowing thoughts,—alas ! what tongue might tell
The piteous meaning of that mute farewell !—

Even such his fate, to foul distemper's grave
Struck from his triumph o'er the Arctic wave ;
Doom'd long, though unrepining still, to share
The pangs of want, and horrors of despair,
There where, develop'd by his skill, appears
The ocean-pass 'twixt Earth's vast hemispheres ;
Behring, the Dane, where lone Alaska's shore [19]
Beats from her echoing cliffs the stormy roar
Of that wild deep that bears his deathless name,
Points his proud path, and flows with all his fame.—

Such was remote Adventure's earlier tomb ;
A death of pangs the universal doom.—
All foil'd alike, fated and baffled all,
The bold Batavian, and the sprightly Gaul,
The fervid Lusian, enterprising Dane,
And they who plied the unequal barks of Spain ; [20]
E'en the cold Russ, inured to every ill,
With frost congenial, apathetic still ;
Who feeds, or starves, just as the event may be,
Drudges or sleeps, and all with equal glee ;
He to whom Fate, considerate still, hath hurl'd
The sceptre of the snows o'er half the world.

Baffled alike each Rover of the day,
Still Winter held his undivided sway ;
Through whose mysterious gloom and icy thrall,—
Shackling at once or intercepting all,

[PART IV.]

Stern still to imprison deep, or still exclude
The encroaching step that soil'd his solitude,—
Till one vast Power, the ocean-realm, arose,
His coasts to unravel, and define his snows,—
Discovery's daring prow ne'er pierced before ;
Thought might not roam so far, nor Fancy soar.

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

PART V.

“Incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures.”

VIRGIL. *Æn.*

ARGUMENT.

THE superior claims of Britain as an adventurer in the Arctic seas. Yet the hopes of benefit to accrue from the whale-fishery awoke an impulse more powerful than that of Fame. The capture of the whale described. Notice of great British sailors who have figured in Northern and Northeastern Arctic discovery. SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY — HUDSON — FOTHERBY — BAFFIN — PHIPPS — COOK — BUCHAN. — Expedition of SCORESBY to Spitzbergen; adventures and scenery there, described:—to Beerenburg, East Greenland, &c. — extinct volcanoes — polar refraction. — Review of Northwestern discovery. — Notices of KNIGHT and BARLOW — BAFFIN — DAVIS — HUDSON — dreadful fate of HUDSON. Notices of FROBISHER — WAYMOUTH — FOX — JAMES — PARRY — FRANKLIN — BACK; adventures of that officer. Allusion to the fate of HOOD, and the struggles of RICHARDSON and FRANKLIN in the North American land-expedition, in company with BACK. The expedition of ROSS and discovery of the magnetic Pole; allusion to a former expedition of that officer round Baffin's bay — Northwestern Greenland — Disco and Waygat islands:—Esquimaux, — Arctic Highlanders. Last expedition of ROSS on the shores of Boothia;—a full detail of his exploits and perils, and final rescue by the “Isabella” whale-ship; — Reflections arising from such. — Conclusion.

CONFINED too long to deeds of ancient age
And alien sons, Narration's partial page;

[PART V.]

At length all-conscious of superior claim,
Britain steps in, and points to all her fame :
But Britain's deeds a worthier strain require,
And urge to loftier heights the trembling lyre ;
Rise then, my Muse, if thou canst rise so high,
And with thy theme exalt thy minstrelsy.

Yet say what charm a mightier force display'd ;
What stronger influence than mere Fame's betray'd
Host after host, whom Enterprise alone
Might scarce impel, 'midst icy seas unknown,
To encounter death in his own dark domain ;—
What mightier yet remain'd ?—the thirst of gain.

Disastrous Power ! thy fury once possess'd,
Where canst thou not compel the human breast ?

Panting for gold, in vain, insatiate man,
Earth's teeming climes thy restless steps o'erspan ;
In vain thy merchant-fleets invest the seas,
And India's wealth flows in with every breeze ;—
Unsated still, though thou canst call thine own
The exhaustless treasures of the torrid zone ;
Thou teachest thy presumptuous prow to probe
Deserts of death, the limits of the globe ;
Till Frost consigns thy zeal to seas of ice,
And polar snows convince thy avarice.

Lo ! 'midst a labyrinth of waves that roll
Their huge creations round the teeming Pole,
King of the tribes that stem that wintry main,
The whale long held his unsuspecting reign :
There revell'd free from Nature's earliest time,
Shapeless and vast like his own wondrous clime ;
There widely prey'd, himself to incur full soon
The steely terrors of the dire harpoon.—
No longer now, safe in unquestion'd sway,
The important full-blown tyrant of his day,

He crops, incumbent at his spacious ease,
The cold luxuriance of those icy seas ;
A mightier comes, the tyrant of the world,
And in his side a barbed death is hurl'd.— [1]
Stung with unwonted pangs, at first on high
He rears his threatening tail, and strikes the sky ;
His goaded wrath in thunder shakes the shore,
And Ocean's caves reecho to the roar :—
But lo ! round-wreath'd, prompt to secure the spoil,
The extensive rope with many a sinuous coil
Holds him to fate :—furious, he whirls its length,—
For anguish wakes to prodigies of strength ;—
The cable flies, and to dark caves of night
Profound, he plunges with delirious might ;
Till, urgent to renew the vital breath,
And something yielding to the trenchant death,
He cleaves the upward deep, and quaffs the air ;
Oh, fatal bliss !—the dread destroyer's there :—
No single foe, behold ! whole squadrons join,
And in fierce conflict armed hosts combine.—
What boots it now with unavailing force
To wake expiring Nature's last resource ;
What boots in towering terror to defy
Man, his unsparing watchful enemy.—
Prone to the wealth his ponderous bulk bestows,
(That nurse of life, yet source of all his woes)— [2]
The lance prevails ; struggling, he cedes the strife ;
Yields forth with ireful throes the indignant life,
Reluctant yields, along the briny flood
Transfix'd, and dyes an ocean with his blood.—

While thus the unwearied hunter of the whale,
Urged by the spirit of gain, expands his sail ;
Great Science prompts her sons to loftier aims,
As wild, yet more exalted,—such are Fame's.—

But now, while Fancy feeds her quickening fires,
Marshals her thoughts, and to high deeds aspires ;
Consideration wakes, and whispers near,
Unwelcome, thus to her reluctant ear :—

“ And dost thou, vain Enthusiast, dost thou deem
“ Thy muse all equal to the ambitious theme ?—
“ Think’st thou to compass in a fleeting scroll
“ Whom Nature’s self lacks limits to control ?—
“ Or with vain tropes, in diction’s proud display,
“ To exalt those heroes to yet brighter day,
“ Whose world-wide fame reluctant homage wrings
“ From rival nations, and contending kings ?”—

Of such Fame gave to one a timely crown ;
Leaves yet, perchance, to live with his renown :—
Heaven grant but so !—May Britain’s prayers prevail
O’er one dark doom her secret fears bewail !
Heaven grant her first prophetic fate might be
Yet unfulfill’d in her lost destiny !
And what that first, wherein might be foreshown
The gloomy picture of a doom unknown ?—
Ages have pass’d, whose annals still supply,
Each its dark page of sea-calamity ;
Yet none of Time’s strange destinies below
Can claim the palm from this unequall’d woe.

A Briton’s was the doom, where held command [3]
A brave chief in a bark all-bravely mann’d ;
And though of naval art each sage resource
Sagacious Cabot drew, and plann’d the course ;
It strangely chanced that, from the threatening wave
Hastening amain his foundering bark to save,
He met, even in the North’s tumultuous surge,
A haven where the billows ceased to urge ;
A surer refuge from their rolling rage,
In polar ice a firmer anchorage,

Than ever yet befell, in storm or strife,
The wild experience of his watery life.

Hemm'd thus, an age went by, and they were found,
Where Lapland fishers rove their wintry round,
A floating tomb :—There the dead Chieftain sate,
His hand and pen on the last dreary date,
Even as the frost had fix'd him to his fate :—
The crew were there, and, faithful beyond death,
Strain'd at the task as in the act of breath ;
In posture as when first the icy spell
Sudden on their collapsing features fell ;
Seiz'd and congeal'd the current of their blood,
And fix'd them in their human attitude ;—
No record left for pity's tear to atone ;
Soul-harrowing thought !—all but their end unknown.

But it might seem, when Fame's wild flights impel,
That Enterprise works with a subtle spell,
Of power man's natural fears to all disarm ;
That Fate hath lures, and Death some hideous charm :—
For, lo ! scarce rescued from a polar tomb,
Hosts, all-regardless of each former doom, [4]
At the dark counsels of an aimless dream
Launch forth anew, and seize the unfinish'd theme.

And many a Chief the arduous course maintain'd,
Sequent, where Death in all his terrors reign'd :
In the same path, beneath the very sky
Dark with the doom of hapless Willoughby,
Barentz and stern resolve went forth to earn
Undying fame, but—never to return.

Great Hudson thus, he whose exploring soul
First sought the frozen waste that bars the Pole,—
Through those strange seas, whose icy current flows
From black Spitzbergen's cliffs to Zembla's snows,

[PART V.]

Steer'd forth, till, by the elemental force
O'er-awed, to other climes he shaped his course ;
From other seas to educe his fame, and rear
His greatness in another hemisphere. [5]

But, in each favourite project doom'd to feel
The frequent pangs of disappointed zeal,
Britain forsook with sighs that faithless main
Where Barentz fell, and Hudson toil'd in vain.

And what might humbler daring have avail'd, [6]
Hopeless, where Fotherby and Baffin fail'd ?—
Phipps, though for him great Nelson first display'd
His young unyielding spirit, shrunk dismay'd ?
And memorable Cook all-idly plied
The keel that plough'd through every sea beside ?—
Where Buchan's zeal, powerless to circumvent
The zeal of the contentious element,
Gave to the blast his vessel's helpless form,
And ran to ice for refuge from the storm :
Yet she was saved, and one amidst her band,
Whose living name now lingers with his land
But as a thought, a trembling radiance there,
The last faint gleam 'midst darkness and despair.

Where he who tempted the Pole's iciest gale, [7]
School'd in the north, the comrade of the whale ;
The experienced pilot, self-collected chief,
Sagacious Scoresby held the vain belief,
Barks might be mann'd with energy to probe
Within the frost-bound axis of the globe :—
Thuswise impress'd, he taught his helm to shape
The course that led him where a dreary cape
Far in Spitzbergen's midmost isle arose,
Naked, and nursed in Winter's lap of snows ;
Surmounting this, he threw his wondering glance
Wide o'er a lonely desolate expanse,

Stretching beyond the scope of human ken,
 Lifeless, that interdicts the steps of men ;—
 Here, while the bay show'd how the shore was won,—
 Its floating glaciers glistening in the sun,
 Impassive of his beams,—there, vales extend,
 But of no verdure, to an unknown end ;
 Beyond the reach of thought, one boundless frost,
 'Midst crags on crags illimitably lost ;
 A range of death, that sudden seem'd to emerge,
 As call'd by powerful magic from the surge,
 Whose idle depths, in slumbering strength serene,
 Contrast the grandeur of the spectral scene.

But, as Ambition, pinnacled in power,
 Recks not of ill in pride's triumphant hour ;—
 Unmoved, in philosophic thought awhile
 He ponder'd on the peak of that lone isle :—
 Turning at length, strange fates pursued his feet, [8]
 The threatening terrors of the steep retreat ;
 For lo ! by polar frost's earth-piercing force
 Rocks from their roots uptorn, in ceaseless course,
 With perilous speed now swept the ascent, and now
 Bounded impetuous to the abyss below.

Hurl'd thus with wild mischance, he gain'd the strand
 All-welcome, and rejoin'd his anxious band :
 But if death's stillness mark'd the distant height,
 That strand beneath was living to the sight ; [9]
 Fowls of unnumber'd tribes, in swift alarm
 Waked from their nestling haunts, a winged swarm,
 With threatening beak, and moving gesture strove
 To scare him from the procreant bed, and clove
 The sky, intent in anxious zeal to roam,
 And guard with screams their violated home.

This was the same stern resolute who steer'd [10]
 Where Beerenberg his stately cone uprear'd,

[PART V.]

Looking o'er ice, eternal at his side,
Six thousand feet upon the vassal-tide.
Here with his fortunes cast on this rude isle,
Quick Science urged him to unearth the soil,
Where from its base tower'd forth, through snows sublime,
The impervious peak, a monument of Time ;—
When, strange to tell, loud caverns from beneath [11]
Strike like the hollow sepulchres of death ;
Volcanic tombs, whose sounding depths declare
The range of wrathful fires exhausted there.

But, from the Pole repulsed, lo ! yet again,— [12]
Though swept by surges of a furious main,
Scourged by the frost, and in the storm's distress,
Afar where Greenland's eastern wilderness
Breaks from the wave abrupt ;—full time had he,
Though hemm'd in ice, all-unconcern'd and free,
To read with wrapt Attention's watchful eye
The aerial mirage of the polar sky :—
There, monstrous forms, thrown from the shapeless ice,
Look'd down, Refraction's wondrous artifice ;
And while huge bears with lions, side by side,
In all life's wonted postures stood descried ;
As Fancy work'd her fond creations there,
And shaped her baseless fabrics in the air,
Ships, from their native element apart,
Rose in the void, and mock'd the toils of art ;
While wintry piles, aloft in air uprear'd,
Changed into works of human skill appear'd ;
Cities in air, bright spires, and stately trees ;
The pictured semblance of those icy seas.

Such scenes by nature's secret genius wrought,
Skill'd well to charm the ocean-wanderer's thought,
Would win the observant Scoresby, and prevail
O'er the uninspiring capture of the whale ;

But dull inglorious schemes perplex'd his soul, [13]
Confined his spirit, and forbade the Pole.

If then Renown such failure still proclaims
Link'd to the achievements of her mightiest names;
And tost by tempests, or in ice immured,
Each strenuous chief a fateful course endured;—
Pause we!—nor rashly let Detraction deem
Hudson unequal to the amazing scheme;
He but transferr'd his zeal to fiercer skies,
And waked his soul to wilder enterprise;
To yield in unknown pangs his latest breath,
And die mid savage snows an outcast's death.—

And now while Thought pervades, with awe-struck soul,
Climes where the mystic Genius of the Pole
Maintains through meteor-skies a vast survey
O'er the wide sphere of his northwestern sway;
Seems to her eye to pass, in great review,
A train of Chiefs whom death might not subdue;
Chiefs to whom Time his latest voice shall yield,
The immortal warriors of that wintry field,
Where still each rock reveals some hero's name,
And unremovably defends his fame.

But in what numbers shall the Muse relate
The darksome horrors of those realms of fate,
Where venturous hosts,—through every howling blast
Wakes a wild warning from the fearful past,—
Demand of unrelenting seas and skies,
On homeless shores, the grave of Enterprise.

Yet stamp'd too sure on fell Disaster's page,
Those piteous victims of the polar rage,
Whose bones lay scatter'd o'er a lonely isle,
Sport of each storm, the waste's unburied spoil,—
Can Record fail in her sad verse to blend
Knight's lingering fate, with Barlow's lonely end? [14]

[PART V.]

Must Baffin, deem'd unworthy of her strain,
In dust, unhonour'd by the Muse, remain?
Or shall oblivious Time forget to tell
How Davis struggled, and how Hudson fell?—
Ah, no!—while rolls the ocean of the north
To Atlantic depths his icy tribute forth,
In their own seas their greatness shall abide,
While Pity trembling tells how Hudson died.—
Ill-fated chief! e'en now I seem to hear
The vain howlings of thy dreadful prayer;
I seem to see thy wan and wither'd form
Holding dread converse with the unheeding storm;
Cast by the hand of causeless Mutiny
On Famine's shores, unpitied there to die
In wastes without a grave, exposed and bare
To the rude buffets of the piercing air;
Thrust forth unfriended, helpless, and alone,
No tear, no sigh, to answer to thine own;
And to that couch of death so cold and low
Hears'd by the storm, and coffin'd in the snow.

Heart-rending doom!—yet watchful Heaven decreed
Fit retribution for the hateful deed;
A hideous fate that rebel-crew befell,
Earn'd, as the wages of their fierceness, well;
And, as their leader met no common doom,
No common pangs pursued them to the tomb.

But for that leader's fame, his great career
Waked to like fame full many a brave compeer;
And in that vague and chartless ocean, where
Zeal still impell'd thrice-baffled Frobisher,—
Baffled till, summon'd to a British main,
To curb the encroaching insolence of Spain,
He bore on polar fame's auspicious breeze
His conquering greatness to his native seas;— [15]

Where Weymouth cross'd that fearful hurricane
That took into the skies the uplifted main,
And, of his fairest hopes at once despoil'd,
Return'd to tell how vainly he had toil'd;—
Where Fox, dismay'd, shrunk from Adventure's field ;
And frost compell'd long-suffering James to yield ;—
In that still-secret sphere, where Davis sought
The bold renown by Baffin's genius wrought,—
Parry achieved an everlasting name ;
While darkness broods o'er Franklin's awful fame.

Steadfast in soul, and of that patient will
'Midst seas or shores of ice ascendant still,
The amphibious Back pursued his huge career [16]
Of wonder, and achieved his triumphs here.
Closed in on every side by gaping death,
The incumbent iceberg, and the floods beneath,
Even as the firm-set rock the surge awaits,
He stood unchanged before the threatening fates ;
There as he view'd each ponderous ruin hurl'd,
Engines of death to strike him from the world,
They fail'd to awake his terrors, or control
His course, and turn him from the all-wish'd-for goal ;—
Swift in decision, his bold thought contriv'd
The dreadful rescue, or the shock outliv'd ;
Look'd calmly on while death involved the scene,
Where, but for one wild moment, he had been ;
Or strangely brave, his trembling bark upbore
On the ice-breakers of the impervious shore.—
But whence his armour, to outlive the shock,
And brave with changeless brow the impending rock ?—
The majesty of mind that inly reigns,
Great in endurance, where no hope remains ;
That strength of soul which scorns destruction's power,
And waits, unmoved, the issue of the hour.

[PART V.]

With him erewhile allied, one hapless one,
 Whom with his comrades fortune left undone,
 Within the shores of such repulsive seas
 Sinking by daily famine's slow degrees,
 Was sudden struck to death, and bleeding fell
 (A savage murderer's curse his dreadful knell),
 A victim, from all aid save Heaven's retired,
 Yet Heaven was at his side when Hood expired. [17]

Here too, companion of his faltering strength,
 Throughout the same wild desert's dreary length,
 True Richardson, a name to fear unknown, [18]
 Gain'd from his wondrous walk a dread renown;
 That wondrous walk of woe, where kindred claim
 Links him to Franklin, and terrific fame.

But here, by dint of native hardihood,
 The persevering Ross his fame pursued ; [19]
 Hither impell'd with all the magnet's force,
 To trace that subtle wonder to its source.
 Noble research!—but, in this boon secure,
 Wilds yet unsought his wandering steps allure ;
 Ranges till then left with their snows alone,
 Pass'd by and shunn'd ; wide trackless wastes unknown ;
 Realms by Discovery's reaching steps untrod,
 Or walk'd unseen save by the eye of God :—
 Sad shores from which the gaze of wandering thought
 Returns unblest'd, with the wild fancy fraught,
 That in the night, that night without a morn,
 That wintry night from which no day is born,—
 There, all-remote from nature's sympathies,
 Strange shades of ill howl out their hopeless cries,
 Forbid to unveil their terrors, or betray
 Their ghastly shapes to unpermitted day.

'Twas on such shores,—whose wintry wilds expand,
 Lost, lifeless, void, like some forsaken land
 Cast forth unfinished from creation's hand,—

'Twas amid such, urged by adventurous pride,
With earth-controlling Science for his guide,
For her he watch'd the Heavens, and probed the soil,
Threaded each shore, and glean'd one priceless spoil:—
He was his own strange exile, and 'twas much
To leave fair Albion's genial clime for such ;
But lo ! where hardest nature through the strife
Of storm lives but by struggling for the life,
Far from the shelter of her humblest home,
It was his choice, or fate perchance, to roam ;
Till, famish'd from the shore, he sought again
A strange yet less inhospitable main.

But he had cleft those seas before, and been, [20]
Where Greenland, with a fix'd unalter'd mien,
Strikes like a phantom through the misty scene ;
Had traced those waves where Disco's peaks arise
In high-ascending glaciers to the skies ;
And onward still, where fleeting summers smile
On the cold brow of Waygat's ice-girt isle ;
The same dark wintry round had wander'd o'er,
Where bold research with Baffin steer'd of yore ;
Even to those shores, Adventure's utmost bound, [21]
Where, wrapt in ever-brooding mist profound,
Deserts unnamed, that eye hath never scann'd,
Lost in the gloom, their lifeless depths expand.

When vague ambition or of quest, or fame,
Or some strange impulse in effect the same,
Had urged this gifted rover to repair,
In former flights of wild adventure, there,—
Such had he gain'd ; and as he grasp'd the scene,
And pausing, mused with curious thought between ;
New marvels, lo ! in human guise array'd,
Aping that guise, his wondering glance invade ;

Girt with the mimicry of sword and lance,
Hostile at first, strange pigmy forms advance,
Till mutual-friendly tendency impedes
Suspicion's growth, and mutual faith succeeds ;—
Yet, sway'd by influence of some secret fear,—
As this strange-seen Kabloona-Chief drew near,
Stretching the proffer'd hand,—they shunn'd the touch,
Deem'd him of other worlds, and fear'd as such :
This doubt dispell'd, and amity renew'd,
An uncouth scene of savage joy ensued ;
Hurl'd hastily aside the spear and knife,
Loud glee succeeds to silent threats of strife ;
Sudden from various haunt, on either hand,
Wild tribes emerge to meet the White-man's band ;
While dogs, a sturdy phalanx, from behind,
With earnest looks and suasive gestures join'd
The advance, till all, a strange tumultuous rout,
Pour forth their throats, and mingle in the shout.
This done, they accost in signs the stranger-crew,
And now the stately vessel they review,
Believed some huge and sky-born bird, that brings
The wondrous White-man on his mighty wings.

Thus oft-renew'd, with welcome quaint and strange
They greet the invader of their snowy range ;
While still the long-fix'd silent gaze of awe
Bespoke their wondering sense of all they saw.

At length our chief, all-anxious to expand
His great sea-search that may not seek the land,
With many a yearning-wishful thought consign'd
To Heaven these abject sons of human-kind,—
And looks that left them to the Unseen Care,
To stem the gloom, and breathe the bitter air
Of vast unsociable deserts, where
Great Nature feeds them still, and finds their fare ;—

Nature who, watchful, in her various plan,
To endear and fit the climate to the man,—
Assigning to the “Arctic Highlander”
The adapted power, and instinct true to her,
Rears from her frozen lap, in loneliest woe,
This utmost child,—the Savage of the snow.

Pondering on all, he turn’d him from the steep,
And sought again the far-conducting deep ;
There was his natural range, his art’s command ;
For, though he walk’d with Science on the land,
He own’d the deep, and on its moving plain
His natural sphere of action found again :
Yet was he no vain recreant, at his ease
Amid the halcyon calms of summer seas ;
Reputed bold, Experience spoke his worth, [22]
And Navigation own’d him in the north.

And now we trace him through the waves again, [23]
Till, lock’d by frost within the polar main,
Round him in vain portentous skies conspire
With wastes in Arctic winter’s grim attire ;
Famine and all the assembled Fates combine
In vain to shake him from his great design.
In terrors train’d, nursed in adventurous deed,
No fears appal him, and no toils impede ;
He thinks what feats shall follow from his schemes,
What great reality confirm his dreams ;
And bravely thinks in what wild way the thought
Might be achieved, the arduous course outwrought ;
Shapes the projected search, with zeal anew,
Breath’d from himself, inspires his drooping crew,
And prompts them by his own example’s force
To anticipate with hope the wish’d-for course ;
Nor halts he here, but, in that hope’s delay,
Wears in contriving thought the sullen day,

[PART V.]

And frequent throws his wistful glances o'er
The unpierced snows of Boothia's voiceless shore.

But now each new-born energy awakes
That from fresh arduous ill fresh action takes ;
And though a novice in that wintry art,
Wherein experienced patience might impart
Schemes best-devised to mitigate his doom,
Urge the dull hour, and cheer the listless gloom,—
As forecast shapes his coming destinies,
Sagacity each quick resource supplies :
Lives in his soul the instinct that presides,
Endears his crew, encourages, and guides ;
And, here within an icy prison bound,
Beguiles by Recreation's busy round
Diurnal, and Instruction's various lore,
(The task afloat, the exciting quest ashore),
Their languor, till, each day of labour past,
He yields the high-sanction'd day of rest at last ;
Lifts them to brighter worlds, and strives to engage
Their thoughts in holy Truth's immortal page :
But with their zeal his fervour he combines,
And shares the discipline his rule enjoins ;
Schools from himself, bids his example preach,
And practises the creed his doctrines teach.

Thus, four long years of wintry solitude,
The infuriate north enduring Ross withstood ;
Yet, call'd by Science from his floating home,
Or urg'd by importuning want to roam,
For many a lingering night, and irksome day,
Midst the rude terrors of the obstructed bay,
He traced through seas of ice his tedious way ;
Eked out the shore beneath the incumbent floe,
And sought his nightly slumber in the snow ;
Renew'd each search, yet came, with each return,
Untutor'd still in what he wish'd to learn,

The bearings of that mystic channel where
His daring prow might pass, if such there were.

Thus did he lengthen out his darksome date,
Till, seeking vainly still to extricate
His long-embarrass'd bark, Resolve arose,
To change his lot, perchance, for wilder woes.
'Twas a fierce thought that waked such fierce resolve,
Whose acting might a fiercer fate involve,
Yet 'twas resolved ; immoveably beset
That bark, the dire emergency was met :—
They duly fitted and well stored each boat,
(As well as may be with their means remote),
Then left her, yet return'd once more to grieve,
Yet, sailor-like, they took a cheering leave ; [24]
Nail'd the famed colours to her mast, and gave
Her helpless strength to an inglorious grave.

This done, swift as enfeebled limbs might urge,
They stemm'd the terrors of the frozen surge ;
Haul'd up on shore, or what seem'd shore to be,
Where all was one with the all-changeless sea ;
Thence through that force, despair's awaken'd power,
They work'd for many a long and lonely hour
The irksome sledge, sole vehicle of all
Instinct had saved, a priceless hoard though small ;
But Heaven befriended, and they calmly knew
The Heaven that tries sustains His creatures through :
This was no vain reliance, and they found
Most succour there when most their fortunes frown'd.
Girt with this Heaven-dependant faith, they traced
A strand, with this sole guidance through the waste,
A strand whose shores a plenteous spoil unrol ;
Not vainly did they reach this welcome goal.
Though helpful now, this was the same sad strand
Where wreck had been, even by a chief's command ; [25]

[PART V.]

The same where that great Leader, who propell'd
His prow the furthest through the icy field,
Despairing hence his shatter'd bark to save
From a wild ocean's all-insatiate grave,
Consign'd her to the deep, whose savage wrath
Swept her, but strew'd her treasure on its path.—

Quite outcasts now, with the mere life adrift,
(That Nature's saddest yet most cherish'd gift),
They ponder'd well what scheme they might devise
To save that life from the relentless skies ;
Nor ponder'd long, such rovers are adroit ;
They raised a dwelling, 'twas no mean exploit : [26]
The sides of canvass, and the roof the same,
Strain'd with extended cordage, form'd its frame ;
Little lack'd they beyond, for, with these two,
Canvass and cord, what will not sailors do ?
But casual drift, to save them from despair,
The fragment of the "Fury's" wreck was there ;
And as it chanc'd, such as avail'd them most,
As by design, lay scatter'd on that coast.

Housed thus, they found full leisure now to shape
The purpose of their next and last escape :
But how ?—what hope to mortals thus bereft,
What scheme, what manner of escape was left ?
Even such a scheme as might be mutely plann'd
In extreme danger by a desperate band ;
And boats they had to await, as it might be,
The chance of time, and changes of the sea.

Launch'd forth anew, a rude tumultuous mass
Of gathering ice forbade their prows to pass ;
When, changed the helm, their alter'd course but bore
To the steep terrors of a threatening shore :
Now on this side, and now on that they range,
As with the shifting winds their prospects change ;

Till, gain'd the expected sea, one rigid strait,
Cold as their hopes, and stubborn as their fate,
Relentlessly consign'd their failing strength
To a fourth winter's melancholy length.

Shut from this latest prospect of release,
That fed their hopes, and gave their spirits peace ;
Nought now remain'd but to retrace their course,
And glean subsistence, as a last resource,
From that sad harvest they had sought before,
Thrown from the sea, and scatter'd on the shore,—
A boon, Heaven-sent perchance, to compensate
Parry's disaster, and the Fury's fate.

Swift as the thought that urged, the bark was steer'd,
When, to the guiding instinct true, appear'd
A sea whose bay unshelter'd seem'd the most,
Within an inlet yet of whose wild coast,
The frost relented a brief space to save
Their prows, unequal to that wintry wave.

Beyond the highest footsteps of the tide
Each bark safe-moor'd, they gather to decide
Their final purpose ; there could be but one
Midst fates that men unanimously shun.

Food they had stored, a scanty competence
Just for the life ; but was there life from hence
To urge, sledge-drawn, amid the sweeping drift,
This well-saved hoard of not untimely thrift ?—
Had they the vigour, wasted as they were
By want, disease, long suffering, and despair ?—

This Fury, she the ill though aptly named,
Yet of ill omen, though her deeds were famed ;
With living zeal late thronging round her deck,
Adventure's boast,—She had been doom'd a wreck ;
She had been doom'd by her united band,
And cast, abandon'd, on a nameless strand ;

[PART V.]

Condemn'd, alas ! inglorious fate ! to lie,
The victim of remote necessity,
With all the wonders of her oaken strength,
Wallowing and writhing in each billow's length :
O'er her the waves and winds, with wanton toil,
Wrought all their furies, but threw back the spoil ;
And year by year her fabric pass'd away
Throughout the deep, her spoil within the bay,
Where now this band of patient wretches sought
Their food, and lived but in the hopeful thought.

But though persistent zeal possess'd that crew,
And each was calm in hope, and all were true ;
Though each was still the encourager of each,
Far from their feet lay yet this precious beach ;
Too far, methinks, mid such a host of ill,
For such to attain, whate'er their force of will :—
For men brought down to gaunt starvation's verge,
'Twere hard such ponderous toil such lengths to urge ;
Yet need it was, as the last artifice
Of famishing nature ; for the surging ice,—
Though the tide favour'd, and the wind was fair,—
Forbade all further watery access there.

Mutely they braved the toil, yet oft again
Turn'd them all-vainly-wishful to the main,
If to descry some kindly-opening lane
Pierce the dissever'd mass of ice, and yield
Promise of transit through that stubborn field ;
For such oft-wakening Hope might vainly ask,
And so they plied their melancholy task.
The track was rude o'er many a shapeless mile,
With nought their fainting spirits to beguile ;
Yet from the straining of each anxious frame,
The concert of each struggle wildly came,

Even from the efforts of their feebleness,
A power to stead them in their deep distress,
Though leagues of white-strown desert still deny
The haven of their wintry destiny.—

Arrived at length, and in their lonely tent
Coop'd close, athwart that dreary continent
They eyed, forlorn, the daily-deepening snow,
And heard the blast along the desert blow ;
And sorely felt that slender tent might yield
But little refuge from the wintry field :
Yet through the scheming instincts of distress,
The very snows that swept the wilderness—
Even as the seas cast with unconscious haste
The banks that bar them from a wider waste,—
Wrought of themselves a refuge, while the wind
For vantage closed the drifting storm behind.

Skreen'd thus by winter from the winter's rage,
They rested from their weary pilgrimage ;
When, dire discovery ! the precious store,
That from the Fury's wreck had reach'd the shore,
Untimely chance ! swept by the ruthless tide,
Its fulness now, when need was most, denied ;
Storms too forbade their pastimes, till at last,
All joy with long-enduring patience past,
The gathering symptoms of that dire disease, [27]
The scourge of lives left wretched on the seas,
Appall'd the chieftain and his comrades, who,
As one life went, each deem'd his own was due.

Yet all-providing Heaven new hope instils
Even in the midst of all these gathering ills ;
And while throughout meek Resignation reigns,
Unshaken trust in God each soul sustains.

With this bland influence planted in the breast ;
Brave yet resign'd, unshrinking though distress'd ;

[PART V.]

They watch'd with anxious eye that rigid main,
Till they might see its aspect change again,
Their pinnace launch, and let the piteous sail
Bare its expanding bosom to the gale :—
As such were seemly hopes, approved of Heaven,
They found to such a due fulfilment given ;
Such hoped-for ends calm patience brings, in spite
Of thickening evil, to the lowliest plight.

But from each hope matured fresh hopes arise,
As stars succeed on stars, and fill the skies ;
And as those stars shine from the wintry air
Brightest, so hope shines brightest from despair.

Restored at length each enervated frame,
With a new race of hopes new efforts came :
They join their counsels, clear the obstructive ice,
Where paths the readiest to the waves entice ;
Fly from their fortunes on that homeless realm,
And tempt once more the fortunes of the helm ;
Yielding that spot with all its anguish past
To the white desert, and the howling blast.—

Now day by day they labour'd on the deep,
Yielding to each hard day the hours of sleep ;
But adverse winds their struggling craft detain,
Till want returns with all her hateful train :
Five days on Expectation's fruitless fare
They fed, and battled with this fresh despair ;
The sixth, a small speck, magnified by hope,
Assured too through the expectant telescope,
Uprose, and grew into a goodly bark,
As it approach'd, and day broke through the dark.
At length the electric sound, “ a sail ” — “ a sail ! ”
Roused up the slumbering crew with welcome hail ;
Confusion strange woke with them, a wild joy,
Mingled with fear, that ever-prompt alloy ;

Then was a scene such as to none might be,
 Save such as languish, and on such a sea ;
 And long and loud that cry of joy was heard,
 Though veering breezes kept their hopes deferr'd :
 At length a steadier power propell'd the gale,
 And the bark pass'd beneath a crowded sail ;
 But in her wake another hove in view,
 To tantalize their souls with hopes anew ;
 This too had left them desolate, for lo !
 Full on her course the favouring breezes blow ;
 But while with all her sail this bark up-bore,
 A calm came, as from Heaven, and urged the oar :—
 They row'd amain, each icy hindrance clear'd,
 Till the mute signals of their woe appear'd,
 Beseeching from the deep the stranger's aid ;
 And not in vain those signals were display'd.
 The bark hove to, a boat was lower'd, they met :
 Inquiry waked inquiry, for as yet
 Each knew not of the other ; but the word
 Of want from their worn looks was deeply heard.

Past each restraint and newness of surprise,
 That quell such greetings to a mute surmise ;
 The Stranger thus :—" I am from British land ; [28]
 " My bark a whaler, late in the command
 " Of a long-lost and much-lamented Chief,
 " For whom my instructions are to bear relief,
 " If yet he lives, yet not to you the less,
 " If such be, as it seems, your deep distress."

Reply was needless, volumes could not teach
 More than this short yet heart-consoling speech ;
 And so, if but to unravel the disguise
 That still hung o'er their names and destinies,—
 Reply was none, save such as briefly bless ;
 Nor hint of aid, nor utterance of distress.

Such pathos lived awhile ; but when it pass'd,—
Even as the full-charged tempest falls at last,—
In one wild burst, one full congenial flow
Of mingling pity, wonder, joy, and woe,
Their feelings fell ; while thus the chief replied
In terms Emotion might no longer hide :

“ Not less to us, thou say'st, if such our grief
“ As it appears, than to that long-lost Chief,
“ Deliverance comes, as if I even were
“ That hapless same,—I, whom thou rescuest here ;—
“ Even such I am, 'tis scarce less strange than true,—
“ Behold the piteous aspect of my crew !”—

The Stranger thus of our lost Chief assured,
That there he stood through all his ills endured,—
Joy rent the air : by many a ready hand
The ropes were mounted, and the yards were mann'd ;
And those ice-rocks re-echo'd such a roar
As ne'er that distant ocean heard before.

Arrived on board, a fond confusion rose ;
For there were many to redress their woes,
And feed those piteous guests, and fit them for repose.
Woke too that war of question and reply,—
The peaceful strife of mutual sympathy,—
Such as such friends, long-sever'd by the rage
Of seas and storms, in generous conflict wage.

At length each care with each o'erwearied breast,
Each anxious doubt, and dread suspense at rest ;
Lapp'd in their floating couch, its varied world
True to the eye, the plastic dream unfurl'd.
Lo ! now each late-predominant mischance
Holds them fast-fetter'd in the cruel trance ;—
'Tis not enough existent ills to mourn,
They haunt the slumbers, and in dreams return :—

Again they rove, by wayward thought beguil'd,
Stem the rude floe, and pace the cheerless wild ;
Sleep sends them back, the waste restores its grief,
And Fate still shuts them from the sure relief.

But brief this anguish ; fickle as the gale
Quick Fancy veers, and brighter skies prevail :
Rescue again displays her sail, and hark !
The shout of triumph from the Stranger's bark ;
The impatient question, and the glad reply,
And tumult of that sea-festivity,
With all those thousand nameless joys that rise
Midst Welcome's unexpected ecstasies,
Reacted now,—though such as ye might deem
The crude creations of the shaping dream,—
Were yet events, and follow'd as they seem.—

To such strange shores unresting Search betrays
His venturous prow, and such the price he pays ;
Science from such metes out her doubtful spoil,
And such the men that mingle for the toil.

Peace-wearied men, who, slumbering on a name,
Waken at length to feed a nobler flame ;
Who, train'd to deeds of hardihood and strife,
Love, like their element, a boisterous life :
But having fought their fight, and stemm'd their storm,
Still Phantom-Fame (unalter'd save in form,
The Enchantress still as when her glittering car
Bore them triumphant from the ranks of war),
Cloth'd in new glory, with resistless beams
Haunts their seclusion, and invades their dreams.

They have served well their country's cause, have striven
To uphold her strength by blood profusely given ;
Have saved her traffic from War's wanton sweep,
And lived but as her champions on the deep ;—

[PART V.]

They have been such ; 'tis told in many a scar :
But peace that grows from long convincing war,
Sinks to a settled calm, whose joys serene
Pall on the soul that loves the battle-scene :
Yet, school'd from youth in strife's exciting toil,
The restless spirit droops but for awhile ;
The war-field closed, new-opening fields arise,
New passions kindle, and new deeds surprise ;
And they who risk'd the energies of youth,
On hostile floods, before the cannon's mouth,—
Their occupation gone, their hopes destroy'd,
Their fame a burden, and their age a void,—
They,—not to waste life's yet-remaining lease
In the soft lap of an inglorious peace,—
Fly to the flag, that spell of powerful sway,
The ruling passion of their earlier day ;
Yet waken'd in wild Hope's adventurous mood,
Scorn the dull track of ocean long-subdued,
Taught by a new ambition to condemn
Its yielding billows as no path for them.

In Ocean's torrid depths dark fates abound,
But darker far his polar paths surround ;
Fates manifold, wild risks ; the risk to please,
Or punish restive crews, not least of these :—
'Tis here the chief holds o'er a powerful band
A spell of dread, a dangerous command.
But he,—though sent from boyhood to the deep,
From fond maternal tenderness to keep
Control o'er crews, and issue laws to each,
Almost as soon as Nature gives him speech,—
Himself to Rigour's peremptory rule
Inured, a pupil of no partial school,
He loves the ship's stern discipline, and comes
To affect its yoke, even as a child his home's ;—

And should his fate, through skies of polar wrath,
Urge him to trace Adventure's lonely path,
Walk seas of arduous ice, or ply the helm
Through straits that bar earth's utmost-wint'ry realm,—
Not of that recreant instinct that inclines
To evade the rigour his command enjoins,
The Chief, yet cheerful comrade, he beguiles
The tedious hour by sharing in its toils,
Deeming it with his crew the wisest way
By his example to enforce his sway.—
From such he sees his country's greatness grown,
And on that country's greatness builds his own :
What though for her Traffic unships his stores,
Cull'd from the travers'd globe's remotest shores ;
Though distant monarchs to her call attend,
Curb their vast views, and at her bidding bend ;
Though o'er each sphere her conquering banners wave,
Her armaments a hundred oceans lave ;—
'Tis not enough :—while seas unquell'd proclaim
New fields, and fresh incentives to his fame ;
Where'er Earth's round, or Ocean's wide expanse
Tempts him to steer, his fearless prow's advance :—
Arm'd, in the conflict or of flood or field,
With native energy untaught to yield ;
He leaves a home with all its sacred ties,
A British home with all its sympathies ;
To waste in fruitless toils his honour'd breath,
And vainly struggle with disastrous death.—

“ Britain,” he cries, “ my great, my favour'd home !
“ Thou, sovereign deem'd, where'er the billows roam !
“ Ill art thou styled the Mistress of the seas ;
“ Thy flags all-idly-boastful flout the breeze :
“ With this great deed of enterprise undone,
“ Still set at naught the trophies thou hast won ;

[PART V.]

“For while thine ocean-triumphs lack this crown,
“Vain are thy vaunts, unfinish’d thy renown!”—

And shall a mean philosophy prevail
O’er deeds that nobly dare, and greatly fail?
Or lives that recreant spirit would instil
The scrupulous fears of his own abject will?
Inspire dark doubts, and to a cold control
Confine the noblest impulse of the soul?—
Is there would curb his country’s enterprise,
That source whence all her mightiest deeds arise?
Would cramp her native energies, and tame
To mercenary flights her towering fame?
Quell her high hopes, and bid to glow no more
The patriot’s ardour, and the poet’s lore?—

Great with such thoughts, and in such visions blest,
Britannia’s genius animates his breast:—

“Yet,”—he exclaims, as with returning glance
He looks back from his course of stormy chance
On that proud shore where all his hopes incline,—
“This conquest yet, my country, shall be thine!”

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

PART VI.

“His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.”

BYRON.

ARGUMENT.

THE desolate aspect of Polar scenery ; possesses yet a charm for British hardihood and adventure. Expedition of PARRY for Northwestern discovery.—Intercourse with the Exquimaux ; their manners and peculiarities, described—Free exchange of sentiment, and the benefits thereof.—Breaking up of winter. Allusion to the great land-expedition of FRANKLIN undertaken simultaneously with that through the polar seas by the former officer.—Love of fame the great inciting cause of such dreadful adventures. Apostrophe to Fame, as the power that stimulates to all great achievements. This influence viewed as actuating the Warrior, the Statesman, the Poet, the Anti-quarian, the scientific Traveller ; Pictures of each :—But, most especially, the Discoverer of unknown seas and regions.—Episode on the daring ice-expedition of PARRY towards the Pole. Detailed description of the plans of that officer, and the movements and habits of his crew in this memorable enterprise.

BORNE on wild winds o'er life-deserted strands,
Her lonely-devious flight the Muse expands ;

[PART VI.]

For her no more the Aonian fountains play,
And the green haunt is many a moon away :
Joyless inhuman scenes 'tis hers to scan,
Ungential worlds, new to the steps of man ;
Where, midst portentuous fires that nightly rise,
Disclosing ghastly deserts to the skies,
Fierce from the Pole infuriate Frost prevails ;
While Death o'er his own sphere triumphant sails,
In funeral-clouds above, and spreads below,
His spectral robe, a winding-sheet of snow.

Strange climes :—yet here, by bold Ambition led,
Cradled in storms, and on the ocean bred,
Deaf to disaster's warning voice, and wild
As thy own seas, Adventure's reckless child,—
Thou com'st, proud Briton, with thy searching sail,
To cull fresh fates for Record's tragic tale.—
Yet Hope can lend her all-enlivening ray,
To charm each dark foreboding fast away ;
Can tempt thee from life's cherish'd scenes to part,
And leave thy home where thou must leave thy heart :
E'en now where icebergs rear their wintry piles,
From Greenland's cliffs to Georgia's utmost isles, [1]
There her bright orb its suasive lusture pours
To light thee to Akkoolee's dreary shores ;—
There as thy bark ekes out her arduous way,
Where thickening hummocks crowd the impervious bay ;
Or scours the shore of some untravers'd realm,
Strength in her shrouds, and wisdom at her helm ;
Rude o'er thy course the impatient billows roll,
Yet Perseverance points thee to the Pole ;
Fell Winter from his cloud-careering car
Sweeps round thy path the snow-storm fast and far ;—
Yet Fame can there thy darkest thoughts beguile,
Chase every care, and cherish every smile :—

But when unwonted furies wake the deep,
 And the bark trembles in the billowy sweep;
 When polar blasts their every howl impart,
 And the loud storm is dreadful at thy heart;
 Shades of high souls that danger never knew,
 In bright idea, start forth to thy view :—
 And lo, thy Chief ! the Ruler of the deck,
 Where throng thy comrades at his well-known beck ;
 Now furl the canvass at his stern command,
 Or ply the rope with ever-ceaseless hand ;—
 His greatness kindles all thy native fire,
 His valour arms thee, and his hopes inspire.

On then,—still on ! where winds or waves entice,
 Midst whirling waters, and the crush of ice,
 The floe round-wheeling with its yesty yell,
 And the high iceberg's spiry pinnacle ;—
 And lo ;—when Winter wakes his fiercest breeze,
 And Frost in many a fathom chains the seas ;
 Quells all the north to one unbroken spell,
 And warns thee, seaman, to thine inmost cell ;—
 Then on Instruction's wing the hour shall fly,
 While home-fed Fancy lingers pensive by.

Lo ! now, to fill the ever-empty hour,
 Thine energetic Chief plies all his power :
 The task, the dance, the drama, and the song, [2]
 Lend all their charms to drive delay along.
 Bear up, ye brave !—soon Summer's smiling face
 Shall wake the savage to the wandering chase ;
 Where yon white wall its cheerless aspect yields,
 Midst lowering mists, and snow-inclouded fields,
 In his cold dome low sits the untutor'd man,
 Leans o'er his fire, and hails his crowding clan ;— [3]
 And he can here some pleasing influence feel,
 While to his cubs he parts the artless meal ; [4]

[PART VI.]

Though cold the block that forms his wintry wall,
Warm is the heart that feeds and fosters all.—
Poor child of chance ! hath Winter shrunk thy store ? [5]
Fear not,—there is a Briton at thy door !
He thy starved heart with plenty shall regale,
And share thy sorrows when that plenty fail :
E'en now he sighs to see thee languish there,
The piteous victim of a cold despair ;
Nor vainly sighs, but feeds thee from the fare
His own hard fate assigns,—a scanty share.—
Be bold in faith ; let not ingenuous worth
Wake thy mistrust, or call thy scruples forth :
Nor spurn the hand not lifted to despoil,
But bless thy wintry hearth, and cheer thy toil.

While hopes so fair within his bosom glow,
And from the stranger's lips in suasive accents flow ;
Such doth he deem the moment to impart
The magic of his knowledge, what strange art
Works in his winged home, what various hoard
That vast and floating storehouse might afford.

Caught with his tale, and of his charm possess'd, [6]
The embolden'd savage, eager to be blest,
Each after each, becomes the Chieftain's guest :
But, as he spreads his unprized treasure forth,
(To their admiring gaze a mine of worth),
Yielding the unvalued bead, a harmless bribe,
To assure the favour of the facile tribe,—
The glittering toy the stranger's hand displays,
Wakes all their wonder, and commands their praise.

Prompt thence to infuse with this untutor'd race,
Instructive lore, and civilizing grace,
Yet, studious, watch their instincts, nor contemn
Nor shock their wanton joy at wonders yet to them,—
The Chieftain, as their quickening hopes expand,
Shows how the letter'd language of his land

Imparts their lives, the bitter ills they bear,
And how the pencil speaks their features there :
But glee intense and rampant wildness thrill
Each breast, for further charms expanded still,
While to their wondering gaze he bares unfurl'd
The mimic kingdoms of the pictured world.—
At length new gladness wakes the desert round,
And the struck cliff beats back the exulting sound,
While one, sagacious o'er the rest, betrays [7]
A sudden memory of the shores and bays
In that lone course of storm, wherewith to cope
The Chieftain deem'd he might not vainly hope ;—
Some insight given might stead that Chieftain best,
And the quick impulse trembled in his breast :—
A shore is traced, the general hand employ'd,
Till the stretch'd line fades to a nameless void ;
Each cedes his skill, the Savage aids the art,
Extends the limit, and completes the chart.—

With hearts responsive to the gracious deed,
That saved their hopes, the rallying crew proceed
Through straits perplex'd the unerring course to wind,
Unerring, though by savage skill defined.

Yet first the Britons and their cordial Chief
Comfort those wanderers, with well-timed relief
Feed their exhausted stores, and soothe their grief ;
Clear their dark views, and in their thoughts instil
New schemes, and fresh contrivances of skill :
Waked thus, they hail and welcome as their own,
New shaping powers, and arts before unknown ;
Thus school'd, their rude resources they increase,
And gird their homes with implements of peace :—
And this from mutual-plighted faith alone,
In the kind act, and genial aspect shown ;

[PART VI.]

Sweet intercourse humane ! that can disarm
All enmities,—the true, the unfailing charm !—

But lo ! stern Winter, vanquish'd and forlorn,
Yields his long night to Summer's bursting morn ;
The glorious Sun sits in his fiery fane,
To mar the mighty shackles of the main ;
There, where his slumbering length the walrus roll'd,
Stretch'd o'er a marble ocean, still and cold,
Athwart the rifted ice, from shore to shore,
Now might ye hear the unprison'd waters roar ;—
And where the rock rear'd its stupendous height,
In the wild vest of ever-dazzling white,—
Or mists hung sullen on the snows beneath,
Balk'd the far ken, and press'd the labouring breath,—
There, the quick spirits of the new-born day
Dance in wild joy o'er mountains far away ;
There, on the green bank frisks the gladsome deer,
And fearless feeds on thymy pasture there.

Turn, Timoneer, turn then thy struggling bark,
Cut the foam homeward ere the day is dark !
Tempt not the shore, nor leave the faithful helm
For the dark guidance of yon treacherous realm ;
Tempt not,—nor dare thy fatal step to take
By Athabasca's far-sequester'd lake ;—
For one there is from Quest's adventurous train
Lost in that wide and desolate domain :—
Ill-fated Chief ! amid that world of death,
Bare to the drifting of the wintry wreath !
O'er thy devoted form the Furies rage,
And winds and snows their ceaseless warfare wage ;
To such this hour thy famish'd frame is cast,
Or, shroudless soon, shall whiten on the waste ;
To-night the dreary desert is thy bed,
Thy soul is sad,—thy home is with the dead !— [8]

Infatuate Zeal!—and is there aught so dear
To tempt thee forth to thy destruction here?—
Oh, Fame! 'tis thou canst cheer the darkest day,
Thine are the charms that never can decay!—

Imposing Power! thy glories still engage
The flights of youth, and gravities of age.—

When, loos'd to avenge, the Warrior sweeps with speed
His conquering fleets, nor seas nor storms impede;
And still triumphant in his single might
Dares with redoubled foes the unequal fight;
Is it not, bright Divinity, thy charm
That keeps him undismay'd, and nerves his arm?
Thy rising star, whose radiant beauty leads
The aspiring breast, and prompts to matchless deeds?
In war's wild dissonance his soul serene
Hears but the prelude to that glorious scene,
Where Conquest ushers him, the applauded guest,
Renown'd through nations, and by strangers blest.—

But turn from scenes where Carnage crowns the day
With wreaths blood-stain'd, and pause we to survey
Thy purer glories in a nobler field,
Where gentler arms more genial laurels yield:
There young Ambition, restless for thy wreath,
Harangues his way, and lavishes his breath;—
At first, in accents modest and subdued,
He asks no boon beyond his country's good;
But at thy call straight a new grace attires
His kindling eloquence, he feels new fires;
Till terms new-nerv'd, at thy high bidding hurl'd,
Lay empires prostrate, and convulse the world.—

Great Fame! let Hope but whisper thy award,
Lo! at his midnight task the sleepless Bard
Sits pensive, when the world is all his own,
And Thought keeps unobserv'd her mystic throne;

[PART VI.]

With worldly cares, and penury oppress'd,
To him day brings no joy, and night no rest ;
Wasteful Excess repels him from her board,
And bloated Wealth locks his unhallow'd hoard ;
Yet when thy all-inspiring voice controls,
Great joys are his, unknown to earth-bound souls ;
Thy genius his impassion'd spirit fills,
Boldly he copes life's formidable ills ;
Renounces Nature's dues, and shuns her cheer,
To urge the approach to thy celestial sphere ;
Resolv'd through great exploit to lift on high
The exalted name, or in the endeavour die ;
Restless to grasp a visionary prize,
And reach a fabled temple in the skies.—

Research, the uneasy Spirit, anxious still
To realize his dreams, and act his will,
Caught with thy charm, goes busy forth to note
Times beyond History's memory remote ;
Digs the sunk city, and unearths the pile
That looms o'er old Euphrates, or the Nile ;—
Through palaces entomb'd he mines his way,
And in the regal vault disputes the sway ;
Where Death hath held, in undisturb'd domain,
For countless years his solitary reign ;
Spells the carv'd mystery from its page of stone,
And lifts to light the monarch and his throne ;
And with unwearied zeal would pierce, sublime,
Gulfs still unfathom'd, to the source of time.—

Majestic Fame ! thy influence rules the hour ;
And all are subject to thy sovereign power !

Looking to thee, Science achieves her plans,
Unveils new oceans, and new orbs o'erspans :
She not content to roam her native fields,
And search the hoards cultured Creation yields ;

(Though Nature there, indulgent to expand
Her mystic secrets with unsparing hand,
Enrobed anew in wondrous Art appears,
And half-reveals the magic of her spheres :)
Content not in her own attemper'd isle
To watch the Heavens, or delve the various soil ;
Not yet content, hies for achievement strange,
Beyond the reach of Earth, or Ocean's range,
Or breath of life, to attain thy envied wreath,
Even through the headlong path that leads to death.

See ! where, thy thirsting Traveller, she stands,
Frenzied for thee, midst Lybia's scorching sands !—
What though o'er wastes with hideous bones besprent,
The grave of Zeal, Death's deadliest continent,
The fierce Sirocco sweeps, and wan Disease
Walks forth malignant, and infects the breeze ;—
There, where the unburied relics strew the plain,
Fate tells his dreadful tale, but tells in vain ;
The horror-teeming wastes no fears infuse,
Still there the Enthusiast his fell path pursues,
With strenuous step persisting still to crave
Thy boon, at once his glory and his grave !—

Such strength, all-powerful Fame, thy charms impart,
And gain the willing homage of the heart :—
Ennobled at thy call, Ambition speeds
His various course that to an empire leads ;
'Tis but for Time to award the impartial crown,
And stamp thy sway an empire of renown.—
What though obstructions cross the aspirant's aim,
They but provoke resolve, and fan the flame ;
What though unseen Mischance his path pursue,
And wrecks of former failure crowd his view ;
What though Detraction underrate his toils,
Traduce his efforts, and deride his spoils ;

[PART VI.]

Though hopeless want be added to his woe,
 And Death triumphant deal the final blow ;—
 His soul, but passed to a congenial shore
 Where toil subsides, and tumults are no more,
 Sees endless glories from that era date
 When first it rose, superior to fate ;—
 Affection mourns his mortal form destroy'd,
 Yet universal homage fills the void ;
 While Death that rends him from the endearing tie,
 Tells the reft spirit that he cannot die :—
 That form, though to sepulchral darkness hurl'd,
 Leaves yet the unfetter'd soul to walk the world :—
 Thy genius, Fame, in purer light array'd,
 With lingering halo haunts his sacred shade ;
 Despoiling death, thy treasured life succeeds,
 And amaranthine garlands wreath his deeds ;
 Thy quickening impulse a new being gives,
 His name still lingers, and his greatness lives.—

Fill'd with the future thus, as glanced his eye [9]
 O'er wastes that pine beneath the polar sky,
 To thee, proud Fame, the adventurous Chief afar
 Drags through obstructing snows the unwieldly car,
 Rash with tremendous daring to control
 Great Nature's laws, and pierce the utmost Pole.

Wrapt, all-prophetic, in thy future day,
 He works through treacherous mist his irksome way ;
 Where, rent from regions of eternal frost,
 Great Winter's fleets, the guardians of the coast,
 Icy gigantic shapes in wild extent,
 Float o'er an ocean dark and turbulent,
 Whose depths a secret mystery conceal [10]
 No line can fathom, and no skill reveal.

There with his band, in holy strength array'd,
 Unbent by toil, by danger undismay'd,

The experienced Chief, considerate still to feel
And share their toil, as he partakes their zeal,
Wakes to his own their well-concerted power,
To achieve the labours of each tedious hour ;
There, manly lends his vigorous arm to quell,
With wielded axe, each icy obstacle :—
In him no fears the incumbent glaciers raise,
He hath a trust no British Chief betrays ;
His crew with shouts still follow where he steers,
Fame points the path, and patriot-Valour cheers :
The unshaken phalanx strive through leagues of ice,
Skim the rude plain, and storm the precipice ;
The ascending launch urge with redoubled force,
Or with the steel convincing, carve their course.

Thus, at their toil intent, the sturdy crew
Through wilds of ice a devious track pursue,
Till, the slow, sum of stated hours fulfill'd, [11]
Their ready hands a rude pavilion build ;—
From its ice-path transferr'd, the shapeless sledge,
Apart from fissure and the impending ledge,
Touch'd by the wand of the contriver, Thought,
Starts into life, a sudden temple wrought ;
And as the adapted mast distends on high
The cordage-span, and canvass-canopy,
Unladen cars their precious stores disclose,
For rude repast, and transient repose.

A burden thus, by plastic touch subdued,
Becomes the abode of peace and brotherhood ;
The load of Toil, or resting-place of Ease,
As instinct prompts, to encumber or to please ;—
Such is the fleeting fabric that supplies
The couch where Weariness o'erlabour'd lies ;
Research's treasury, the goal, the abode,
Where Quest returns, and Forage leaves his load ;

Where Provender spreads forth the important board,
 And Science eyes with smiles her growing hoard ;—
 The storehouse of their wealth, their wandering home,
 Where at their Chief's paternal call they come,
 Like children loos'd a shortlived bliss to share,
 Renew their gambols, and forget their care.

Round the fix'd car the friendly awning braced,
 To exclude the sweeping rigours of the waste ;
 For watery course though shaped, transmuted now,
 The amphibious ark yields with inviting bow
 A portal, where the expanded canvass shows
 The pleasing prospect of that sweet repose ;
 That priceless boon vouchsafed to toiling Health,
 The poor man's guerdon, though debarr'd from Wealth ;
 Such as Despair denies to guilty Pain,
 And sceptred Luxury sighs for in vain,
 Midst walls of adamant, and beds of 'down,
 Secure in all the safeguards of a crown.—

And now from care awhile, and toil releas'd,
 When jaded Energy hath earn'd his feast ;
 And Plenty unembarrass'd should afford
 Substantial gladness on a copious board ;
 O'er the scant scene impartial Thrift presides,
 And peremptory Rule the mess divides. [12]
 Yet through that Chieftain's temperate band is heard
 No voice to question his coercive word ;
 Portion'd alike, no grief at partial good
 Inflames to mutiny the excited blood ;
 Nor mutter'd thought, nor dubious look implies
 The bosom's murmur, or the heart's disguise :—
 How could it be, in Toil's all-equal race
 That Disaffection e'er should find a place ;
 While he who rules, himself restricted by
 The levelling instincts of necessity,—

Be it in rest, repast, or active zeal,
The strenuous effort, or the stinted meal,—
Obeys, as he proclaims the cogent call,
And shares alike as he apportions all.

'Tis in adventure as in fields of strife,
A stern delight to brave the stormy life,
Its toils, its jeopardies, escapes and cares,
In equal fellowship,—and such is theirs.

Led by a Chief, whose discipline they love,
As rivals in obedience throng to approve;
Pack'd round in calm and unassuming range
(The heart expanded in the smile's exchange);
Each with his comrade owns the all-stringent tie,
Where mutual want breeds mutual sympathy.

With step sublime, and dignified grimace,
Here Pomp claims no priority of place;
Exclusion here no barrier can create,
And Pride in other regions keeps his state;
But the high feeling in the bosom fired,
The pride by conscious hardihood inspired,
Blent with that well-timed harmony of hearts,
Which singleness of soul alone imparts,
And temperate mirth, and buoyant hopes are all
That mark this strange and desert-festival.

As each receives his solitary cheer,
His aspect brightens, and Content reigns here;—
He seeks, he needs no adventitious aid
From courteous form, or menial parade;
No liveried lackey serves a banquet up,
Eyes the quick glance, and fills the sparkling cup;
No ceremony thwarts the impatient guest;
No sauce awakes involuntary zest;
No dishes in luxuriant range display
The ill-earned viands of the slothful day;

No savoury messes steam, nowhere appear [13]
The smoking glories of the fatted steer ;—
But even-handed Thrift metes out with care
To worn necessity the allotted fare ;
Elastic Health, and unrepining Zeal
Eye with an anxious glance the ungarnish'd meal ;
While meek Content sits down with cheerful smile,
Awaits his turn, and cooks his artless spoil ;
A measured dole, nutritious not profuse,
Just, and but just enough for Nature's use.—

Thus each long changeless day leads on at last
The welcome hour of refuge and repast ;
When, their scant comfort and its season brief
Ended, they crowd to their paternal Chief ;
And if their hard-earned revelry breed mirth,
No supercilious frown forbids its birth ;—
But,—as the sire, whose virtuous soul inclines
Still first to obey the precept he enjoins,
Reclaims the truant, but respects the boy,
Promotes his pastime, and partakes his joy ;
All rigorous restraint his heart disclaims,
He charms from vice, and leads to nobler aims ;
Till the fond charge sees in that sire a school,
Where virtue trains him, and affections rule.—
Thus He, the Chief, the father, and the man,
Disdains with microscopic eye to scan
Each slight misrule, or with stern aspect note
Each buoyant jest that keeps their souls afloat :
Mirth unrestricted reigns ; no envious eye
Curbs the wild tide of social revelry ;
Free flies the random thought, unfetter'd now
Bursts the heart's spring, and genial feelings flow ;
With kindred joys, and stirring thoughts intense,
Soul leaps to soul in mutual confidence ;

And wit untaught, and playful jest prevail,
Awake old Memory, and educe her tale.

For casualties on board, and freaks on shore,
Wanton they overhaul the old beldam's store;
And like true tars, of instinct prone to please,
Old shipboard yarns, and tales of stormy seas,
They deftly tell; each, for his turn intent,
Imparts with glee the ingenuous sentiment;
Plain-sailing, frank, and all-untutor'd by
The schools of craft, disguise, and subtlety,
Each bosom opens as its warmth expands,
And the tongue rambles where the heart commands.—

Thus wears the ambrosial moment; no control
Checks the wild whim, or stints the feast of soul;
Till, the loud jest outlaugh'd, outspun the tale,
Lo! (a mute incense at each interval)
Oft from upwielded tube the evolving smoke [14]
Its influence bland in wreathing volumes broke;
And tales were told, and still fresh volumes pour'd
Fantastic magic round the social board.

With gladness wing'd, while thus the indulgent hour
Speeds, and wild wit and sprightly mirth have power;
Exempt from care, no harrowing thoughts disturb
The social converse, or the soothing herb;—
Till Home, that forceful spell whose charms impart
Unfailing refuge to the rover's heart;
That spot where all Life's treasur'd thoughts reside,
Steals o'er his boisterous joy, and stills the tide.—

Wrapt in his native hamlet's peaceful shades,
A great yet temper'd bliss his breast pervades;
There, as he seeks his cottage in the dell,
And Memory lingers where she loves to dwell,
At once a thousand swelling hopes employ
A thousand thoughts too great for outward joy;

[PART VI.]

Imagination burns with chasten'd fires,
Tasteless the mirth subsides, and the loud laugh expires.

What though that cot, that haven of his rest,
Yet now, alas ! but in remembrance blest ;
Lost to his eye, albeit that cot no more
Ope to his weary step the welcome door ;—
What though the crackling hearth, that wont to burn,
An evening-beacon for his slow return,
Illume no more for him the mouldering pile,
To gild with brighter beam each social smile ;—
What though for him can now no longer ply
The expectant spouse her cottage industry ;
No more replenish with affection's care
The homely platter, or the couch prepare ;
Charm'd from his sports no more the favourite boy,
With bounding step, and looks of speechless joy,
Run forth the first his father's voice to hail,
Cling to his feet, and coax the oft-told tale :—
What though for him that well-known latch no more
Tempt the benighted wanderer to the door ;
No more at dusky eve, a pilgrim train,
Ambitious still the accustom'd hearth to gain,
In motley guise, his old associates come,
Where Toil reposing consecrates a home.—

Yet Recollection wakes with all her charms,
And brings each form in fancy to his arms ;
Again he sees his old familiar place,
Again his boy bounds to his long embrace ;
His lonely cot appears, the clustering crew
Of his old shipmates start before his view ;
And as by Fancy's powerful wing upborne,
He greets with cheering smile his spouse forlorn,
Electric Thought brings back her fond reply,
And though far distant feels her sympathy :—

As each loved form and hallow'd haunt recurs,
Quick in the kindling breast the emotion stirs ;
His Fancy fires, he sees that sacred spot,
Which to the dying day is ne'er forgot ;
That faithful sea-mark of his boisterous life,
That welcome refuge from its storms and strife ;
The haven of his hopes, where'er he roam,
His heart's sure anchorage,—a Briton's home.—

By such fond theme the Chieftain and his crew,
Urg'd from their mirth, the wonted couch renew ;
There while, imperviously remote, they lay
(From home, from Britain's home, far-distant they),
Wearied and scarr'd, their limbs in rude repose,
Midst unrelenting blasts and sweeping snows ;—
Still can each form, a pensive-pleading guest,
Start with the vivid dream, and haunt their rest ;
But, ah !—too soon the flattering visions fly,
And the day brings its stern reality :—
Yet Fervour wakes with undiminish'd fires,
His duty charms him, for his Chief inspires ;
Still to that Chief, whate'er mischance betide,
The watchful Guardian, and the faithful guide,
With soul devoted turns ; hails with a smile
His toil, forgets his thoughts, his home awhile,
And feels, as in a father's care secure,
A pride to obey, a glory to endure.—

Bear up !—Though loudly blow the impetuous blast,
Soon shall the genial hour restore the past ;
Lapp'd in repose, the indulgent dream once more
Wake thee in slumber on thy native shore ;
Or if some treasured tale, or deed of worth
Dwell in thy revel, and protract thy mirth ;
There o'er thy cold limbs wrap the furry cloak,
Quaff the glad god, and sip the soothing smoke ;

[PART VI.]

Strike fancied rocks, still struggle with the main,
Tell all thy toils, and fight thy fights again.—

Launch'd on the icy desert's dreary length,
They spur their ardour, and distend their strength;
But while the involving drifts with eyeless wrath
Sweep round the ear, and block the dubious path;
Bold in advance, where'er in cleft profound
Death sets his snare, and Danger looms around;
Unflinching foremost, lo! one sacred form
Probes the blown snows, and stems the obstructing
storm ;—

[15]

They hail their Chief, the impulsive virtue feel,
Seize his resolve, and emulate his zeal.—

Thus through the night (for, still discreet to shun
The fiercer terrors of the dazzling sun,
The crew, responsive to the Chief's behest,
Consign the night to toil, the day to rest), [16]
Through the wan night, whose scarce-distinguish'd time
Wears a strange aspect in that ghastly clime,—
Save that some meteor's phantom-fire pass'd by,
Or billowy seas o'erswept the electric sky;
Or ice-crag whirl'd beneath the hurrying blast
Broke the death-stillness of that dreary waste,—
Seem'd to the awe-struck thought, one changeless spell
Bound in mute thrall the lonely spectacle.

So deem'd the Chief, while, studious still to yield
The foremost presence to the treacherous field,
Midst intercepting snows his steps entice
The obedient band through many a league of ice;—
A moment deem'd ;—yet other thoughts the while
Swell in his soul, and other scenes beguile;
Bright scenes, and thoughts prophetic of the day,
When Fame shall to a nation's proud array
Shout forth his zeal, his wondrous deeds extol,
And greet their guest, the Hero of the Pole.

Thus, though despair and darkness intervene,
Anticipation reconciles the scene ;
Though today's hope tomorrow's fate destroys, [17]
Yet Fame, the Charmer, spreads her sure decoys :—
There, though he sees portentous shapes arise
Of spectres hovering in the lurid skies ;
Though meteors in strange forms of fire appear,
Sweep the vast void, and threaten his career ;
Though dire eclipse the labouring moon enshroud,
And bows of tenfold lustre span the cloud ;
Though seas of light in Heaven's high cope appear,
And strike with vocal fires the astonish'd ear ;— [18]
Unmoved in soul, with aspect scarce beguiled
By all the wonders of an Arctic wild ;—
Thy charms alone, majestic Fame, invest
His towering thought, and animate his breast ;
For him, no meteor-blaze, thy beams unrol
The quenchless fire that lights him to the Pole ;
His philosophic eye pervades the air,
But thine the glories that entrance him there !—
Bright Power ! assured by thee, he smiling goes
Through treacherous mists, and solitary snows ;
And whether with unwearied step he treads
Where'er the expanse of desolation leads ;
Or, respite brief from toil, in slumber lies,
His couch the ice, his canopy the skies ;
'Tis thy great promise that supports his schemes,
Fires all his energies, and fills his dreams !—
Arm'd in such hopes, and steadfast in his cause,
Himself he scans, and knows no other laws ;
Prompt to decide, and resolute to act,
Doubt flies before him, and no fears distract :—
Yet should a labyrinth of ice mislead,
A storm arrest him, or a gulf impede ;

If at such hour the strenuous effort fail,
A doubt perplex, and wild dismay prevail ;—
Lo !—as the Sun, ascending in his might,
Rescues the world from storms, and puts to flight
Those envious mists conspiring in the sky,
To obstruct his path, and cross his majesty ;—
Even so thy distant promise can assuage
Tumultuous Winter in his fiercest rage ;
Thy gorgeous splendours opening from afar,
His guardian-genius, and his guiding star,
New-arm the adventurer's heart, his hopes relume,
Quell all his doubts, and dissipate his gloom.—

There, as he onward stems his weary way,
And still fresh charms thy beauteous orb array ;
Each new-born hope that kindles his career
To the bright precincts of thy glorious sphere,
Teaches each step the impulsive fire to feel,
And conscious triumph stimulates his zeal.—
Still unappall'd, while yet thy peerless star
Pours its persuasive radiance from afar ;
Though Death with all his terrors intervene,
And unremitting Winter crown the scene ;
With zeal unswerving, and in spirit free,
Beauteous Enchantress ! he still looks to thee ;
Still struggles, though beset by death, to attain
The golden portals of thy glittering fane.

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

PART VII.

“ It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul !”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring’s rocks, or Greenland’s naked isles.”

CAMPBELL.

ARGUMENT.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—LADY FRANKLIN ;—her great affliction and devotedness the theme of universal admiration and sympathy. Hope revived. The national enthusiasm evinced by the successive expeditions of search for the “ Erebus ” and “ Terror. ” Notices of ROSS—RAE—RICHARDSON.—Amateur Adventurers. Great preparations. Difficulty of adjudging the palm of honour where the merits so equally balance. Notices of SIR JAMES CLARKE ROSS—KELLET—BEECHEY—MOORE—RICHARDSON.—The U. S. Grinnell expedition. Enthusiasm. Notices of SIR E. BELCHER,—Northumberland Sound—establishes himself in and names North Cornwall ;—reflections there on the probable fate of the “ Erebus ” and “ Terror. ”—Notices of M’CORMICK, in the Wellington Channel,—Caswall Tower,—Traces of FRANKLIN,—FRANKLIN’S Beacon. Haunted shore. BELLOT.—SIR JOHN BARROW, his fame ; his devotion to the Arctic cause, revived in his son. Notices of M’CLINTOCK—the Polynia Islands. FORSYTH—PENNY—PULLEN—SIR JORN ROSS—OMMANNEY—AUSTIN—OSBORN. Traces at Cape Riley. Allusion to the Sledge-Adventurers. Notices of TROLLOPE—MAGUIRE. Second great searching expedition by way of Behring’s Strait. Notices of M’CLURE—course of that officer—Polar pack—blasting operations—awe-awakening aspects of the Polar world ;—smoking mounds—petrified forest—Esquimaux tribes, pacific and confiding ;—exception to this rule ;—tradition of the

[PART VII.]

White man—his hut and tomb a mystery. Further course.—Bay of Mercy.—Winter quarters—festivities of the crew.—Sudden rescue.—Meeting of M'CLURE and PIM on the floe;—effect on the crew.—Consultations;—abandonment of the "Investigator." COLLINSON—difficult course of—devotion of to his cause—discoverer of wreck-relics on the Finlayson Islands. INGLEFIELD, remarkable voyage of round Baffin's Bay—scientific results—Intercourse with Esquimaux—Polar Spoils.—Recapitulation of general efforts.—Address to LADY FRANKLIN. Hope. Conclusion.

BUT where art thou?—the burden of our grief;
 The great, the brave, yet unreturning chief:— [1]
 Now, while Research with Rescue leaves the land,
 And Zeal embarks her sons, an anxious band;
 And Hope still lingers with her suasive song:—
 Where art thou now?—methinks, thou tarriest long.—
 Say now what ills thy traceless steps assail;
 What strange mischance, new to Disaster's tale:—
 Liv'st thou to combat still thine icy foe,
 Or hath a kinder fortune laid thee low?—
 Com'st thou to greet triumphant welcome home,
 Alas!—or must we mourn thy martyrdom?—

Heart-rending thought!—was't not enough that thou
 In Battle's ocean-ranks had'st bared thy brow?
 In storm or strife alike untaught to quail,
 Trafalgar's thunders, or the northern gale:—
 Not yet enough, great Chieftain, to have traced
 With patient step the North's extremest waste?—
 Doom'd for long months to brave the polar wrath,
 With Want, and watchful Murder in thy path?—
 Such deeds of wildness built for thee a name,
 That Death, destroying thee, had fixed thy fame:
 Thou, who in strife and enterprising deed
 Had'st struck thy way, and gain'd the hero's meed;

Fought to thy fame, and to the wintry Pole
Steer'd forth, where'er Adventure's oceans roll ;—
Thou, but in this, thy latest deed unknown,
How should'st thou think to heighten thy renown ?
What lack'dst thou yet of glorious effort more
To make thee great within thy native shore ?—
But to the truest brave as 'tis most dire
Dully to waste the life out, and expire ;
So thou, disdaining all thy wreaths secured,
And counting not the toils thou hast endured ;
Setting thy peace, thy home, thy life apart,
To achieve the end still nearest to thy heart ;
With the unextinguish'd avarice of fame,
Seek'st through some unknown death to immortalize thy
name !—

Such thoughts are theirs who fear thy valour,—such,
Who know thee, and who dread thy daring much ;—
And these, though restless as the roving deep,
Rugged and stern of aspect as the steep ;
With hearts, ye'd deem, the tumults they have ranged,
And rudeness of their lives had long estranged,—
These yet are they who, from thy British shore,
Gaze with a patient hope the waters o'er,
And will gaze on when hope can be no more.

And 'tis not one :—yet One there is of all
Thy yearning land shall most bewail thy fall.—
Ah !—hapless Thou !—the Lady of the brave
And long-lost Consort we would find and save ;
The Chieftain's lonely spouse, the tenderest, best,
That Friendship e'er embraced, or Love possess'd ;
Stedfast beyond thy sex, than thy compeers
More valiant far, and great above thy fears ;
For, more than woman mighty, thou wouldst brave
The fatal North, though in despair to save ;

[PART VII.]

Thy home with its still-stringent ties forego,
And seek, as of a friend in thy deep woe,
From savage seas some comfort to create,—
If but to be assured, and share thy husband's fate ;—
Would'st deem it now thy kindest destiny
To attain the fatal limit,—and there die !—

Oh, ever-gentle Sufferer ! could we trace
Matchless devotion in a page's space ;
Or were it in the Muse's art divine,
To assuage thy anguish in a fleeting line ;—
What might we say to thee ? What hope speak here,
To dry the fount of thy prophetic tear ?—
If skill'd to extol thee, or 'twere need to move
A world's compassion for thy holy love ;
Say, what new eloquence a language hath
To express thy sorrow, or define thy faith ?—
Oh ! in what strains the sacred theme to swell,
Some deep-impassion'd soul the secret tell !
Say to what image of devotion turn,
Alas !—or in what pitying accents mourn !

Yet, sacred Form ! to appease thy bosom's pain,
Life hath no balm, and pity wakes in vain ;
Sweet Sympathy can work no influence there,
Where Expectation lives but in despair :
And,—but she yet might sway the cruel hour,
That laid thy peace within the tyrant's power ;
Roll back time's tide, reverse an ended date,
And yet recal irrevocable fate ;—
Can Friendship's hallow'd tears avail thee aught ?
Ah ! what avails the vainly-wishful thought !—

But though Conjecture with fond Fancy roam,
Yet fail to bring one fair suggestion home ;
And thy last hope be fruitless as the first,
That last sad human hope to know the worst ;—

Shall yet atoning Time no charm create,
To assuage the stern severities of fate?—
Yes :—there shall rise, when all thy pangs are past,
And to the grave thy grief subsides at last ;
From the dark vista of departing years
A voice shall rise, such as a nation hears ;
And this shall be thy fame :—the historic page
Shall bear thy truth to Earth's remotest age.—
Mute o'er the tome eventful Time affords,
There as the bard, wrapt in the past, records
Some scene where hosts in spectral pomp arise
From the dim paths of ended destinies,
And Conquest with her cavalcade of woe
Darkens the void, a nation's funeral-show,—
Till, sated with the harrowing sight, he turns
From strife's fierce pageantry, and martial urns,
Enraptur'd with the new and bright design,
Turns from the Spoiler's fame to picture thine,—
Thy name shall, like some great Magician's wand,
With awe majestic fix his faltering hand,
The potent spell his struggling thoughts control,
Chain his emotions, and entrance his soul.

Yes, rarest pattern of surpassing worth !
If it be comfort to thee, in this dearth
Of hope that thy sad heart's affliction brings,—
More honour'd shalt thou be than mightiest kings !
Left in thy land's affections, treasured there,
Most stringent of all ties that most endear ;
Treasured when all our trophied myrmidons,
The array of armies, and the pomp of thrones,
Their lustre faded, and their plumes cast by,
In undistinguished dust neglected lie ;—
In memory hallow'd, like some sacred spot,
Some glorious relic of a world forgot ;

[PART VII.]

Time's rich bequest, our fondest, fairest pride ;
The heroic most,—the more than Roman bride.—

But Hope still lives, while lives the unquench'd desire,
The enduring thought that cannot all expire :
And now, e'en now, industrious to discern
Some tardy promise of their Chief's return,—
The sons of ocean, a wide-watchful band,
Range, in unwearied round, each icy strand ;
And, lost in dark Conjecture's endless maze,
Breathe yet the wish, and fix the expectant gaze.

What, though dull souls and sober instincts deem
Hope an illusion, and Release a dream ;
Yet, many a chief, impetuous for advance,
Threads in bold thought the desolate expanse ;
While lo ! to grapple with this great despair,
Ross lives ; and Rae, and Richardson are there. [2]

Associate heroes !—fell Columbia's coast
Hath tried your worth in famine and in frost :
'Twas there your stern enduring greatness grew,
Her shores and straits of ice attest ye true !

Some, freshlier-famed, in stormy skill though versed,
And in the sea's rude cradle early nursed ;
New yet to wintry waters, fresh in fight
With solid seas, the floating glacier's might ;—
Moved by the dirge of this all-piercing woe,
Renounce their homes, their easy peace forego,—
Peace, whose inglorious voice hath all too long
Lull'd their fierce instincts with its wanton song ;—
Yet seek not now Achievement's wonted claim
In watery war, the plunder and the fame ;
The furious onslaught, fell death-doing deed,
And the vain boast to vanquish and to bleed ;
But, sway'd by no dark purpose, with no fear
Save such as wakens from Affliction's tear,

Forget the bloody mandate, iron rule,
And the fell lessons of their floating school,
With every hostile impulse, to contend
For sacred triumphs, and a bloodless end.

A bloodless end : where chieftains of command [3]
Waive their proud claims in honour's ranks to stand ;
Spontaneous merge their dignities, and vie
With stripling heroes in hot rivalry.

Nor thus alone ; men skill-less in the strife
And stormy care of Ocean's troublous life ;
Men unacquainted, save where halcyon seas
Dance to the music of the western breeze ;
Luxuriant sunshine-revellers, ye'd choose
As messmates in some fleeting summer-cruise ;
Men to adventure's hardship all-unknown,
The untried sea-rovers of the temperate zone,
Where in gay pleasure's wake they yearly ply
Their course, and take their sea-festivity ;—
Caught by the cry to rescue and to save,
Cry that fails never to convince the brave ;
They, now content with sturdy tars to roam,
The well-pick'd promise of their island-home ;
Sudden disown their revels, and forsake
Their recreant path, a nobler range to take ;
Teaching that bark, their pastime's toy, resource
Of ease and peace, to shape a stormier course ;
Abjure her gilded glories all, expose
Her tender frame to hyperborean snows ;
Take a new trim, and woo with bolder sail
The rude embraces of the Arctic gale.

See now !—impatient at the awakening call
Of rescue for the brave, these worthies all,—
Equipp'd for action, and in garb and guise
Meetest-adapted to wild enterprise ;

[PART VII.]

With stores apportion'd to the expected toil,
Provision for strange search alike, and spoil.—
The chart out-limned by the latest skill,
With implements of curious science, fill
In true sea-method a conspicuous space ;
They have new depths to sound, new shores to trace :
The fowling-piece they bear, yet bead and toy,
Innocuous proof they come not to destroy ;
The gun, but not for human slaughter ; such
Is not their mission, though their dread is much ;
A dreadful hope :—They bear a gentle tongue
For friendly ear, for foe a cutlass slung.

Thus each appliance, or for guard or guide,
That Science might suggest, or Care provide ;
All that the hand of plastic Art can form,
For aid or safeguard in the nip or storm,
Are lavish'd here. The fearful throat of war,
That ancient glory of the British tar,
Peers from each vessel's side, in grim display ;
Such are for signal-sound, and not for fray :
The sail swells too, where breeze to tide replies,
Where not, the ungovernable Engine plies ;
'Gainst obvious tide or tempest skill'd to stem,
To man subservient, though unrul'd by them :—
Gigantic wonder ! whose ne'er-tiring hand
Convinces seas, where sail might not expand ;
Mover alike when idle sails are furl'd,
And workman still in Toil's material world ;
Thou, whose compulsive force, and urging worth,
Too long lay hid from burden'd sons of earth :
Versatile Power !—dost thou not live and feel
Midst all thy panting fury, and wild zeal ?—
Not vital, though, by that long stated wreath
From thy loud nostril, thou dost seem to breathe ;

And motionless, though, when thy spirit wields
Its might, earth shakes for fear, and ocean yields !—

Even such a Force, might hold in stern control
The Atlantic furies, sweeps them to the goal :
There, as their dangers grow on them, the power,
That bore still helps them in the trying hour.
They storm the ice-rampart, and the field invade
Of well-pack'd winter where the breach is made ;
Or failing this, with forceful saw they quell,
Or cleave with axe each icy obstacle :
But where the unyielding element defies
The penetrating keel, or saw's surprise ;
They crush with power precipitate from high ;
Or with destruction's subtler skill, apply
The nitreous terror to the thick-ribb'd floe ;
Shake, and convince it from the sap below ;
The obstruction dire rend with explosive whirl,
Or with descending bolt asunder hurl. [4]

Arm'd thus for all, thus strengthened and secured,
And by a trust in their good cause assured ;
Buoy'd up, and waken'd by the haunting thought
Of what their fore-sires in these seas have wrought,
And hope, that through some valour's frenzied deed,—
Valour, that passion of the life they lead,—
They yet may come where, in some strange recess,
The brave they seek linger in wretchedness ;
And help them to recal their ebbing breath,
That so this search be not the search of death ;—
Far in disastrous seas, where Behring's keel
First pierc'd, or shores first solv'd by Baffin's zeal,
Intent on toil, for Rescue's deed well-arm'd,
And by their sacred mission cheer'd and charm'd,—
Through a new world of wonders, cold and strange,
They shape their course, and take their dubious range ;

[PART VII.]

A glorious band, a galaxy of Fame,
Their thoughts, their wishes, and wild cause the same.

But you, great guardians of the poet's lay,
Censors of rhyme, severe yet righteous, say !
In this proud throng of heroes, whose renown
Cries out for justice, and an equal crown ;
How shall the impartial Muse the palm award ?
Impartial Truth the worthiest worth record ?—

First in Adventure's train, bold pioneer,
See, at his post Antarctic Ross appear !— [5]
But vain the attempt by the all-unequal North
To weigh his greatness, or compute his worth ;
His matchless deeds, familiar most to fame,
Let the fell Winter of the South proclaim.—
Great in design, and sacred in his charge,
Ample his field, and his experience large ;
His crew well-train'd, his vessel stout and trim ;
Grief dried her eyes, for Promise sail'd with him.
But bootless all ; though every bay was traced ;
Each headland conn'd ; while shore's and ocean's waste
Bore on their brow the quick-conspicuous mark ;
Guns spoke abroad, and fires illumed the dark ;
And wave-sent missive, and air-borne balloon,—
Heralds of hope to make their presence known—
Cours'd the dense void, to sea and sky consign'd,
The anxious posters of the wave and wind ;—
While, girt with circling cymbals of relief,
Behold !—strange agents in the cause of grief—
The untamed creatures of the desert share
Their toils, and on the gracious quest repair ;
If, chance, those wanderers of the waste might prove
Kind couriers of a distant nation's love.—
But vain : Strict in arrest, stern Winter still
Subdued them, deedless, to his iron will,—

And baffled Ross return'd :—Hope ceased to smile,
And disconcerted Daring droop'd awhile.—

But which is he ? the true confederate still,
Whose restless spirit, and unbending will,—
(In seas remote, where Beechey, name revered,
Watchful whilom, his anxious pendant rear'd ;) [6]
Through ice-bound coasts in strenuous effort strove
With Moore, who shrank not from the work of love ?—
Kellett, who, vainly-zealous, swept the tide
Of the isle-gemm'd Pacific in his pride ;
And further went than where first Winter's morn
Breaks on the brow of Behring's isle forlorn :—
Him, Shedden, writ in fell misfortune's page,
Shedden, who early caught the spreading rage,
Eyed from afar, and, mingling in the strife,
Gave to the cause his efforts and his life.—

Fairly afloat, from cold Chamisso's isle
They bore away through many a wintry pile
Stupendous from the Pole ;—when lo ! at length,
Mountains uprose of more than icy strength,
Whose peaks, ascending through the clouds, appear'd
Of shape more strange and threatening, as they near'd ;
In such, those giants of the North they scan,
Seen, but which may not be approach'd by man ;
Flank'd yet by floating forms of frost, that roll
Diurnal round,—the sentries of the Pole.

'Twas all they met : they found no trace, and heard
No native tongue that could one clue afford,
The following which might take these wanderers by,
Where lay the mischief of their mystery.

Thus Kellett went, and came ; he saw no sign,
Save such as might make Grief the more repine.
Yet he return'd ; though smother'd in his breast,
The fire rekindled, and he could not rest ;—

[PART VII.]

Yet fail'd ; though he achiev'd one noble aim [7]
Nobly,—but such is of his after fame.—

He fail'd ; and with him a great Searcher fail'd,
Even in the field where erst his might prevail'd ;
That ruthless waste, where seem'd no Heaven to bless
Or shield poor Nature in her nakedness :—
He who, to furnish succour, and give breath
To his loved chief, went through a living death ;
True Richardson, whom famine could not quell,
Who struck down Death, himself more terrible.— [8]

But soft !—there sometimes bursts upon the scene
Bright promise where despair hath darkest been :
And thou might'st yet, afflicted Spirit, find,
Midst thy great griefs one mercy left behind !—
'Tis this,—where'er thy fears, thy hopes incline,
Be sure, a People's sympathies are thine ;
Nay, more ;—confederated nations bend
Before these pangs that thy lone bosom rend,—
Whose flags, in peaceful rivalry unfurl'd,
Bespeak the homage of a bonded world.

E'en now, in this, the sacred zeal to save,
Great to excess, unlimitedly brave,
To achieve the rescue, or the untoward chance
Envious to share, Columbia's sons advance : [9]
For them no law confines the excursive keel,
No nice restrictions regulate their zeal ;—
But,—as that symbol of thy constant soul,
The unerring needle points him to the Pole,—
Free at his post, the unfetter'd pilot still
Plies through what seas he lists his awful skill ;
Proud of his charge, and stedfast at the helm,
Though storms conspire, and furious floods o'erwhelm,
For thee, he lives within the wintry main,
Alas !—and braves the wintry waste in vain !

For thee, sad Mourner, coasts the impending steep,
Yet yields thy cause abandon'd to the deep!—
Leaves, unreveal'd, the dreadful secret there,
And but returns to darken thy despair!

But though Experience, forceful at the wheel,
Propels for thee in vain the impatient keel;
In vain assiduous Search o'erscans the chart,
Dress'd in the treasures of his growing art;
While Hope's endearing smiles no balm impart
To heal the wound that rankles at thy heart:—
Yet Zeal awakes with all her British fires,
For Britain's fame, and Franklin's fate inspires;
Resolve steps forth, and Rescue from afar
Mans the bold bark, and stores the important car;
And though still thwarted in that dark career,
Where Navigation's sons had yet to steer;
New hopes enkindle him, new schemes arise,
Repulse but goads to bolder enterprise.

Even so some torrent, baffled off before,
Seeks a new path, and channels out the shore;—
But fate and fresh disaster mark the course
Of Effort's vain-reiterated force,—
So the sea-surge, grown greater in retreat,
With each new onset brings a new defeat.—

But 'tis this force, in the stern field afar
Of storm, or in the sterner field of war;
This will, that with the hard-wrought struggle gives
The life, or with the accomplish'd triumph lives;—
This 'tis whence greatness springs, in death or life;
Greatly to win, or perish in the strife:—
This wakes the world; bears still, and ever bore
Strife's restless sons from a too-peaceful shore;
To yield their lives, a forfeit to renown,
Wildly ambitious of a shadowy crown.

[PART VII.]

Yet there's a holy zeal, a bright desire,
Whose path is purer, and its hopes far higher ;
Those hopes, albeit, less dazzling, and that path
Leading more deeply into danger's wrath :—
Such is their thirst, the Enthusiast-souls, who bleed
For Heaven, or for their country,—glorious deed !
To uphold the majesty of Truth, or save
Their tottering freedom from an abject grave :—
Such men are great ; the greatest of the earth
That rear'd their greatness, and that gave them birth.—

Then there are some, something akin to such ;
Their fire as fervent, and their faith as much ;
Heavenly their aim,—for it is still the joy
Of gracious Heaven to save, and not destroy ;—
Their risk as wild, and with no more delay,
For who to death more sudden-sent than they ?—
These they who in some dreadful hour appear,
When Hope, the star, is banish'd from her sphere
Some time of direness, and dark tumult, when
Self-love is seen mostly to sway with men :—
Such forms, a scanty few, are sometimes found
On the sea-wreck, or battle's gory ground ;
Or when in some strange season of dismay,—
Feller than tempests, or the battle-fray,—
Men in their unsuspecting homes expire,
By onslaught of disease, or wasting fire ;
Or lawless carnage, or commotion,—where
Wild Mischief hath the rule, and foul is fair :—
There, when no eye but One watches the toil,
They stand, disputing with fierce Death their spoil ;
A Heaven-sent guard, a phalanx of the brave,
Midst the mad uproar left, to shelter and to save.—

Allied to such grand natures, and as true
And undisguis'd, are those the Enthusiasts, who,—

Thinking too sure, and frenzied at the thought,
 That, far from the known world in wilds remote,
 One, whom they honour most, evokes their zeal,—
 They fear it, 'tis the only fear they feel.—
 Evokes in prayers to the deaf desert given,
 But heard, they deem, above, and now sent down from
 Heav'n ;—

By this brave fear incited, and the cry
 Of Love's too-long-expectant agony,
 That waits the brave,—that harrowing cry of Woe
 Left with her tears in home forlorn to flow,—
 Fired with the impulsive ardour all to cast
 Their lot with his who calls them from the waste,—
 They stake their fame, and bare their lives before
 Wild Death, and, if they might, would venture more,
 To unmask the hideous truth, the fate accurst
 That waits their witness there ; to seek the worst,
 Or seeking find, fortune, alas ! too bless'd,—
 The glorious boon, to rescue the distress'd.—
 Such aspirations, though less lofty, bring
 Something for homage ;—and of such we sing.—

Midst crags afar, where frost and storm conspire
 With famine's death to quench the vital fire ;—
 This zeal 'twas, whose unswerving stern belief
 Held that inquisitive far-piercing Chief ;
 He who by Osborn's cape of glaciers came, [10]
 And Grinnell's cliffs, link'd to a fatal fame.
 Sail served him not, yet, through alternate force
 Of struggling oar, and labouring sledge, a course
 Open'd to a remote and ruthless shore, [11]
 Had only loom'd to human eye before :
 Woe to the crew within that coast decoy'd !
 Horror's last bound, a voiceless land, and void,

On whose seal'd shore the waves forget to roll,
The utmost land that looks upon the Pole.

Stablish'd his step, and of this shore possess'd,
Thoughts of that crew, the spirits of his quest,—
Even as the visions of the spectral past
Pervade the dream, too palpable to last,—
Throng'd o'er his soul with the receding main;
Yet here such thoughts were only thoughts of pain.

“If through these waters wandering to their woe,
“They took their portion with the drifting floe,
“Where'er the ice swept they went, for 'tis most clear
“They haul'd not in, and had no haven here.”—

Such anxious thoughts the experienc'd chief pursued,
And made this waste a sadder solitude ;—
The ice-berg's course round the forbidding bluff,
And beetling headland, was for him enough ;
So he retraced his range while yet he may ;
Nature lent little to attract that stay,
Whence he, perchance, his own sad doom might date ;
Another victim to a ravening fate :—
Science on shores like these could play no part,
Amid such skies vain were her visual art.
From scenes where Death triumphant reigns alone,
Which e'en the instinctive savage doth disown,
Nature with all her vital influence flies,
And all her train of genial sympathies ;
Science retreats, despairing of his spoils,
The Muse shrinks back, and shuddering Thought recoils.—

Yet fearless here could fond M'Cormick urge [12]
His “Hope Forlorn” amid that dashing surge ;
Snatching his couch from the storm's sweeping wreath,
His refuge from the ice-berg's brow beneath ;
Or, harness'd to the sledge, stern pastime, traced
His Chieftain's step throughout that dreary waste,

Where Caswall's mount in towering grandeur told,
 That Chief was wont his wintry wake to hold ;—
 Or onward swept, where polar waves afar
 Wage with pale Osborn's cliffs unceasing war,— [13]
 Saw that strange rock uprear'd, whose stalwart form,
 Standing, like virtue, scathless in the storm,
 Waked forth the wild thought, from his shaping brain
 Fantastic struck,—it was a thought of pain,
 That all the terrors there might not restrain ;—
 He named it, and that name shall be sustain'd
 An age, even as that mockery hath remain'd ;
 He named, and well that honour'd name express'd
 The mournful hope yet lingering in his breast.

'Tis hence a haunt !—albeit that ghastly place
 Lacketh no spectre's visionary race
 To make it fear'd ; yet there, at stated hour,
 When the time brings the apparition's power,
 A gracious Phantom comes, in light array'd :
 That gracious Phantom never can be laid !—
 Hurl'd by the blast beyond the power to save,
 A bright Form fell :—it had an icy grave.—

Lamented Bellôt !—Science' favourite child ! [14]
 Adventure's soul !—whose presence still beguiled
 Toil of his burden,—Suffering of her pains,—
 Oh !—what of all thy promise now remains ?
 Words, that bewail thee to the blast alone,
 A desert-record, and a grave unknown :—
 Yet, sacred Shade ! at yon impassion'd shrine [15]
 The tribute of a noble grief is thine !
 A grief, whose throes, graved on a deathless page,
 Tempest shall ne'er efface, nor time assuage ;
 Such as in secret bosoms inly burn,
 Aad such as speak aloud when nations mourn ;

All that the pangs of ceaseless anguish prove,
The ties of virtue, fellowship, and love.—

And there is One, whose fondest thoughts in vain
Dwell on thy memory, and partake the pain :
His Sire was skill'd in various Nature's laws,
And, like true Sabine, fervent in his cause ;
As that cause wander'd, or its course was changed,
From zone to zone his thirsting spirit ranged,
Unsated ; and, though his—that Icy Strait
Whose portal dire led Franklin to his fate,— [16]
No nobler zeal e'er urg'd the adventurous quest,
The fire ne'er kindled in a purer breast.—
He died renown'd : let not Ambition pine,
Or Science, unconsol'd, her hopes resign ;—
Lamented died ; yet in his name he lives,
And with that life renew'd new lustre gives :
Lo ! in his dust the Phoenix-fires remain,
And in his honour'd son he lives again.— [17]

Thus, as thine eye athwart that desert sent,
Watch'd in fond thought the lurid element,
Haply, M'Cormick, didst thou muse awhile,
On thy far friend with memory's pensive smile.

But He, thy colleague in this quest of fear,
Toiler alike with thee, and brave compeer ;
He, whose bold step, by suffering unsubdued,
Expansive rang'd to that cold solitude,
Where, midst the clash of ice, an awful scene,
Still-vex'd Polynia sits with brow serene, [18]
In conflict of perpetual storm, to appease
Winter infuriate in his utmost seas. —

Unshrinking zeal ! how may the Muse aspire
Thy meed to award, or emulate thy fire ?—
Such then, and more of grandeur yet unsung
Leave we to time, and Truth's impartial tongue :

Deeds speak their dues ; with justice fair and even
 Let then to each the honour'd palm be given ;
 Years boundless still M'Cormick's zeal proclaim,
 Wreaths ever-fresh bedeck M'Clintock's fame.—

It was this restless zeal, this thrilling thought,
 This harrowing outcry of distress that brought
 The unflinching Forsyth forth ; he, whose bold prow
 Pierced, like a Power of life, the obstructing floe :— [19]

Penny, for this, renounced his ancient fame,
 And shaped his prowess to a nobler aim ;
 The intrepid whaler,—he, whose sterling worth,—
 Old in the storm, familiar with the north,
 Inspired a promise like his spirit large,
 And bless'd those barks, confiding Sorrow's charge ;—
 Those barks of hope,—oh, ever-honour'd Chief !
 Stamp'd yet with living fears, and named of grief ;
 Mute signs, more wakening to thy manly sense
 Than vocal Woe in all her eloquence :—
 Fraught thus, a twofold blessing on thy store ;
 What might Faith do, or fond Affliction more ?—
 Unswerving Chief ! in sorrow's cause most true !
 So with that cause thy force and fervour grew :
 Train'd to the search, in Danger's straits well-skilled ;
 All that thy genius taught, thy zeal fulfill'd.—

Even so that Chief, who, rallying from afar,
 Gave to the spheres of Hope another Star ; [20]
 But, mark'd for varying fortunes to the end,
 In fervent Hooper lost the unfailing friend ;—
 Pullen,—whom course eccentric, and wild range,
 Or on the sea, or shore, in ceaseless change
 Impell'd, eventful :—yet one pang possess'd,
 One thought electric ran throughout his breast.

This roused the veteran to a fresh crusade ;
 Cited the indomitable Ross ; and bade

Bold Ommanney the arduous palm dispute,
 And Austin, like his bark, the Resolute ;
 While Osborn (name for no inglorious page),
 With a quick frenzy took the infecting rage :—
 True friends of misery who, forceful, plied
 The embarrass'd helm through Baffin's cumbrous tide ;
 Nor stay'd till Riley's memorable cape
 Spoke, but, alas ! told not the course to shape ;— [21]
 Riley, the portal to these fearful woes,
 Yet now the source whence brightest hope arose ;
 Riley—where still some Spirit seems to say—
 “Behold !—his step !—Thy Chieftain is away !”—
 Sighs to the blast, and in the desert air
 Guards the fond spot, and breathes the plaintive prayer ;
 Nor might the all-sweeping storm that trace bedim,
 That lonely trace yet left to speak for him.—

Yet wherefore pause ? what shall be said of those
 Who scaled with patient sledge the obstructing snows ?
 Why should the Muse their humbler deeds condemn ?
 Is there no wreath, no laurel left for them ?—
 What of those sturdy Resolutes who bore
 Discovery's pendant round that ruthless shore,
 Where, in despite of tumult, and of storm,
 And Death's stern power in every fatal form,
 By Polar frost unquench'd, the zealot's fire
 Lived in the breasts of Trollope and Maguire ?—
 Heartless the muse, in whose too partial page
 Sons all as worthy have no heritage ;
 Though foil'd in hope, be they remember'd all,
 True to their honour, and their country's call.—

But One came back, a partner in defeat, [22]
 Though arm'd with wild equipment all complete
 For wildness, such as might the best appal,
 And make them think what 'tis to cope withal.—

He 'twas who first pursued a devious chase
Oblique, by that huge's promontory's base,
Where wild Magellan with impetuous sweep [23]
Lets in the torrents of an ocean's deep.

Thenceforth at length emerg'd, and nothing loath,
But with a zeal that grew with Danger's growth,
He plough'd the deep Pacific's watery way,
Through many a boisterous league, and dreary day ;
Yet was he calm, and in whatever clime
Wild Fortune thrust him forth, could bide his time :—
This gift, and such-like of great Nature's care,
His lot 'twas with Adventure's best to share ;
Courage to cope, and patience to endure,
Were given to all, nor, least of all, M'Clure.—
If aught of specious tongue this praise dispute,
Judge if his acts bespeak such attribute ;
See him amidst his polar terrors cast,
Even as a rock, left lonely on the waste ;—
And, as some pine, on Alpine crag on high,
Spreads its broad arms, and leans along the sky ;
Now here, now there, by furious tempest driven,
Hangs o'er the abyss, or towers into the heaven ;—
Thus to his word his steadfast bark replies :
Yields with his will, and with his force defies.—

Baulk'd of some aim, or traversed in his track
By the huge fastness of the polar pack ; [24]
With trenchant zeal he strikes the impervious bar,
Or shivers with the explosive dint of war :
The obstructive foe convinc'd, and channel clear'd,
With the ever-varying tack a course is steer'd ; [25]
While ever-varying hazards, far and near,
Impede the advance, and threaten his career.—
But as the sea, on some new spoil intent,
(His wild, his own congenial element),

[PART VII.]

Breaks from its bounds, and revels as it goes,
Though mountains rise, and Nature's self oppose;
O'erbears restraint, and till its goal be won,
Rolls, unconcern'd, in conscious greatness on :—
Thus, of repulse regardless, and resolved
But the more sternly as the more involved,
The unshaken Chieftain strives ; no effort tires,
And baffled triumph but the more inspires.—

Such toilsome cares might quell the manliest nerve ;
Yet Honour's voice forbade thy soul to swerve,
Where, though in range restricted, thou could'st find
Full scope for thought, the freedom of the mind ;
Not that thy time went wearily, though toil
And care might something of its zest despoil ;
For many a nameless marvel met thy gaze,
Nameless, as known not to thy former days ;
Sights wonder-waking, shapes grotesque and strange,
Not of thy wonted nature's worldly range,
As some great sorcerer's hand had wrought the change :—
Of such that beauteous wonder, where the North
Opens the Heavens, and, wildly flashing forth,
Legions of fire, in ever-varied form,
Chase the dark night, and dance upon the storm.

But if strange sights uprose those waters o'er,
Sights all as strange came pictured from that shore ;
Fires from the earth, and forests struck to stone : [26]
Rare aspects, e'en within that mystic zone.

Yet 'twas thy joy, in that unearthly wild,
To find in Nature's a confiding child ; [27]
And, as it much imported thee to wear
A gracious aspect, and a winning air,
Even if with bribes, pure as were thine, to buy
Their good-will all, and seal their sympathy ;—

Thyself and cause to ingratiate with these,
Watch each suspicious instinct, and appease ;
Aught that might waken fear or doubt remove,
And fill its place up with quick proof of love ;—
Such was thy art :—yet once, with bended bow, [28]
'Tis told, and brandish'd blade, in hostile row
They gathering stood ;—why,—let the sequel show.—

Their ire assuaged ; 'twas to avenge the slain,
Their fears declared, thy crew were on the main ;
To avenge the white man, whom in this remote
And silent shore they buried, where they smote ;—
Then came the thought that fill'd thy soul with gloom ;
A murdered man,—a white man, and his tomb !—

He had been left, and, straying here abroad,
His comrades lost ;—at this thy soul was awed :
None knew their coming, how or whence they came ;
For their departure too 'twas much the same,
Save for this one :—Hard by, a hut there stood,
Had been the abode of this their solitude :
They had rang'd south, it seem'd,—he luckless-left,
Of food and his associates all bereft,
Had fallen, or by the bow or treacherous knife :—
His was a lonely death and lonely life.—

Set by the terror of this tale aghast,
Thy course was shaped albeit thy anchor cast ;
That course the guidance of the savage gave ;
There was the hut, a ruin like the grave,
To attest some deed of darkness, that forbade
All question ;—yet a hideous fear was stay'd :—
Thy floating charge awaited thee, and now
Thy footsteps hasten'd to ascend the prow,
In sadness, yet with this assurance fair,
'Twas not thy honour'd Chief who rested there ;
And, like a troubled dream, the tale pass'd by ;
Departing, as it came, a mystery.—

Thus, betwixt death and life, a fell suspense ;
 Outcast, and left alone to Providence ;
 Through many a weary month's all-watchful gaze,
 No trace of wandering woe thy search repays ;
 No sign of piteous sojourn, here, I ween,
 Encouraged thee to think *thy* brave had been ;
 Nor might emerge from ice or ocean aught
 Of dire disclosure to appal thy thought :
 Yet many a shore and unswept sea's expanse
 Looms, and awakens to renew'd advance.

At length despondent,—for the brave despair,
 When all is done that valiant soul may dare,—
 The bark, before a breeze that favour'd still,
 With easy canvass made her course, until,
 Fix'd by the frost, with sails unbent, she lay,
 Secure in Mercy's memorable bay :— [29]
 Mercy, well-named ; in homage to high Heaven
 For many a peril past, and many a mercy given.

Closed all the hatchways, and the vessel housed ; [30]
 See, now the feeling of the sailor roused !—
 Albeit of that most sacred purpose foil'd,
 In which so long and vainly they had toil'd ;
 Despite of this, a boisterous spirit reign'd ;
 The crew were safe, and a great conquest gained ;
 And lo !—while deepening winter shuts the scene,
 And the deer herds into the deep ravine,
 Content to brouse on Nature's latest gift,
 The stunted willow struggling through the drift,
 Whose sheltering nooks afford what cheer they can
 To the furr'd hare, and feather'd ptarmigan ;—
 All overlaid the bark, and bank'd with snow,
 To exclude grim winter from the life below ;
 “Splice the main brace !”—the cordial chieftain cries,
 The crew, as cordial, with the shout replies ;

And thus, midst glee by heightening blasts increas'd,—
 The goblet's glories, and long-lengthen'd feast,
 With revelry of reckless laugh and song,
 And dance grotesque, the mirthful night prolong.

Thus flew the festal hour : but counsels grave,
 Of ship to extricate, and crew to save,
 Come with the morn ; that time, to sons of earth,
 When thoughtfulness succeeds to waning mirth.

At length, full long in irksome chains intrall'd,
 New dangers threatening as their pastimes pall'd ;
 Came gradual o'er that crew a gathering doom ;
 Yet they were sailors, and dispers'd the gloom :
 Exertion roused them, and the exciting chase,
 That fed, impell'd them to the field apace ;
 Yet had they much to do to keep their heart ;
 Cut off, it seem'd, from all the world apart,
 In lone vast wilds, where Winter, pale with wrath,
 And bristling with ice-ramparts, closed their path ;—
 Their stores ebb'd too, it could not but be so
 With men dependant on a waste of snow.

Thus as they droop'd, yet drooping, turn'd awhile
 Each to his shipmate with a casual smile ;—
 Behold !—all-sudden as some sight that comes [31]
 To wandering eye from Heaven, or from the tombs,—
 Athwart their chieftain's course,—who daily wont
 To walk the floe,—a figure wild and gaunt
 Loom'd through the distance, indistinct ! yet like
 No denizen's of earth its features strike ;—
 The crew were busied at their various charge,
 The sick in hammocks slung, the chief at large :—
 What should he do ?—at first his doubts arise,
 Then stern dismay comes o'er him, and surprise ;
 Beckon'd in advance, dark notions throng'd his thought,
 Yet fled when once that stranger's voice besought ;

[PART VII.]

And though like Tartarus that brow, it beam'd,
And to his kindling gaze an angel's seem'd.
For his appearance, and his mission here,
A few brief accents made that matter clear ;
Spare are the words the brave give to the brave,
It was enough to say, he came to save.—
Swift through the cordage, to each cabin, flew
The gracious errand to the astonish'd crew ;
They raved with joy, all cold despondence fled ;
Toil struck electric stood, and from his bed
Disease leap'd forth, while all with straining neck
Throng through the hatchway, and pervade the deck.

Hemm'd by this craving concourse, in a trice
The Stranger—and for that few words suffice,—
Disclos'd ;—a moment motionless and dull—
For at this sudden stroke their hearts were full,—
The crew took mutely the first shock of joy ;
But soon impetuous acts that spell destroy ;
And now such uproar rose as will arise
Even at such times, and in such destinies.—
“ Honour to Kellett, and to Pim no less !
“ True friends, and great deliverers of distress !”
Peal'd with each shout from shore to opening shore,
Fierce plaudits, such as franchis'd souls outpour ;
The rocks inform'd rebellow to the roar !—

At length this tumult still'd, a calm ensues,
Where coming cares more sober thoughts infuse ;
Though parley's voice, that, oft uprising, swells
With the great theme, its tale of wonder tells.
Subsiding such, the Chief unfolds his plans ;
The sled-borne Stranger lists, and straight o'erscans
Each gathering group, soon to be carried hence,
From want and toil, to rest and competence.—

Brave Chief! well had'st thou pass'd a fearful date;
 Why should thy feelings then prolong thy fate?
 Why should'st thou tempt thy fortune, and lay bare
 Thy lives and safeties for thy vessel's care?—
 Yet 'twas to thee a grievous sadness this,
 Thy worthy bark that brought thee to thy bliss
 To abandon, turn thy back upon the friend
 Whose faithful bosom bore thee to the end.— [32]

Much hast thou done,—if still the impartial test
 Be to have done what baffled all the best;
 And flung within thy grasp a glittering prize
 Yet unachieved by toiling centuries:
 Fortune's great boon, who favour'd still the bold,
 Yet, favouring, could her highest gift withhold;
 Leaving all-unattain'd that fearful end,
 Where haply yet the unfinish'd Fates impend.—
 Capricious Power!—how might the poet raise
 The enraptured strain, all-vocal in her praise;
 Had she but smiled, propitious still, to assure
 This triumph thine, unflinching brave M'Clure!—
 This, for exulting ages to proclaim
 The crowning act, the keystone of thy fame!—

Yet favour'd thus, not thine alone the meed
 Of daring effort, and adventurous deed;
 For the same field where all thy wreaths were won,
 Mark'd the fond course of faithful Collinson. [33]

Devoted chief! in honour's arduous race,
 'Twas thine Columbia's loneliest bound to trace;
 There with wide-watchful eye thy search expand
 Through the seal'd winter of that sinuous strand;
 And,—as some tempest, whose impetuous speed,
 Obvious on high the cavern'd cliffs impede,
 Baulk'd of its range, with searching sweep explores
 Each secret cove, and inlet of the shores,—

[PART VII.]

Thus through the rugged scene to work thy way,
Great in rebuke, undaunted at delay ;
Wind through each icy labyrinth, and seek
The tortuous terrors of the mazy creek ;
And trace, though baffled oft, with earnest force
The cold obstructions of the dubious course.

Fair promise shone from thee, and likelihood
Of deed triumphant mark'd thy gallant mood ;
Thy country look'd on thee as one from whom
More than his proffer'd word is wont to come :—
Pure-minded man !—Affliction saw in thee [34]
The unboastful bearing she delights to see ;
Saw, and by mute and tranquil trust disclosed
The joy that follow'd from her hopes reposed :
Nor didst thou yield thy charge, but,—as 'tis proved
They have hoped longest who the most have loved ;—
Thy quest became a passion, a stern will,
Not to be deem'd a vain pursuit, until,
Too well assured for promise to beguile,
Fell ruin met thee on that voiceless isle,
Where, as thou see'st, wreck-fragments scatter'd lie,
In dreadful note of some dark destiny.—

Not far remote from this, in an accurst
And dreary waste, the dreariest and the worst,
Death tells the tale, and Famine hath revealed
Her hideous secret on that fatal field.—

There sunk the gentlest,—there the bravest fell ;
Let Time's unerring tongue his virtues tell.—
But we will mourn thee ! Truth's impartial hand
Shall write thy greatness, and a conscious land
Something assert for thee, oh, ill-starr'd Chief !
Beyond the homage of a transient grief ;
What were it but the palm that victory gives,
Greatest in death,—the glory that outlives ?—

Justice demands this tribute to thy fame ;
And fatal triumph sanctifies the claim. — [35]

What then avails it that the Muse prolong
The baleful theme of this protracted song ?
With thee, sad Shade ! her visions pass ; the hour
That seal'd thy doom confounds her faltering power :
With thee she fails, hears in thy distant knell
The lingering cadence of a broken spell,
And leaves thee to the blast,—whose icy sweep
Howls o'er the cold couch of thy silent sleep,
Where yet the cypress a fond wreath shall twine
With deathless laurel o'er thy lonely shrine !—

Here might we end, here at this fatal bourn ;
What fitter end than with the brave we mourn ?—
Here might we end :—but now, methinks, 'twere meet,
We turn yet once with parting strain to greet
One favourite son of ocean-fame, the Chief
Latest elected for this wild relief,
Not least-accomplish'd ; for Affliction's faith
Goes with him, and sweet blessings guard his path.

Unwearied Rover ! who more prompt than thou [36]
To push through pathless seas the inquiring prow ?
See through the mist, and in the stormy strife
Glean from each shore new scatter'd forms of life ?
And, cull'd with studious care, new themes impart
To Science, and reclaim the erroneous chart ?
New starry realms from other clouds unrol,
And pierce new portals to the unyielding Pole ?—
There, through the fastness of the whale to urge
Thy restless keel, and see what seas emerge ;
What human forms in the wide waste abroad,
Left to the common care of Nature's God,
Range for the spoil on want's instinctive road,
Returning to that still-unbless'd abode,

[PART VII.]

Where thou might'st, welcome to the cell of snow,
The kindly gift with the kind smile bestow ;
Call all their slumbering sympathies to birth,
Be one with them, and mingle in their mirth ;
Or, if by Science' taking charm beguiled,
Scale the rude floe, and probe the unshelter'd wild :
But, should the important chase command thee still
To wake the efforts of thy slaughterous skill,—
Confront the bear, or combat with the whale ;
And tell in artless phrase the awakening tale.

Yet not with thee colloquial terms alone
Suffice to expound, and make thy marvels known ;
Lo ! at thy touch, the Picture and the Page
Their charms combine, and in thy cause engage ;
'Tis thine to pen the amazing scene, and trace
Its ruder features with the pencil's grace.
But if, well-tutor'd in those mystic skies,
And girt with spoils of polar enterprise,
Thou bring'st, at thy return, a cheerless heart ;
Yet hast thou nobly play'd a manly part ;
And foil'd, albeit, like others, in thy aim,
Pure was its purpose as thy spotless fame.—

Rais'd from the scene whence former visions rise,—
The glorious visions of past destinies,—
Such our last spectacle of worth and woe,
And such the unfaltering brave that fill the show.
There in wide search they range, and range again,
Up-open many a wintry field in vain ;
Illume the skies with hope's wild signs, the spire
Of light explosive, and the rocket's fire ;
And, where such signs might marshal their approach,
Or car might penetrate, or keel encroach,
Lay up the treasured provender, and shape
The signal-column on the beetling cape ;

Thread every nook, each jutting headland scan,
Devise each scheme, and practise every plan,
That human thought might frame, or human power
Execute in despair's indignant hour.

Thus sights, and sounds, and signals of release,
Eloquent tongues of succour and of peace,
Speak through the void, where'er the ocean holds
The floating rescue in its icy folds ;
Earnests of stubborn Hope, who loves to build
Her beacon best in that disastrous field,
Where, chance, some piteous remnant might be led
To life,—some yet left, lingering from the dead.—

In vain.—Yet ere the Muse with partial haste
Yield her dark page, the Drama of the past ;
And close the curtain o'er that harrowing scene
Where the last struggles of the brave have been ;
Behoves her still the generous voice to raise,
Albeit in echo of a People's praise.
Lo !—as those visionary scenes expire,
That kindled, and sustain'd her feeble fire,—
A faithful band of Patriot-Rulers rise, [37]
Even as they rose in former destinies,
Whose Chiefs go forth that cruel waste to roam,
Bring from their desert-death, these Wanderers home,
And, in a less ungenial soil, consign
The sacred relics to a worthier shrine.—
Urg'd thus by manhood's noblest ties to feel
Their own true greatness in their Country's weal,
Be they thrice-bless'd,—the Patriots who approve,
And the brave Chiefs who at their bidding rove ;
Renown'd, while fearless Virtue hath a claim,
Worth wakes esteem, or Honour leads to fame.

Let then this thought, all-constant Grief impart
Some peace to reassure thy bleeding heart !—

[PART VII.]

Some guardian-power within the thickening gloom,
To arrest thy steps, and keep thee from the tomb!—

Yet, if thy pangs pursue thee to the end,
And thou, relentless fate, alas!—must bend;
There's yet a refuge, a sweet source of joy,
That time cannot impair, nor fate destroy:—
Thy husband is beyond this pain, and Heaven,—
Merciful most where most the chastening hand is given,—
Withholds him from thee:—let this thought beguile,—
What is all absence but a death the while?—
He is beyond thy pain, a sacred Shade,
In amaranthine fields of bliss array'd;
Where Prayer sends up her Heaven-subduing power,
And soul-inspiring Hope asserts the hour!—
Hope undismay'd, who, in her flight sublime
Beyond the bounds of Nature and of Time,
Superior still to the world's passing woes,
Pictures in higher spheres a sure repose.

Then peace!—there comes a messenger of love,
To guide thee, Mourner, to those fields above!
Take comfort then, a never-failing guest
Returns, poor reft One, to thy widow'd breast!—
And, as that star, blest emblem of thy soul,
That constant star, still nearest to the Pole,
Marshals the heavens, and, foremost in array,
Holds o'er the howling north his stedfast sway,—
Thus, unobscured midst Danger's threatening train,
First-born of Heaven, eternal Hope, remain!—
What, though the joys of fleeting Nature cease,
Thou art the herald of unfading peace!
Thine the true refuge of the soul distress'd,
The holiest comfort of the stricken breast.—
But, oh!—when Sorrow sinks into despair,
Be bounteous most, immortal Spirit, there!—

Bright Source of smiles ! sweet Offspring of the skies !
Oh ! there, with all thy fairy-influence rise !—
There, while the future darkens o'er the past,
Lend all thy charms, and linger to the last !

THE END.

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE.

NOTES.

PART I.

- [1] "*The adventurous first of Britain's sons befell.*"
[Sir Hugh Willoughby.]

PART II.

- [1] "*Lo! Asia's mingled tribes, remorseless hosts,*"

"History has not recorded the annals of a people who have occasioned greater, more sudden, or more numerous revolutions in Europe than the Scandinavians, or whose antiquities, at the same time, are so little known. Had, indeed, their emigrations been only like those sudden torrents of which all traces and remembrance are soon effaced, the indifference that has been shown to them would have been sufficiently justified by the barbarism they have been reproached with. But, during those general inundations, the face of Europe underwent so total a change, and, during the confusion they occasioned, such different establishments took place; new societies were formed, animated so entirely with a new spirit, that the history of our own manners and institutions ought necessarily to ascend back, and even dwell a considerable time upon a period which discovers to us their chief origin and source."—*Mallet's Northern Antiquities.*

"If we recur back to the remotest times, we observe a nation issuing from the forests of Scythia*, incessantly increasing and

* "There is not a vaguer term in ancient geography than that of Scythia. Taken in its most extensive signification, it would embrace all the countries

dividing to take possession of the uncultivated countries which it met with in its progress. Very soon after, we see the same people, like a tree full of vigour, extending long branches over all Europe; we see them also carrying with them, wherever they came, * * * * a restless, unconquered spirit, apt to take fire at the very mention of subjugation and constraint; and a ferocious courage nourished by a savage and vagabond life."—*Id.*

"It is very probable that the first Danes were, like all the other Teutonic nations, a colony of Scythians, who spread themselves, at different times, over the countries which lay towards the west."—*Id.* Ch. I.

[With regard to the practices of these barbarians], "they signalized" (speaking of a fleet of Sea-rovers) "their approach by plundering, burning, killing all the men capable of bearing arms, and by the perpetration of all those other revolting and remorseless deeds which, in those ages, invariably marked the progress of a band of Scandinavian freebooters."—*Id.* Ch. VIII.

"How formidable soever the Scandinavians were by land to most of the inhabitants of Europe, it must yet be allowed that their maritime expeditions occasioned still more destructive ravages, and greater terror. We cannot read the history of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, without observing with surprise the sea covered with their vessels; and, from one end of Europe to the other, the coasts of those countries, now the most powerful, a prey to their depredations. * * * * In fine, they no less infested the north than the south with their incursions, spreading everywhere desolation and terror: sometimes as furiously bent on their mutual destruction as on the ruin of other nations; till, animated by a more pacific spirit, they transported colonies to unknown and uninhabited countries, as if they were willing to repair in one place the horrid destruction of human-kind occasioned by their furious ravages in others."—*Id.* Ch. IX.

lying between the present river Don in the west, the great desert of Gobi in the east, the Hindoo Koch mountains on the south, and the plains of Siberia on the north, in which direction the bounds might be limited or extended to suit any particular theory, this region being for the Ancients, *Terra Incognita*. * * * * When our Author, therefore, talks of a "nation issuing from the forests of Scythia," he must be considered to mean, the various races of Asiatic origin * * * * that spread themselves over Europe at an epoch far beyond the bounds of authentic history, as well as others who may have "trod upon the heels of their fathers" at a more recent period."—*Editor's Note.*

[PART II.]

[2] “*Taught by the raven’s faithful wing to steer,*”

“We are told that Floki” (a famous sea-rover who followed in the wake of Naddod, the discoverer of Iceland), “previous to setting out on his expedition, performed a great sacrifice, and, having consecrated three ravens to the gods, took them with him to guide him on his voyage. After touching at the Shetland and Fœro islands, he steered N. W., and when he was fairly out at sea, let loose one of his ravens, which, after rising to a considerable elevation, directed its flight to the land they had quitted; whence Floki very sagely concluded that it was nearer to him than any other. Onward, therefore, went Floki. The second bird, after being some time on wing, returned to the ship, a sign that land was too far distant to be descried even by a raven hovering in the sky. Floki, therefore, continued his course, and, shortly afterwards, let loose a third raven, which he followed in its flight until he reached the eastern coast of Iceland.”—*Mallet’s Northern Antiquities*, Ch. IX.

“The raven was the bird of Odin, the Raven-god—*Hrafnagad*, as he is called in Skaldic poetry.”—*Id.*

“The Runic inscriptions not only confirm, in the most striking manner, the authenticity of the *Sagas* relating to Greenland, but warrant the conclusion that those which tell us, in the same artless manner, of the discovery of the American continent are equally trustworthy, though their statements have not as yet been confirmed by the same kind of palpable evidence.”—*Id.* Sup. Ch.

[With regard to the Runic remains referred to in this passage, a stone, it appears, was discovered in 1824, in the island of King-iktorsoak (coast of Greenland), which, upon being submitted to eminent Runologists, bore evidence of the Scandinavians having explored and wintered in the Polar seas *seven centuries previous to the celebrated expeditions of our day.*]

[3] “*Some, toss’d by tempests, in the o’ersweeping wave,*”

[As one of countless instances of disaster through storm and shipwreck, may be noticed that of Gilbert and Raleigh’s expedition, in 1583, undertaken with a view to British-American colonization. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to carry out the object; the first was defeated by the cavilling of the adventurers; in the second, after the destruction of one of the vessels, on the coast of Newfoundland, the return of another through the faint-

heartedness of the crew, and that of a third, laden with the sick, the commander shaped his course homewards.]

“Sir Humphery Gilbert stood upon the deck holding a book in his hand, encouraging the crew.—“We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land”—he called out to those on the other vessel, as it drifted past, just before nightfall. Darkness soon concealed his little bark from sight; but, for hours, one small light was seen to rise and fall, and plunge about among the furious waves. Shortly after midnight, it suddenly disappeared, and with it all trace of the brave chief, and the crew. One maimed and storm-tossed ship alone returned to England of that armament which so short a time before had been sent forth to take possession of a new world.” — *Narrative of Expedition of Sir Humphery Gilbert. Hakluyt. Vol. III. pp. 143-159.*

[4] “*Or midst fell wilds to foot of life unknown,*”

“This coast appears to have been singularly barren and desolate. Food, it was said, could be procured only by purloining from the nest of an osprey the fish collected for her young. * * * * * Famine soon rose to such a pitch as to drive them to a most frightful extremity. Several of them waylaid a companion, killed him, and deposited his flesh in a secret place, to which they repaired, and, having roasted it in successive portions, eagerly fed upon it. * * * * * The famine becoming always more cruel, they were at length driven to a systematic mode of carrying on the same horrible course, and had arranged the casting of lots to decide whose life should be sacrificed to save the rest, when a French ship appeared.”—*Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions. Ed. Cab. Lib. Vol. I. Ch. VI.*

[5] “*A hideous scene ensues; the Furies rise:*”

[To elucidate by modern instances the truth of sufferings here so inadequately pictured, we would refer to “*The Narrative of a journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1819-20-21, and 22, by Captain John Franklin, Commander of the Expedition.*—From this the following are a few extracts.]

“While we were seated round the fire this evening, discoursing about the anticipated relief, the conversation was suddenly interrupted by Peltiers exclaiming with joy, “*Ah! le monde!*” imagining that he heard the Indians in the other room; im-

[PART II.]

mediately afterwards, to his bitter disappointment, Dr. Richardson and Hepburn entered, each carrying a bundle. Peltiers, however, soon recovered himself enough to express his joy at their safe arrival, and his regret that their companions were not with them. When I saw them alone, my own mind was instantly filled with apprehensions respecting my friend Hood, and our other companions, which were immediately confirmed by the Doctor's melancholy communication that Mr. Hood and Michel were dead. This intelligence produced a melancholy despondency in the minds of my party, and, on that account, the particulars were deferred until another opportunity. We were all shocked at beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as this strongly evidenced their extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided, we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tones of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful, if possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key."—*Franklin's Narrative, &c.* p. 446.

"After our usual supper of singed skin and bone-soup, Dr. Richardson acquainted me with the afflicting circumstances attending the death of Mr. Hood and Michel, and detailed the occurrences subsequently to my departure from them."—*Id.* p. 448.

"We had this evening the pain of discovering that two of our men had stolen part of the officer's provisions, which had been allotted to us with strict impartiality. This conduct was the more reprehensible, as it was plain that we were suffering, even in a greater degree than themselves, from the effects of famine, owing to our being of a less robust habit, and less accustomed to privations. We had no means of punishing this crime, but by the threat that they should forfeit their wages, which had now ceased to operate. * * * * * Our people, through despondency, had become careless and disobedient, and had ceased to dread punishment, or hope for reward."—*Id.* p. 421.

"While we halted to consider of this subject, and to collect our party, the carcass of a deer was discovered in the cleft of a rock, into which it had fallen in the spring. It was putrid, but it was little less acceptable to us on that account, in our present circumstances; and, a fire being kindled, a large portion of it was

devoured on the spot, affording us an unexpected breakfast; for, in order to husband our small remaining portion of meat, we had agreed to make only one scanty meal a day. * * * * * We supped on the remains of the putrid deer, and the men, having gone to the spot where it was found, scraped together the contents of its intestines, which were scattered on the rock, and added them to their meal."—*Id.* p. 422.

"In the afternoon, we had a heavy fall of snow. A small quantity of *Tripe de roche* was gathered; and Credit, who had been hunting, brought in the antlers and backbone of a deer which had been killed in the summer. The wolves and birds of prey had picked this clean, but there still remained a quantity of the spinal marrow which they had not been able to extract; this, although putrid, was esteemed a valuable prize, and the spine, being divided into portions, was distributed equally. After eating the marrow, which was so acrid as to excoriate the lips, we rendered the bones friable by burning, and ate them also."—*Id.* p. 426.

"We had a small quantity of this weed in the evening, and the rest of our supper was made up of scraps of roasted leather. * * * * * Previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day's journey." *Id.* p. 429.

"There was no *tripe de roche*, so we drank tea, and ate some of our shoes for supper."—*Id.* p. 438.

[6] "*For such, alas! fain would the Muse forbear,*"

[It were no difficult task to multiply instances of those insurrections at sea, which, viewed in every light, rank amongst the most formidable calamities on shipboard; in the Polar seas more especially, where Nature is sufficiently ungentle, without the aggravating evil of rebellion on the part of the crew.

Behring, in his last and fatal voyage through the straits that bear his name, had to encounter the insubordination of his ship's company, in addition to the fearful distresses arising from want and despair, and that terrible disease, the scurvy, which eventually destroyed him. In early north-western discovery, Weymouth, during a tempest, perhaps the most terrible recorded in Arctic chronicles, was compelled to give way to mutiny: At an earlier

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period, in the same seas, Davis was abandoned by one of his ships at a moment the most critical, and in the other (a small bark of thirty tons) continued his course alone through appalling difficulties. Lastly, Hudson, thrust forth by a merciless band of ruffians, naked and unprovided, amidst deserts of rock and snow.

Our own times present but few instances: there is better discipline: Officers the bravest, but perhaps, under the trying circumstances attendant on Arctic adventure, more conciliatory more morally, more inwardly brave, and crews of the same temper.

With the affecting narrative of the "Mutiny of the Bounty," everyone is conversant; and no reader of modern poetry but has dwelt, spell-bound, over "The Island."]

"Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.
Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast,
The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest;
Dragged o'er the deck, no more at thy command
The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand.—

* * * * *

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breath:—
They come not; they are few, and overawed,
Must acquiesce, while sterner hearts applaud.
In vain thou dost demand the cause; a curse
Is all the answer, with the threat of worse:
Full in their eyes is waved the glittering blade,
Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid;
The levell'd muskets circle round thy breast
In hands as steel'd to do the deadly rest."

BYRON.

[7] "*Lo! onward as he toils, a struggling form,*"

[In Parry's interesting journals, there occur many passages descriptive of the utter desolation that characterizes Polar scenery, and of the emotions such scenery is calculated to awaken. The following will be remembered by all who have read those journals, and such as have not will be amply repaid for a perusal.]

"The officers, who dined at two o'clock, were also in the habit of occupying one or two hours in the middle of the day in rambling on shore, even in our darkest period, except when a fresh

wind and a heavy snow-drift confined them within the housing of the ships. It may be well imagined that, at this period, there was but little to be met with in our walks on shore that could either amuse or instruct us. * * * * *
 * * * * * Not an object was to be seen on which the eye could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect; and the sound of voices, which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual, served now and then to break the silence which reigned around us; a silence far different from that peaceable composure which characterizes the landscape of a cultivated country; *it was the death-like stillness of the most dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence.* * * * * *

Dreary as such a scene must necessary be, it could not, however, be said to be wholly wanting in interest, especially when associated in the mind with the peculiarity of our situation, the object which had brought us hither, and the hopes, which the least sanguine among us sometimes entertained, of spending a part of our next summer in the more genial climate of the South-Sea Islands. *Perhaps, too, though none of us then ventured to confess it, our thoughts would sometimes involuntarily wander homewards, and institute a comparison between the rugged face of nature in this desolate region, and the livelier aspect of the happy land which we had left behind us.*—*Journal of Voyage for Discovery of North-west Passage, in 1819-20, by W. E. Parry, R.N. Commander of the Expedition.*

[8] “*Consign’d to fate each unavailing care,*”

[The cairn of stones, or some other beacon less durable, has frequently been raised by the dying, or over the dead, in these desolate wilds. In the one case a last instinctive effort to attract succour; in the other, a monument sufficiently affecting.]

[9] “*O’er the lull’d sense delicious languors creep,*”

[To the victim of extreme frost the approaches of death are said to be so pleasing as to appear almost desirable, compared with the rigours of a Polar climate. The King of terrors here assumes

[PART II.]

the attributes of a Siren, whose charm becomes irresistibly persuasive. The change is wrought in sleep; and into whatever state that change might eventually lead, the transition, at least, is painless.]

[10] “*Of some, whose fate the Muse might yet unfold,*”

[See Narrative of Hudson’s last and deplorably-fatal voyage for the discovery of a North-west passage.—*Rundall’s North-west Voyages, &c.*]

PART III.

[1] “*Regions, whose wild creation seems forgot;*”

“When once the earth is covered, all is dreary, monotonous whiteness. * * * * * Whichever way the eye is turned, it meets a picture calculated to impress upon the mind an idea of inanimate stillness, of that motionless torpor with which our feelings have nothing congenial; of anything, in short, but life. In the very silence there is a darkness with which a human spectator appears out of keeping. The presence of man seems an intrusion on the dreary solitude of this wintry desert, which even its native animals have for a while forsaken.”—*Parry’s Third Voyage for Discovery of North-west Passage*, Ch. III.

[2] “*Or Runic stone in rude memorial told*”

“The necessity of assisting the memory led them” (the Scandinavians) “early to invent a kind of Calendars, which they called Runic Staffs. These were a sort of compendious almanacks, marked out by lines upon short pieces of wood, or smooth sticks. Some of them bear the appearance of great antiquity.”—*Mallet’s Northern Antiquities*, Ch XL, p. 220.

“One cannot travel far in Denmark, Norway, or Sweden, without meeting with great stones, of different forms, engraved with those ancient characters called Runic*.”—*Id.* p. 221.

“The use of Runic letters for more purposes” (i. e. than

[* Run ic inscriptions are also found in England.]

Sorcery*) “became by degrees more common in the North. In the latter ages of Paganism, they were frequently used for inscriptions.”—Id. p. 227.

“Upwards of a thousand Runic Inscriptions have been discovered in Sweden, and three or four thousand in Denmark and Norway.”—Id. 228.

[3] “*Less luckless he, (as Record's scrolls relate,)*”

“According to the Scandinavian Sagas, a celebrated Sea-rover, named Naddod, during a voyage to the Færo Islands, about the year 860, was driven by a violent storm on an island, to which, from the vast quantity of snow he observed, he gave the name of Snowland. This island was afterwards visited successively by two Swedes, Gardar Svafason and Floki, by whom the name was changed to that which it has ever since retained, Island or Iceland.”—*Shillinglaw's Narrative of Arctic Discovery*.

[4] “*Yet little heeds he, where those mists appear,*”

[From a narrative of the voyages of Hudson, the following is extracted, as equally illustrative of the scene at earlier periods.]

“On the 11th May, he descried the eastern part of Iceland, and was enveloped in a thick south fog; *hearing the sea dashing against the coast without seeing it*. He was thus obliged to come to anchor; but, as soon as the weather cleared, he proceeded westward along the coast till he reached Snow-Hill (*Snaefell*), which rears its awful brow above the sea that leads to the frozen shores of Greenland. On their way the navigators saw Hecla, the volcano of which was then in activity, vomiting torrents of fire down its snowy sides, with smoke ascending to the sky.”—*Polar Seas and Regions*, Ch. VI.

[5] “*To found on shores of frost Norwegian homes.*”

“Iceland herself was able, after the progress of about a century, to send out likewise her colonies.”—(See Note 1, Part IV.)—*Polar Seas and Regions*, Ch. I.

“Numerous bodies of emigrants proceeded successively to Iceland, where they were organised into a free and independent com-

[* The Runic characters are said to have been invented by Odin, and first employed by that great impostor for the purposes of sorcery.]

munity. They even crossed to the opposite coast of Greenland, and formed settlements, which for some time were tolerably flourishing, though they have since either perished, or lost all communication with Iceland.”—*Id.* Ch. III.

[6] “*And Odin kindles all his ancient fire.*”

[The Scandinavian Sea-kings and heroes assumed a descent from their divinities ; a modest pedigree enough for such worthies.]

“A celebrated tradition, confirmed by the poems of all the northern nations, by their chronicles, by institutions and customs, some of which subsist to this day, informs us that an extraordinary person, named Odin*, formerly reigned in the North ; that he made great changes in the government, manners, and religion of those countries ; that he enjoyed there great authority, and had even divine honours paid. As to what regards the origin of this man, the country from whence he came, the time in which he lived, and the other circumstances of his life and death, they are so uncertain that the most profound researches, the most ingenious conjectures, about them, discover nothing to us but our own ignorance.”—*Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, Ch. III.

“Odin, having united under his banners the youth of the neighbouring nations, marched towards the north and west of Europe, subduing, we are told, all the people he found in his passage, and giving them to one or other of his sons for subjects. Many sovereign families of the North are said to be descended from those princes. Thus Horsa and Hengist, the chiefs of those Saxons who conquered Britain in the fifth century, counted Odin or Wodin, in the number of their ancestors ; it was the same with the other Anglo-Saxon princes, as well as the greatest part of those of Lower Germany and the North. * * * * * We know also that it was customary with *all the heroes of these nations to speak of themselves as sprung from their divinities, especially their god of war.*”—*Id*

[7] “*And piled her barren cliffs with British spoil.*”

“The unfavourable report which these adventurers” (Gardar

[* He is supposed to have come over with the Scythians about the time when the Roman power was first menaced by those northern hordes that finally overwhelmed it. He assumed the name of Odin, who was the superior divinity among the Teutonic nations.]

Svafason and Floki) "gave of the climate of Iceland, on their return, was probably the reason that no attempt was made to colonize it till the year 874, when Ingolf, and his brother-in-law, Lief or Hiorlief, two famous Norwegian adventurers, *after committing dreadful ravages on the English coasts, set sail with their plunder to the northern seas, and planted a colony on its bleak and barren shores.*"—*Shillinglaw's Narrative, &c.*

[8] "*The galling yoke of Norway's tyranny.*"

"The colony thus formed speedily rose into importance, and many noble families, who would not tamely submit to the ambitious encroachments of Harald Harfagra, the "fair-haired" king and conqueror of Norway, retired thither for refuge, and, *for four hundred years*, resisted all attempts made by various Norwegian princes to subvert them."—*Shillinglaw's Narrative, &c.*

[9] "*Held the wide deep in undisputed sway.*"

"After the North had ceased to send forth her numerous swarms upon the fertile province of the Roman empire, the Scandinavian nations, prompted by their peculiar situation, betook themselves to a life of maritime adventure. These bold and hardy pirates visited every sea, and pillaged, during a course of nearly three hundred years, all the coasts of Europe, from the extremity of Scotland to the shores of Sicily. During the first half of the ninth century, they conquered the Orkneys, the Shetland and Western Isles, obtained possession of Ireland, plundered England and France, and extended their ravages to Italy. In 876, the Northmen or Normands extorted from the weakness of the French king the cession of the fine province of Neustria, where they quietly settled; while another party of these fierce invaders had occupied the fertile coast of Esthonia, on the south side of the Baltic."—*Polar Seas and Regions, Ch. I.*

[10] "*Lost in herself, a boundless waste of snow.*"

"This coast is everywhere bold and rocky like that of Norway; and the interior of the country consists of clustering, lofty mountains, covered with eternal snow."—*Polar Seas and Regions, Ch. I.*

"We left this coast" (Northern Spitzbergen) "on the 22nd July, and steered for the eastern shores of Greenland, of which

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we came in sight on the 5th August. The scene appeared the most desolate we had ever beheld. The mountains rose to the height of several thousand feet, without a vestige of vegetation, or the appearance of any living creature on the earth or in the air. Even the dreary waste of Spitzbergen appeared a paradise to this.” —*Id.* Ch. VIII. *Voyage of Clavering.*

[11] “*And Winter, stretch’d continuous to the Pole,*”

“On the 27th June, the navigators found themselves in the latitude of the southern part of Spitzbergen, without any appearance either of ice or land. On the 29th, they saw the shore, and stood close in with it. This coast appeared to be neither habitable nor accessible; for it was formed of high, barren, black rocks, without the least mark of vegetation; in many places bare and pointed; in other parts covered with snow, appearing even above the clouds; the valleys between the high cliffs were filled with snow and ice.”—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. VIII, *Voyages of Phipps and Lutwidge.*

“Captain Lutwidge, on mounting the top of a high island, saw to the east and north-east one continued frozen surface, bounded only by the horizon.”—*Id.* Ch. VIII.

“The result of this voyage, which was considered as having been made under fair and even favourable circumstances, tended altogether to chill the hopes of penetrating nearer to the great northern boundaries of the earth. It seemed that, from the eightieth degree, *ice in one unbroken field stretched to the Pole.*” —*Id.* Ch. VIII.

[12] “*In one vast gulf entombed;—a nation’s dead!*”

“The position of this unknown shore has been a subject of controversy; and some have even had recourse to the hypothesis of its having been swallowed up by the ocean.”—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. III.

[In Hakluyt’s “*Divers Voyages touching the Discoverie of America,*” there is a curious chapter entitled, “*The discoverie of the Isles of Frisland, Engroueland, Estotiland, Drogeo, and Icaria, made by M. Nicolo Zeno, Knight, and M. Antonio, his brother;*” from this the following are extracts.]

[After describing this Venetian (Nicolo Zeno) as “a man of great courage and very nobly minded,” the historian speaks of him

as entering]—"into a wonderful great desire and fansie to see the fashions of the worlde, and to travaile, and to acquaint himself with the manners of sundry nations, and learne their languages, whereby afterwards vpon occasions hee might be ye better able to do service to his country, and purchase to himselfe credite and honor. Wherefore hee caused a shippee to be made, and having furnished her at his proper charges (as he was very wealthie), hee departed out of our seas, and passing the Straites of Gibraltar, he sayled for certaine dayes vpon the ocean, keeping his course stil to ye northwards, wt intent to see Englaund and Flaunders. Where, being assaulted in those seas by a terrible tempest, was so tossed for the space of so many dayes with the sea and winde, that hee knewe not where hee was, till at length hee discovered lande, and not beeing able any longer to sustaine the violence of the tempest, the ship was cast away vpon the isle of Frisland."

[After settling safely in this island (wherever it lay) and receiving the favour of the ruling prince, Zichmni, Nicolo wrote to his brother Antonio, with an invitation to come and join him.] "Wherefore hee, who had as great desire to travaile as his brother, bought a ship, and directing his course that way, after hee had sayled a great while, and escaped many dangers, hee arrived at length in safetie with M. Nicolo, who received him very ioyfully, for that he was his brother, not only in flesh and blood, but also in valour and good qualities."

[These brothers grew into such favour with Zichmni, that Nicolo was appointed "Captaine of his Navie;" and expeditions for the discovery of other islands were the result. Of these, Engroueland and Estotiland seem to have been the principal; the former is described by Hakluyt as being cold and uninviting in the extreme; for an account of the latter (Estotiland), we will go to his own narrative. It should, however, be stated that Nicolo, after the discovery of Engroueland, "not being vsed and acquainted with these cruele coldes," had returned to Frisland, where he died. Upon this, his brother Antonio succeeded to all his honours, and was employed by Prince Zichmni for further discovery. It would appear that some of Zichmni's fishermen had, many years previously, discovered "certaine Ilandes verye rich and populous."]* "Six and twentie yeeres agoe there departed foure

[* This was part substance of a letter written by Antonio to a third brother (Carlo) after the death of Nicolo.]

fisher boates, the which, a mightie tempest arising, were tossed for the space of manye dayes verie desperately upon the sea, when at length, the tempeste ceassying and the weather waxing fayre, they discovered an Iland called Estotiland, lying to the westwardes above a thousand miles from Frisland."

[By permission of the Lord of the Island, they dwelt here five years, and one of them, who "was in divers parts of the Iland," reported that it was "a verie riche countrey, abounding with all the commodities of the worlde." Further, that "they have mines of all manner of metalls, but especially they abound in gold; they sowe corne, and make bere and ale, which is a kind of drinke that the north people doe vse as we doe wine. They have mightie great woods; they make their buildings with wals, and there are many cities and castles," and so on; the remaining discoveries were Drogeo and Icaria*. Whether these islands, taken collectively, constituted that Atlantis which has been called "The Sunken Land," remains yet to be proved.]

[13] "*Where Friesland's wave-subjected deserts sleep:*"

[From a recent work we quote the following as one of the many traditionary wonders attaching to this charmed spot in the Atlantic.]

"Over this sunken land it was that the famous navigator, Magnus Henningsen, sent out by Frederick the 2nd, in 1578, was arrested in his expedition to Greenland. For days he tried to push on; but his ships remained stationary in one spot, unable to move. Finding his endeavours of progressing fruitless, he was under the necessity of shifting his course homewards; and, on his return, his excuse for his want of success was, that, stopped by the magnetic powers of the sunken rock—which had for days held him spell-bound to one spot,—he considered it wrong to dare further the power of the deep.

Mystery hangs over this spot. Whalers have wound around it a charm pleasing to the imagination, and seductive to the fancy; over it the waters unceasingly and constantly wash; and few seamen are hardy enough to trust themselves to the hidden dangers and perils that surround it. Some old mariners will tell you that, on a fine night, with a fresh breeze blowing, a kind of light may

[* From Icarus, said to be the son of Dedalus, king of Scots.]

be seen in the skies, resembling distant smoke arising from the waters, which, like an ignis fatuus, precedes the ship in her course, vanishing, as distance decreases, into thin and empty air. The decks of these ships, the next day, will be found strewed with fine sparkling sand, impalpable to the touch, and possessing qualities differing from sand generally."—*Arctic Miscellanies*, Ch. I.

[14] "*Or Færo, lonely midst an ocean's roar.*"

"In 964, the Normans conquered the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and the north of Scotland; in 861, they discovered and settled the Færo Isles; and in 874, Ingolf and Hiorleif led a Norman colony to the barren shores of Iceland."—*Arctic Miscellanies*, Ch. V.

"Many chieftains, seeing themselves thus stripped of their possessions, retired into Iceland, the Orkneys, the Isles of Færo and Shetland, and thence, covering the sea with their vessels, infested all the coasts of Scandinavia, where, for many years, there was no sailing with any safety."—*Mallet's Northern Antiquities*.

PART IV.

[1] "*Far other famed, Norwegian Eirek shone,*"

"Thorwald, a proud and opulent Norwegian chief, who had been lately banished thither" (i. e. to Iceland) "for some murder committed by him, soon died in exile, leaving his wealth and his restless spirit to his son, Eirek Raude, or the Red. This youth, actuated by the same vengeful passions, killed one of his neighbours in a fight, and was obliged to withdraw himself from Iceland for the space of three years. In 982, Eirek sailed in quest of adventure and discovery. Instructed by the reports of former navigators, he directed his course towards the southwest, and, after a quick run, discovered two lofty mountains, the one covered with snow, and the other cased with ice, which he called *Huitserken* and *Blaaserken*, or the *White Shirt* and the *Blue Shirt*, and soon reached a headland which he doubled; and having entered a spacious creek, he spent the winter in a pleasant adjacent island. In the following season, pursuing his discoveries, he explored the continent, and was delighted with the freshness and verdure of the coast."—*Polar Seas and Regions*, Ch. I.

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[Such was Greenland. The name appears to have been chosen by this outlaw, Eirek, as a decoy to induce others to settle there: and two great Settlements were subsequently formed,—viz. *Vestre Bygd* and *Oestre Bygd* (the Western and Eastern), though what became of them ultimately, remains a secret. Some writers conjecture that they were destroyed through irruptions of the Esquimaux (Shroelings, i. e. dwarfs, as those tribes were called); others suppose that the pirates of the northern seas exterminated them; while many contend that a pestilence in 1348, called the Black Death, swept off such of the population as had escaped massacre by the Esquimaux.]—(See for further, *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, *Supplementary* Ch. I.)

[Superstition, ever busy in mysteries, has likewise her tale to tell.]

“Tremendous stories are told of the east coast of Greenland being now tenanted by giants and stalking ghosts. For more than a century past, the court of Denmark has, at different times, despatched ships to search after its lost colony, which, evidently under the impression of superstitious awe, found it impossible to penetrate on that enchanted coast further than Cape Discord, in the latitude of 61°.”—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. I.

[2] “*Better'd the instruction of his savage sire.*”

“The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.”—SHAKESPEARE.

[3] “*Benignant nursed, and in the adventurous Lief,*”

“In the year 999, Lief, son of Eirek Raude, having visited the court of Norway, was induced, by the zealous and earnest solicitations of King Olaf Tryggesson, to embrace the Christian Faith; and, carrying with him some monks, he found, through their ministry, no great difficulty in persuading his father and the rest of the settlers” (in Greenland) “to forsake the rites of paganism.”—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. I.

[4] “*One fond enthusiast yet upon the scene.*”

[One Bjarni (son of Hirjûlf, who had gone with Eirek to Greenland), and subsequently again, Lief, had prosecuted some expeditions along the American coast, which led to the discovery of Helluland (probably Newfoundland), Merk* or Markland,

[* From Mörk, a wood or thicket.]

(Nova Scotia), and finally Vinland, land of the vine (probably New England, about Massachusetts). These discoveries were followed up by Thorwald, a brother of Lief, in 1002, who was killed in an engagement with the Esquimaux, and]—"not long after this, Thorstein, the third son of Eirek the Red, set sail * * * * *, *with the intention of bringing home his brother's body*; but, after being tossed about the whole summer by adverse winds, they were driven at the beginning of winter into Lysufjord.*"—[Here, it would appear, Thorstein perished.]—See for further, *Mallet's North. Antiquities. Supp. Ch. I.*

[5] "*To seek in desert seas the inglorious grave.*"

"Contrasting this new country with the dark rocks of Iceland, he bestowed on it the flattering appellation of Greenland; and on his return, invited Settlers to join him, by circulating the most glowing and exaggerated descriptions. *With twenty-five vessels he sailed back again; but of these only fourteen reached their destination.*"—*Polar Seas, &c. Ch. I.*

[6] "*From Greenland's cliffs, or Cherie's lonely shore,*"

[Cherie, the Bear Island of Barentz. In 1603, Stephen Bennet, who commanded the "Godspeed" (a vessel equipped by Alderman Sir Francis Cherie, of London), made, as he imagined, the first discovery of this island, and from obvious motives, gave it the name of Cherie Island.]

[7] "*Struck Cambrian Madoc from his rash career;*"

"The deepest obscurity still envelopes everything connected with a voyage to the American Continent said to have been made in the year 1170, by *Madoc*, Prince of Wales, son of Owen Gwynedd."—See *Sir James Alexander's L'Acadie. Shillinglaw's Narrative, &c.*

"Othere, a chief who had come from the upper tracts of Norway, afforded some intelligence even respecting a voyage undertaken along the Arctic shores of Europe. * * * * * Fired by a spirit of liberal research, he undertook a voyage to discover the regions which lay to the north of the high latitude in which his domain was situated."—*Polar Seas, &c. Ch. III.*

[* Supposed to be Issortok Creek, east coast of Baffin's Bay.]

[During this expedition, Ohthere, who was engaged in the maritime service of Alfred the Great, rounded the North Cape (the most northerly point of Europe), and reached the mouth of the river Kola in Lapland; some writers take him to the White Sea, but this is disputed; the most probable hypothesis being, that he penetrated no further than the coast of Russian Lapland.]

[8] “*To trace what course the inquiring Pytheas held;*”

[In going back to the first source of maritime northern discovery, we should arrive probably at the remote shores of the Mediterranean. Himilco, a Carthaginian, appears, according to ancient history, to have found his way along the coasts of Spain and France westerly, and even the shores of Britain. Among the Greeks, a famous navigator was Pytheas, a citizen of Marseilles, at that time a Greek colony. After passing the straits (Gibraltar) and the western coasts of France and Spain—] “He seems to have directed his course through the English channel, and along the eastern coasts of England and Scotland, till he reached the northern extremity of the Island. Not content with this achievement, he continued to sail onwards into the depths of ocean, till in six days he arrived at Thule, an island, where, it appeared to him, that perpetual light reigned at midsummer through the day and night. Immediately beyond, his progress was arrested by a barrier of a peculiar nature, *by something that was neither earth, air, nor sky, but a compound of all three, through which it was impossible to penetrate.*—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. III.

[9] “*Where that Venetian Pilot found his fate;*”

[Nicolo Zeno.—See, Note 12, Part III.]

[10] “*No more the pilot, uninstructed still,*”

“The obscurity that envelopes the early voyages to the frozen regions of the North, would require far more space to investigate thoroughly than our pages afford. We will, therefore, pass at once to that period in the history of discovery and research in the polar regions, after the invention of the Mariner’s Compass had entirely changed the face of maritime affairs; when the ravens, to whose powerful wing the daring Sea-kings were wont to trust in their voyages of exploration, were left to rest quietly at home:—”

“The light of the stars, the guidance of the sea-coast were no longer necessary; trusting to the mysterious powers of his new

friend, the sailor steered out fearlessly into the ocean, through the bewildering mists or the darkness of the night."—*Shillinglaw's Narrative*.

[11] "*Sage bird, the instinctive raven stemm'd the night.*"

[See Notes 2, Part II.....and 10, Part IV.]

[12] "*There comes a Spirit from far Indian seas:*"

[The powers of the compass had been known and employed in Cathay (China) many ages prior to its introduction into Europe. According to Vasco de Gama, the pilots of the Indian seas had long been expert in its use.]

[13] "*Dark Power! that awful Wanderer of the main;*"

"In the latter part of his life, when impressed with the sublime events brought about through his agency, Columbus looked back upon his course with a solemn and superstitious feeling; he attributed his early and irresistible inclination for the sea, and his passion for geographical studies, to an impulse from the Deity, preparing him for the high decrees he was chosen to accomplish."—*Life and Voyages of Columbus, by Washington Irving*, Ch. I.

[14] "*Or that great Pilot, whose adventurous rage*"

[The Florentines have long set up a claim for their citizen, Amerigo Vespucci, as the earliest discoverer of the southern continent of America. This claim, asserted and re-asserted in the presence of the clearest evidence in favour of Columbus, has been the source of much acrimonious feeling among the learned in Florence, with whom there seems to have been cherished the ignoble wish to underrate that, which, as Washington Irving firmly observes,]—"is a name consecrated in history, and is no longer the property of a city, or a state, or a nation, but of the whole world." [It appears, indeed, unquestionable that Columbus was the first who set foot fairly on the shores of the Western World, though, as the above writer remarks,] "The European who first reached the main land of the New World was, most probably, Sebastian Cabot, a native of Venice,* sailing in the employ of England†.

[* Or more correctly speaking, an Englishman, born at Bristol, about the year 1467, son of John Cabot, or Kabotto, who was a native of Venice.]

[† May not there be yet a prior claim? It appears indisputable that the Scandinavian Sea-kings had reached the American shores ages previously.]

In 1497, he coasted its shores from Labrador to Florida; yet the English have never set up any pretensions on his account."—*Life and Voyages of Columbus. Appendix, No. X.*

[15] "*Or Polo, he, the Pilgrim of the East,*"

[It would appear from Mr. Marsden's "*Travels of Marco Polo,*" as well as from other authorities, that]—"there does not exist in Venice" (or elsewhere) "any representation of this celebrated traveller that can lay claim to originality or antiquity." [This is the more to be lamented, for, as a modern writer remarks] "The fame of all the old travellers, great as it deservedly is in many instances, is eclipsed by that of Marco Polo. * * * * * At present, neither the tomb of Nicolo (his father) nor Marco, can be found at Venice.—*Penny Magazine, Art. Old Travellers.*

[Marco Polo was born in Venice about the middle of the thirteenth century. Setting aside information he has afforded respecting regions even now but little known in Europe, and which has been confirmed by the testimony of more recent travellers, the introduction into his native seas of a benefit so great as that of the mariner's compass, is itself sufficient to establish the claim of this extraordinary man to the gratitude of posterity. The invention of this treasure to the seaman is ascribed to the East.] "And Gilbert, in his book, "*de Magnote,*" affirms that Marco Polo, a Venetian, making a journey to China, brought back the invention with him, in 1260. What strengthens this conjecture is, that at first they used the compass in the same manner as the Chinese still do; viz. letting it float on a small piece of cork instead of suspending it on a pivot."—*Encyclopædia Londinensis, Art. Compass.*

[Respecting the desert of Kobi, or Gobi, the following observations occur in the Narrative of Mr. Bell, who crossed it in 1720.] "We soon entered the desert, commonly named by the Mongalls *The Hungry Desert.* * * * * * The country was quite level, and appeared to the eye as plain as the sea. * * * * * The variety of objects in this dreary waste are so few, that, in this, as well as in other respects, it much resembles the sea."—*Bell's Travels, Vol. I, p. 316-30.*

"It is asserted as a well-known fact that this desert is the abode of many evil spirits, which amuse travellers to their des-

truction with most extraordinary illusions. * * * * *

* * * Marvellous indeed, and almost passing belief, are the stories related of these spirits of the desert, which are said, at times, to fill the air with the sounds of all kinds of musical instruments, and also of drums and the clash of arms."—*Marsden's Travels of Marco Polo*, Book I, Ch. 35.

[16] *Bold Gama braved the elemental war ;*"

[It was through the interprising genius of Prince Henry of Portugal, that the first great impulse was given to adventurous daring by sea (at least with the Portuguese). At this period]—"The compass was also brought into more general use, especially among the Portuguese, rendering the mariner more bold and venturesome, by enabling him to navigate in the most gloomy day, and in the darkest night. * * * * *

* * * * * Henry died on the 13th November, 1473, without accomplishing the great object of his ambition." [viz. the circumnavigation of Africa, and attainment of India.]

"It was not until many years afterwards that Vasco de Gama, pursuing with a Portuguese fleet the track he had pointed out, realized his anticipations by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, sailing along the southern coast of India, and thus opening a highway for commerce to the opulent regions of the East."—*Life and Voyage of Columbus*, Ch. III.

[17] "*Two Brother-chiefs (illustrious name of old ;)*"

[Of these brothers, the elder, Gaspar de Cortereal, following the track opened up by Cabot in the North-west, sailed in the year 1500, from Portugal: Touching at the Azores, he took in provisions, &c. and proceeded thence to a coast named by him *Terra Verde* (not Greenland, as its name would seem to imply, but Labrador), and marked in an old map, in 1508, *Terra Cortereal*. Returning from this first expedition with a tumid account of his discoveries, and a sample of the natives (seven in one caravel and fifty in another) with recommendations of their tribes to his Royal Master, as slaves, Gaspar, in 1501, departed on a second, and was never again heard of.]

"A similar dark and unhappy fate befell his brother, Michael de Cortereal, who sailed with two ships in search of his lost relative, but of whom no accounts ever again reached Portugal.

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The most probable conjecture seems to be that both fell victims to the just indignation of the natives, whose wives, children, and fathers, had been stolen away during their first visit to the coast." —*Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America, by Patrick Frazer Tytler.*

[In 1503, Portugal sent out two armed ships in search of the Cortereals, but no tidings of them were ever obtained; and the province of *Terra Verde*, upon whose shores they had most probably perished, was named from them *Terra Corterealis*.]

[18] "*Thine the bold effort, Barentz!—the renown*"

[After the fatal failure of our own countryman, Sir Hugh Willoughby, followed by the expedition of Burroughs, in 1556, and that of Pet and Jackman, in 1580, each alike unsuccessful, a private company of Dutch merchants despatched a small squadron under the direction of William Barentz, one of the most practical pilots of that day. This first expedition, undertaken with the view of working out a north-east passage to Cathay (China), produced no result beyond that of inflaming the hopes of the Dutch Government; six vessels were now fitted out with great cost and parade, and actually laden with merchandise for the East; yet of all the armaments of the time, none issued less favourably.

In the narrow passage of Waygatz Island, between Nova Zembla and the mainland, at the entrance to the Sea of Kara, they were beset with masses of ice, and forced homewards. The people of Holland, however, were not dispirited, and a third expedition was equipped, consisting of two vessels only, under the guidance of Barentz and Corneliz Ryp. Some differences occurring between the commanders as to the shaping of their course, they determined to pursue each his respective plan. The track followed by Barentz led that great adventurer into a series of difficulties terrible almost beyond belief. After a long winter, including three months of continuous darkness, passed under the most frightful privations, in the climate of Nova Zembla, the commander and a remnant of his crew were compelled to abandon the vessel, and urge a homeward course in the two boats yet at their disposal.]

"At length, having embarked all their clothes and provisions, they set sail on the 14th of June, with a westerly breeze. In the three following days, having passed the Cape of Isles, and

Cape Desire (Zelania), they came to Orange Isle, always working their way through much encumbering ice. When they were off Icy Cape, Barentz, who had long been struggling with severe illness, feeling his end approach, desired that he might be lifted up to take a last view of that fatal promontory, on which he gazed for a considerable time."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. IV; see also *Burney's North-east Voyages*.

[On the following day, the boats were obstructed by drift-ice.] "During this detention, Barentz, being informed of the severe illness of one of the men, named Adrianson, said that he himself was not far from his end. As he continued, however, conversing, and looking on a chart of the voyage, made by *De Veer*, it was thought that his disease could not be so serious, till he pushed aside the paper, asked for a draught of water, and instantly expired."—*Id. &c.*

19] "*Behring, the Dane; where lone Alaska's shore*"

[Captain Vitus Behring (a Dane by birth, though engaged in the service of Russia) was the officer intrusted with the command of an expedition sent out by Russia to set at rest the question of the junction of the continents of Asia and America in the north-east. The renowned Peter the Great appears to have been the first to cherish this object, drawing up with his own hand the necessary instructions. The officer appointed to carry out these instructions was Admiral Apraxin; but the death of Peter having occurred before the expedition set sail, the Empress Catharine, participating in the views of her predecessor, made immediate arrangements for the accomplishment of them. Associated with Behring in this new enterprise, were two Lieutenants, Spangberg and Tchirikow. Upon the failure of the first voyage, a second was undertaken; and this, though fatal to the commander, Behring, established yet his fame imperishably. The misery into which these crews were plunged has been vividly depicted by Steller, a naturalist who accompanied the expedition.]

"The general distress and mortality," says this writer, "increased so fast, that not only the sick died, but those who still struggled to be numbered on the healthy list, when relieved from their posts, fainted and fell down dead, of which the scantiness of water, the want of biscuits and brandy, cold, wet, nakedness, ver-

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min, fear and terror, were not the least causes."—*Tytler's Historical View, &c.* Ch. II.

[Let it suffice to add that, after a series of fearful sufferings they were thrown on an island, where Behring fell, at length, a victim to want and disease.]

"This voyage, however, set at rest the disputed point regarding the separation of the two Continents of Asia and America; and has deservedly bequeathed his name to the Strait which he was the first to explore, and the desolate Island on which he died."—*Tytler's Historical View, &c.* Ch. II.

[20] "*And they who plied the unequal barks of Spain.*"

[To the daring yet abortive efforts of Portugal and Holland, we would here add the failures of France and Denmark, and lastly the inertness of Spain. Of this latter State one voyage alone is recorded, that of Gomez, in 1524, undertaken with the view of opening up a passage to the Moluccas. All that this officer effected was to touch at Newfoundland, and coast New England to the 40th degree of latitude, returning home after a ten months voyage. Nearly a century after this, Christian IV of Denmark despatched two vessels under Jens Munk for north-western discovery. Penetrating through the straits into Hudson's Bay, a crew of fifty-two were reduced eventually by famine and disease to two only in number. Munk, however, with this small remnant, contrived to reinstate one of the ships, and arrived safe in Denmark after a perilous voyage. This ill-fated officer, feeling severely some expressions of the king imputing to him mismanagement as the cause of his failure, died, it is recorded, of a broken heart.

Upon the part of the French government, some more recent polar researches terminated unfavourably. The first of these was attempted in 1833, by M. De Blosseville; but his vessel, the "*Lilloise*," a brig of war, never returned, having foundered, probably, with her crew, on the eastern coast of Greenland, whence came the last dates of her commander. In the following season, another vessel, under the command of M. Dutailis, was despatched in search of the former; and, subsequently, a third, under M. Trehouart, with a like object: the polar elements, however, compelled them to abandon their purpose. In Russian enterprise little occurs worth notice, if we except the names and exploits of Wrangel and Kotzebue. Behring was no Russian, his fame belongs to Denmark.]

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[1] “*And in his side a barbed death is hurled.*”

[The work entitled “*Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions*,” contains a brief yet masterly treatise on the subject of the Whale-fishery, its operations, incidents, and perils, from the earliest period to the present time. After a preliminary notice of its history, and of the ardour it awakened among the maritime States of Europe, the writer proceeds to a graphic description of the attack and capture of the whale, from which the following are extracts.]

“Having approached as near as is consistent with safety, the Harpooner darts his instrument into the side of the monster. This is a critical moment; for often, when the mighty animal feels the wound, he throws himself into violent convulsive movements, vibrating into the air his tremendous tail, one lash of which is sufficient to dash a boat to pieces. More commonly, however, he plunges rapidly into the sea, or beneath the thickest fields of ice. While he is thus moving, at the rate, usually, of eight or ten miles an hour, the utmost diligence must be used, that the line to which the harpoon is attached may run off smoothly and readily along with him.

* * * * *

* * * * *

“The period, during which a wounded whale remains under water is various, but is averaged by Mr. Scoresby at about half an hour. Then, pressed by the necessity of respiration, he appears above, often considerably distant from the spot where harpooned, and in a state of great exhaustion, which the same ingenious writer ascribes to the severe pressure that he has endured when placed beneath a column of water 700 or 800 fathoms deep.

“All the boats have, meantime, been spreading themselves in various directions, that one at least may be within a *start*, as it is called, or about 200 yards of the point of his rising, at which distance they can easily reach and pierce him with one or two more harpoons before he again descends. On his re-appearance a general attack is made with lances, which are struck as deep as possible, to reach and penetrate the vital parts. Blood mixed with oil streams copiously from his wounds, and from the blow-holes, dyeing the sea to a great distance, and sometimes drenching the

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boats and crews. The animal now becomes more and more exhausted, but, at the approach of death, he often makes a convulsive struggle, rearing his tail high in the air, and whirling it with a noise which is heard at the distance of several miles. At length, quite overpowered, he lays himself on his side or back and expires."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. XII.

[In a former chapter of the work here referred to, under the head "Animal Life," we find the following passage.]"

"The tail is the most active limb of this monarch of the deep, and the chief instrument of his motion. * * * * * Its power is tremendous. A single stroke throws a large boat with all its crew into the air. Sometimes he places himself in a perpendicular position, with the head downwards, and, rearing his tail on high, beats the water with awful violence. On these occasions the sea foams, and vapours darken the air; the lashing is heard several miles off, like the roar of a distant tempest. At other times he makes an immense spring, and lifts his whole body above the waves, to the admiration of the experienced whaler, but to the terror of those who see for the first time this astonishing spectacle."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. II.

[In tracing the circumstances which led to the pursuit of this formidable animal, we should have to do with those early adventurers to whom the flesh of the whale, as food, appears to have been the principal attraction. The Northmen, themselves the earliest whale-fishers, were the first to invite to this enterprise: the object of their search, however, was not that whale, whose pursuit became subsequently so profitable a speculation; this animal must be sought for in the Arctic seas. Taught by their northern invaders, the coasts of France and Spain sent forth their fishing expeditions. But the English, as the above writer informs us,]

"Were the first who pushed their operations into the depth of the Arctic ocean. * * * * * The views of the merchants were much extended, when Hudson, having engaged in his daring attempt to reach the Pole, surveyed Spitzbergen or East Greenland to its northern extremity; and although unable to penetrate farther, he gave information regarding the immense number of whales which were seen on those shores. Thenceforth the adventurers, fitted out for discovery, were instructed to cover their expenses, as far as might be, by the occasional capture of these valuable animals. This arrangement was not happy, so far as the

interests of geographical science were concerned, since the considerations of profit too often superseded the main object of the voyage."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. XII.

[The English, however, although they were the first to open and extend this source of industry, did not long enjoy undisturbed possession of the Arctic seas. The Dutch soon appeared as their competitors; and after a series of conflicts, an arrangement was concluded, under which all those states that had been in the habit of frequenting the fisheries, Dutch, Danes, Hamburgers, French, and Spanish, were assigned their respective waters. The Dutch, a patient, persevering race, soon converted this interest into a source of national wealth. To facilitate their operations, they founded settlements on those dreary shores; while the failure of some British companies, who had embarked in whaling speculations, gave new strength to Dutch interests, which, however, suffered severely from an unexpected cause. The whales, terrified by the unusual slaughter that had overtaken them, abandoned their old haunts, and retired so far into the Polar seas that their pursuers became disconcerted. It appears, however, that individual enterprise took up the matter at home, and even under prospects thus blighted, a still greater number of ships were fitted out from the ports of Holland.]

In the face of such circumstances, and after the failure of the companies alluded to, it might have been expected that even British zeal would be discouraged. Misfortunes, however, signal as they were, proved insufficient to damp the national ardour for these perilous pursuits; it would seem rather that they helped to give a fresh impulse to the exertions of enterprise. To encourage these exertions, the British Government offered a bounty of twenty shillings per ton to vessels exceeding 200 tons engaged in the fisheries, and this again was extended subsequently to forty shillings. Such a course had at length the usual effect; and, after some further fluctuations in the bounty awarded, it settled down finally to twenty shillings. Yet, thus discouraged, the fisheries of Britain increased, and the subjection of her former rival, Holland, to the restrictive policy of Napoleon, helped to establish her in absolute dominion over the Polar seas.]

[2] "*That nurse of life, yet source of all his woes.*"

"But the most characteristic and important feature of the

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cetacea consists in a thick layer of fatty substance, called blubber, lodged beneath the skin and surrounding the body, which yields, on expression, nearly its own bulk of thick, coarse, viscid oil. It is by this covering that Providence enables them to defy the utmost extremity of cold, and to preserve a strong animal heat even under the eternal ice of the Pole. Yet this substance, being subservient to the uses of man, has roused a dreadful and deadly enemy, * * * * * He pursues them through ice and tempest, and dyes the seas with their blood." *Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. II.

[3] "*A Briton's was the doom, where held command,*"

[This first expedition, fitted out under the auspices of the youthful monarch, Edward VI, was remarkable alike for the pomp that attended its preparation, and the signal disaster that characterized its close. Instructions for the conduct of the intended voyage were drawn up by Cabot, who had been elevated to the post of Grand Pilot of England, and the chief command was confided to Sir Hugh Willoughby, whose pilot-major, Richard Chancellor, was an *élève* of Henry, father of the illustrious Sir Philip Sidney.

Overtaken by a tempest, and involved in the mists of the North-eastern seas, the two principal ships parted company, and never met again. From this time, the voyage of Sir Hugh Willoughby appears to have been marked by a series of doubts and uncertainties, ending finally, not in shipwreck, but fixture in the frozen waters of the coast of Russian Lapland.]

"In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate sealed, he, with his hapless crew,
Each full-exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

THOMSON.

[Chancellor reached the White Sea, from whence journeying in a sledge to Moscow, he succeeded in establishing a friendly intercourse between Great Britain and Russia, then under the rule of Ivan Vasilovitch; the immediate result of which was the establishment of the Muscovy Company.

The ships of Sir Hugh Willoughby were discovered some years afterwards by fishermen of Lapland, fixed in the ice with their crews, and the journal of their voyage, up to the last date, lying, as it is recorded, before the unfortunate commander.]

[4] "*Hosts, all-regardless of each former doom,*"

[Chancellor was again sent out with credentials from his Government to the Court of Muscovy; and, in 1556, a small vessel, the "Searchthrift," was fitted out and placed under the command of Stephen Burroughs, who had before acted with Chancellor. This, likewise, proved a failure, which, together with the abandonment of a wild scheme of reaching India by the White Sea and the Caspian, entertained by the Muscovy Company, brings us up to the terrible expeditions under Barentz, of which there are notices in Part IV.]

[5] "*His greatness in another hemisphere.*"—

[In 1607, Henry Hudson was sent out by the Muscovy Company, to sail, if possible, across the Pole. This is the first occasion upon which this bold project was attempted, and Hudson here first figures in the list of Arctic Adventurers. In the following year we find the same great commander steering north-east, under the instructions of the London merchants, between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen; he was quickly diverted, however, from this course, and returned to England. In 1609, he was appointed to a like service under the Dutch East India Company; he appears to have evinced no great love for North-eastern enterprise; and so, quickly repassing the North Cape, he directed his course to America, in whose waters he found a more congenial field, and one in which he has established a permanent fame.]

[6] "*And what might humbler daring have availed ?*"

[Captain John Wood, in his vessel, the "Speedwell," was the last effort of the British Government in the North-eastern seas. His ship was lost on the coast of Nova Zembla, and himself and crew saved with difficulty.

The names occurring in this note are worthy of more than that fleeting notice which confined space renders necessary.]

Subsequently to the voyages of Stephen Bennet, Hudson, and Jonas Poole for Polar discovery, an expedition took place in 1613,

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under William Baffin, one of the most renowned of Arctic Adventurers : yet the results of this voyage of Baffin were unimportant, as also those of one undertaken the following year by Robert Fotherby, with whom Baffin acted as pilot. Nor was it until after the lapse of more than a century that any scheme for crossing the North Pole was again devised. In 1773, an expedition left the shores of England, consisting of two bomb-vessels, the "Race-horse" and the "Carcass," under the command of Captain John Phipps; the latter was confided to Lieutenant Lutwidge, under whom the future naval hero of England, Horatio Nelson, served as cockswain. After a voyage most turbulent, and, in some respects, disastrous, yet replete with interest, they returned to the Nore. Captain Cook was now equipped to attempt the Polar course by way of Behring's Strait; he sailed in his old ship, the "Resolution," accompanied by Captain Clerke in the "Discovery," passed Nootka Sound, reached and named Icy Cape, and returning to winter at the Sandwich Islands, was killed by one of the natives.

About five years before the expedition of Phipps and Lutwidge, Hearne, a bold and hardy adventurer, was despatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to discover the copper-mine supposed to exist in the northern parts of Hudson's Bay. And about twenty years subsequently to this (in 1789), Mackenzie, a native of Inverness, formed and accomplished the daring project of piercing across the North-American Continent from Athabaska Lake, upon which was situated an advanced post of the North-west Company, a new association then recently formed.

Some years (about ten) prior to this, the names of Mears, Vancouver, and Kotzebue appear as explorers on the North-west coast of America. Mears gives some details of his intercourse with the Nootkans (Borderers of Nootka Sound, previously visited by Captain Cook); these are so strange and startling as to furnish, of themselves, the materials for a volume. Kotzebue was a son of the celebrated Kotzebue, and himself known by the Sound named after him. Vancouver had served as a midshipman with Captain Cook.

In the year 1818, Captain David Buchan sailed for the purpose of pushing, if possible, across the Pole to India. This expedition was simultaneous with that of Captain Ross for North-western discovery. After a course marked by the usual perils and obstructions, one of his ships, the "Dorothea," encountered a terrific

storm, which drove her irresistibly towards the main field of ice; and it was now that the sudden and desperate resolution was formed of turning the helm so that the vessel might be driven head foremost upon it, and seek thus a refuge from the violence of the sea: she forced her way, and remained immoveably fixed; this occurred near Spitzbergen. The gale, however, subsiding, the vessel reached the harbour of Smeerenberg, where she underwent repairs, and the expedition returned to England. It was in this terrible voyage that Sir John (then Lieutenant) Franklin first entered upon that field of enterprise where he was destined to achieve imperishable laurels, leaving behind him a name which will live for ever in the annals of his country.]

[7] “*Where he, who tempted the Pole’s iciest gale,*”

[The failure of repeated attempts to reach or cross the Pole produced a suspension of public interest in an undertaking deemed now impracticable; until, as the learned writer of a work already quoted observes]—“The speculations of Mr. Scoresby presented more than ordinary claims to attention, as exhibiting the conclusions of a diligent, accurate, and scientific observer. Trained from infancy to the navigation of the frozen seas, under the direction of his father, and bred a practical whale-fisher, he conjoined experience with ingenuity and judgment.”—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. I.

[In 1806, Mr. Scoresby made the nearest approach to the Pole by ship yet fully authenticated; he was then acting as mate to his father. Leaving Jan Mayen Island, they reached Hakluyt’s Headland in Spitzbergen. Again, in 1818, Mitre Cape was visited, when Mr. Scoresby ascended its mountain.]

“The view from this mountain is described by Mr. Scoresby as equally grand and beautiful. On the east side were two finely sheltered bays; while the sea, unruffled by a single breeze, formed an immense expanse to the west. The icebergs reared their fantastic forms almost on a level with the highest hills, whose cavities they filled, while the sea illumined but could not dissolve them. The valleys were enamelled with beds of snow and ice, one of which extended beyond reach of the eye; and in the interior, mountains rose beyond mountains, till they melted into distance.”—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. IX.

8] “*Turning at length, strange fates pursued his feet;*”

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"If a fragment was detached, it bounded from rock to rock, raising smoke at every blow, and setting numerous other pieces in motion, till, amid showers of stones, it reached the bottom. The descent of the party was more perilous than the ascent."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. IX.

[9] "*That strand beneath was living to the sight ;*"

"The beach was found nearly covered with the nests of terns, ducks, and other tenants of the Arctic air, in some of which there were young, over whom the parents kept watch, and, by loud cries and vehement gestures, sought to defend them against the predatory tribes which hovered around."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. IX.

[10] "*This was the same stern Resolute who steer'd,*"

[Dr. Scoresby now visited Jan Mayen Island a second time.]—"The most striking feature was the stately Beerenberg, which rears its head 6870 feet above the sea. * * * * The first objects that attracted his attention were three magnificent icebergs, * * * stretching from the base of the mountain to the water's edge."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. IX.

[11] "*When, strange to say, loud chambers from beneath*"

[In the scientific remarks in his work on the Arctic Regions, Dr. Scoresby has noticed the elevations around the peak of Beerenberg, as composed of volcanic materials.]—"After leaving the sea shore," says he, "I perceived no other mineral but such as bore undoubted marks of recent volcanic action. * * * * The place from whence these substances appear to have been discharged being near, we attempted to reach it. * * * * We frequently slid backwards several paces by the pieces of lava giving way beneath our feet; in which case the ground generally resounded as if we had been travelling on empty metallic vessels, or vaulted caverns."—*Scoresby's Arctic Regions*.

[12] "*But from the Pole repulsed, lo ! yet again,*"

[The most important voyage of this enterprising navigator was made in 1822, during which he completed the observation of four hundred miles of coast on East Greenland; a tract almost entirely unknown. With regard to these shores]—"their aspect, and th general analogy of the Arctic shores, suggested the idea that these

mighty cliffs dipped perpendicularly into the waves.”—*Polar Seas, &c.* [On the refractive power of the Polar atmosphere, as observed in this interesting voyage, we have the following from the same source.]—“The rugged surface assumed the forms of castles, obelisks, and spires, which here and there were sometimes so linked together as to present the appearance of an extensive city. At other times it resembled a forest of naked trees; and Fancy scarcely required an effort to identify its varieties with the productions of human art, * * * * * even with the shapes of lions, bears, horses, and other animals. Ships were seen inverted, and suspended high in the air, and their hulls often so magnified as to resemble huge edifices.”—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. IX.

[13] “*But dull inglorious schemes perplex’d his soul,*”

“They had been fitted out by a mercantile body to bring home a cargo of whale-oil, and this solid purpose could not be postponed for the most brilliant speculations of Science.”—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. IX.

[14] “*Knight’s lingering fate, with Barlow’s lonely end?*”

[In the year following the expedition last-named, Captain Clavering was sent out to convey to the Arctic regions the eminent scientific inquirer, Colonel Sabine. Some additional discoveries were made on the shores that had been ranged by Dr. Scoresby: but, after a futile attempt on the part of the Danish Government, and some disastrous researches on the part of the French (to which a reference has already been made), the terrific voyage of Buchan (already noticed) seems to have been the latest attempt to reach the Pole in ships. We now approach the subject of North-western discovery.

These officers (Knight and Barlow) appear to have suffered a dreadful fate. The Hudson’s Bay Company despatched them, in 1719, for the discovery of the North-west passage. They never returned, and half a century elapsed before any traces of the expedition were found: they had been cast and probably starved on Marble Island.

With regard to such men as Baffin, Davis, and Hudson, their greatness is sufficiently established by the seas that bear their names.

The unsuccessful voyages of Button, Gibbons, and Bylot, in the years 1612-14-15, along the shores of Hudson’s Bay, led to

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the expedition of 1616, through Davis's Strait, under Bylot and Baffin. This voyage produced the memorable discoveries in the Bay named after the latter officer.

Davis conducted three successive expeditions, about seven years subsequently to Frobisher's last voyage, commencing in 1585. These, although terminating unfavourably for the object in view, (viz. the North-west passage to India), were sufficient to immortalize their leader.

Hudson, after a varied career of enterprise during three expeditions, the last signalized by the discovery of the river upon which rose the city of New York, fell, in his fourth, or North-western adventure, a victim to a terrible revolt of his crew, the circumstances of which are fearful beyond precedent. The principal actors, however, in the atrocities recorded, incurred a retribution which came but little short of the cruelties they had themselves inflicted.] See, for further details, *Rundall's Narrative of North-west Voyages from 1496 to 1631*.

[15] "*His conquering greatness to his native seas.*"

[After the conduct of three expeditions to the North-western seas in 1576-77-78, the incidents of which would form, of themselves, a volume, Martin Frobisher sailed with Sir Francis Drake to the West Indies, and took part with that great officer in the destruction of the Spanish Armada; for his valour on this occasion he received the honours of knighthood.

About fifteen years after the last attempt of Davis, an expedition was set on foot through the united interests of the Muscovy and Levant Companies; to this was appointed Captain George Weymouth. It appears to have been an utter failure, although Weymouth is entitled to the merit of having first pointed the way to those waters where Hudson made his well-known discoveries. A conspiracy of the crew compelled their captain to change his course; after which he encountered a tempest of unexampled violence that drove him before it, and he returned to England.

Captains Fox and James were fitted out in 1631. Fox examined two Straits to the north of Hudson's Bay, but did not penetrate far. James passed a winter on the southern coast of the same, under the utmost suffering.

Parry has his Archipelago in the Polar seas; and Franklin—alas!]

[16] "*The amphibious Back pursued his huge career*"

[Of all recorded expeditions to the seas of the North, the one here under consideration appears to have been signalized by the most appalling circumstances of danger. Indeed, from the first moment of her encounter with the ice, across the mouth of Davis's Straits, up to the final return of the shattered "Terror" to the British shores, there occurred scarce a respite from continuous and imminent peril. The incidents of the whole enterprise, as graphically told by the Commander, Sir George Back, have an interest throughout so intensely fearful, that it would be impossible to convey in selected passages any fair representation of them to that reader, if such there be, who is yet a stranger to their history. The object of the expedition was to complete the coast-line between Prince Regent's Inlet and Point Turnagain; it was equipped by the Government, at the instance of the Royal Geographical Society, and to the command was appointed Captain Back, an officer who had rendered his name imperishable, both in his own discoveries on the northern coasts of America, and as a participator in the sufferings endured in the ever-memorable journey of Franklin on the same shores.

The purpose of this voyage was further advanced afterwards, in 1839, by Messrs. Dease and Simpson, officers of the Hudson's Bay Company; and finally accomplished by Dr. Rae, acting likewise under their instructions. The mode of proceeding was in boats combined with land-portage.]

[17] "*Yet Heaven was at his side when Hood expired.*"

[Poor Hood! the much-loved companion of Franklin, Richardson, and Back, on the terrible land-expedition referred to recently: he was mysteriously murdered by an Indian attendant, named Michel.

"Bickersteth's 'Scripture Help' was lying open beside the body, as if it had fallen from his hand; and it is probable that he was reading it at the instant of his death. We passed the night in the tent together without rest, every one being on his guard."—*Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in the years 1819-20-21-22: by Captain J. Franklin.—Richardson's Narrative, Id.*

[18] "*True Richardson, a name to fear unknown,*"

[For instances of the fortitude and intrepidity of Richardson

[PART V.]

on this adventure, the reader is referred to the narrative of Sir John Franklin's journey to the shores of the Polar Sea.]

[19] "*The persevering Ross his fame pursued:*"

[The first voyage of Ross for North-western discovery was undertaken in 1818, at the suggestion of Sir John Barrow, who, during the long Peace, never ceased to urge these Polar Expeditions, which, as he truly remarks, have been the means of employing and bringing forward some of the best Officers in the Naval Service, and raising the character of the British Seaman. From about the middle of the previous century, or, at least, since the failure of Captain Middleton, and the return of the great armament sent out under Captains Moor and Smith, in 1746, scarcely any advance had been made towards the solution of the North-western problem. The ships comprised in the first expedition of Sir John Ross were the "*Isabella*" of 385 tons, and the "*Alexander*" of 252; this latter vessel was confided to the late lamented Sir William Edward (then Lieutenant) Parry. Another and daring expedition, simultaneous with this, has already been brought under review; that of Captain Buchan towards the Pole.

The interesting journals of Sir John Ross supply the details here of many pages; and the striking and romantic incidents of an incarceration of four years in the icy seas of the North, will, it is hoped, afford some excuse for dwelling long on records so strange and captivating.

It was during the second expedition of Sir John Ross, in 1829, that the Magnetic Pole was discovered by his nephew, Sir James Clarke (then Commander) Ross.—See *Sir John Barrow's History of Arctic Voyages*.]

[20] "*But he had cleft those seas before, and been,*"

[This, be it observed, was in the first voyage, in 1818. In *Davis's North-west Voyage*, the aspect of Greenland is thus described:]

"Deformed, rocky, and mountainous, like a sugar-loaf, standing to our sight above the clouds. It towered through the fog like a white list in the sky, the tops altogether covered with snow, the shore beset with ice, making such irksome noise, that it was called *the Land of Desolation*."

"The large islands that skirt this coast (West Greenland), of

which the most considerable is Disco, are, like the continent, composed of barren rocks, and of valleys filled with eternal ice."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. XIII. *Arctic Geology.*

"On the 17th of June, in the neighbourhood of Waygat Island, an impenetrable barrier obliged the discoverers to stop their course, making themselves fast to an iceberg, and having forty-five whale-ships in company."—*Id.* Ch. VII.

[21] "*Even to those shores, Adventure's utmost bound;*"

[It was high up on the coast of West Greenland that Ross came upon that tribe of Esquimaux whom national feelings led him to distinguish by the name of "the Arctic Highlanders."

Kabloona, the Esquimaux term for the white man.]

"The first party whom the navigators approached showed every sign of alarm,—dreading a fatal influence from the mere touch of beings whom they regarded as members of an unknown species."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. VII.

"The rest of the party then came up with fifty dogs, which joined their masters in raising a tremendous clamour."—*Id.* Ch. VII.

"The ship was the next object of their speculation; * * * They conceived it to be a huge bird, spreading its vast wings, and endowed with reason. One of them, pulling his nose* with the utmost solemnity, began thus to address it:—"Who are you? whence come you? Is it from the sun or the moon?"—*Id.* Ch. VII.

[22] "*Reputed bold, Experience spoke his worth,*"

[Previously to this expedition, Captain Ross] "had twice wintered in the Baltic, had been employed in surveying the White Sea, and had been as far north as Bear or Cherie Island."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. VII.

[23] "*And now we trace him through the waves again,*"

[Here commence some details of that protracted and perilous expedition of the "Victory," under Captain (now Sir John) Ross,

[* The appeal to this prominent feature of the face, either in salutation, or as denoting some emotion, was remarked by Captain M'Clure and other officers among the tribes of the North-west American coast.]

which resulted in the discovery (by his nephew) of the Magnetic Pole, and the opening-up and survey of those hitherto mysterious shores named after the munificent patron of the enterprise, Sir Felix Booth. The Victory was frozen up in Felix harbour.]

"In preparing for the gloom and rigour of this long winter, he made some improvements even upon the admirable arrangements of Captain Parry. * * * * * The strength and spirits of the crew were supported by regular meals and constant occupation. Divine Service was duly performed, and religious instruction dispensed at a school held every Sunday evening. * * * * * On the other nights a school also was attended."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. VIII.

[24] "*Yet sailor-like, they took a cheering leave:*"

[After a long period of endurance, during which little actual navigation was made,—many stirring incidents, and some agreeable surprises (among which should be reckoned the discovery of the "Fury's" stores), and many energetic land-excursions, in which Commander (now Sir James C.) Ross, especially distinguished himself; every hope of bringing home the "Victory" having failed, she was finally abandoned.]

"On the 29th May," [1832] "they hoisted the colours, nailed them to the mast, and drank a parting glass to the Victory, which they considered worthy of a better fate."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. VIII.

[25] "*Where wreck had been, even by a chief's command:*"

[On this coast, the "Fury"—companion of the "Hecla" in the third expedition of Parry, in 1824,—having received a severe nip, that entirely disabled her, was thrown and deserted; and her stores,—including wine, bread, flour, sugar, spirits, and cocoa, and even her sails, in entire preservation,—discovered now, after a lapse of years, proved the salvation of the "Victory's" crew.

For all particulars relating to this event, and the abandonment of the "Victory," the reader is referred to the deeply-interesting journals of Parry and Ross.]

[26] "*They raised a dwelling, 'twas no mean exploit:*"

"They immediately enjoyed a hearty meal, and soon raised a canvass mansion, which they named Somerset House."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. VIII.

[27] "*The gathering symptoms of that dire disease,*"

"On the 16th February, 1833," [their fourth winter] "Thomas, the carpenter, died of scurvy,—an event deeply regretted in itself, and regarded as a warning of what was too likely to befall the rest. Several of the seamen, in fact, became affected with this cruel disease, of which Captain Ross himself felt the sure approach by the return of pain in his old wounds."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. VIII.

[28] "*The stranger thus,—‘I am from British land;’*"

[Captain Humphreys, who commanded here the "Isabella" of Captain Ross's expedition in 1818.—For the closing scenes of this formidable and romantic enterprise, the reader is referred to the journals of Sir John Ross.]

PART VI.

[1] "*From Greenland's cliffs to Georgia's utmost isles;*"

[The three expeditions of Parry for the discovery of the North-west passage, were undertaken in the years 1819, 21, 24. The vessels comprising the first of these were the "Hecla," of 375 tons, with a crew of fifty-eight men, and the "Griper" gun-brig, of 180 tons, with a crew of thirty-six; the latter under the command of Lieutenant Liddon. On the second occasion, the "Fury," of 327 tons, accompanied the "Hecla;" the "Hecla" was now given over to the command of Captain Lyon, an officer who had distinguished himself by services in Africa. On the last voyage, in 1824, the same ships were employed, and the "Fury" confided to Captain Hoppner, who had served in the previous expedition.

In the voyage of 1819, Captain Parry was the fortunate discoverer of a group of islands, named by him the "North Georgian," but marked in the recent charts as the "Parry Islands."]

"The country thus situated upon the shores of the Western or Polar Sea is called Akkoollee, and is inhabited by numerous Esquimaux."—*Journal of Voyage for the Discovery of the North-west Passage, in 1819, 20.* W. E. Parry, R.N., Commander of the Expedition.

[2] "*The task, the dance, the drama, and the song,*"

"We had, some time before, set about the preparations for our winter amusements; and the theatre being ready, we opened on the 5th November, with the representation of "*Miss in her Teens.*"—*Parry's Journal, &c.* p. 113.

[On this occasion, Lieutenant Beechey officiated as stage-manager, and the other officers offered themselves as amateur performers. Some original plays also were written and produced; while, to add to the fund of amusement, a journal was published, under the title of the "*North Georgian Gazette,*" edited by Captain Sabine, and to which all were invited to add contributions.—After speaking of his daily inspection of the crews, and his means of discipline; the mode of exercising them, when, from the severity of the weather, they were compelled to remain on board, is thus stated,]

"They were ordered to run round and round the deck, keeping step to a tune on the organ, or, not unfrequently, to a song of their own."—*Id.* p. 124.

[After the evening routine of inspection, &c.]

"The men were permitted to amuse themselves as they pleased, and games of various kinds, as well as dancing and singing, occasionally went on upon the lower deck, till nine o'clock, when they went to bed and their lights were extinguished."—*Id.* p. 126.

"Our theatrical entertainments took place regularly once a fortnight, and continued to prove a source of infinite amusement to the men. * * * * *

We were at one time apprehensive that the severity of the weather would have prevented the continuance of this amusement, but the perseverance of the officers overcame every difficulty; and, perhaps for the first time since theatrical entertainments were invented, more than one or two plays were performed on board the "*Hecla*" with the thermometer below zero on the stage."—*Id.* p. 127.

"To furnish rational and useful occupation to the men, * * * * * a school was also established, * * * * * for the instruction of such of the men as were willing to take advantage of this opportunity of learning to read and write, or of improving in those acquirements."—*Journal of Second Voyage for the Discovery of North-west Passage, in 1821, 22, 23.*—*W. E. Parry, R.N., Commander of the Expedition.*

[3] “*In his cold dome low sits the untutor'd man ;*”

[Sir Edward Parry has given some interesting particulars of a tribe of Esquimaux found somewhere on the shores of Repulse Bay ; it is impossible to resist the temptation of making here a few extracts from his delightful journals.]

“If the first view of the exterior of this little village was such as to create astonishment, that feeling was in no small degree heightened on accepting the invitation soon given us to enter these extraordinary houses, in the construction of which we observed that not a single material was used but ice and snow. After creeping through two low passages, having each its arched doorway, we came to a small circular apartment of which the roof was a perfect arched dome. From this, three doorways, also arched, and of larger dimensions than the outer ones, led into as many inhabited apartments, one on each side, and the other facing us as we entered. The interior of these presented a scene no less novel than interesting. The women were seated on the beds at the sides of the tents, each having her little fire-place or lamp, with all her domestic utensils about her : the children crept behind their mothers, and the dogs, except the female ones, which were indulged with a part of the beds, slunk out past us in dismay. The construction of this inhabited part of the huts was similar to that of the outer apartments, being a dome formed by separate blocks of snow, laid with great regularity and no small art, each being cut into the shape requisite to form a substantial arch, from seven to eight feet high in the centre, and having no support whatever but what this principle of building supplied. I shall not here further describe the peculiarities of these curious edifices, remarking only that a cheerful and sufficient light was admitted to them by a circular window of ice fitted into the roof of each apartment.”—*Journal of Second Voyage, &c.* p. 160.

[4] “*While to his cubs he parts the artless meal.*”

“The children were rather pretty ; though, from being thrown carelessly into the bottom of the boats, they had much the appearance of the young of wild animals.”—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. VII.

[5] “*Poor child of chance ! hath famine shrunk thy store ?*”

“Finding that these poor creatures were now really in want of food, for the men had again returned from an unsuccessful excursion

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sion, I was happy to avail myself of a hint given to me by Captain Lyon to furnish them occasionally with a small supply of bread-dust, of which we had two or three casks in each ship. Our present party was therefore, in addition to other articles, supplied with several pounds, which they immediately expressed their intention to take home to their children.*"—*Journal of Parry's Second Voyage*, p. 166.

[6] "*Caught with his tale, and of his charm possessed,*"

"After this friendly visit, an invitation was given to the Esquimaux to repair to the ships, when fifty accepted it with alacrity."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. VII.

[7] "*While one, sagacious o'er the rest, betrays*"

"Being extremely desirous of ascertaining what these Esquimaux knew of the coast to the northward of our present station, we drew out roughly on a large sheet of paper the conformation of the land in their neighbourhood, and as far to the westward as Repulse Bay, and then requested Iligliuk to continue it to the northward. She readily understood our meaning, and with a pencil soon traced the various indentations in the coast, together with several islands."—*Journal of Parry's Second Voyage*, p. 185.

"Iligliuk was not long in comprehending what we desired, and with a pencil continued the outline, making the land trend, as we supposed, to the north-eastward, and giving the names of the principal places, as she proceeded."—*Id.* p. 196.

"We desired her to complete the rest, and to do it *mikkie* (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence, she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north, instead of east, from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group, till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude."—*Id.* p. 197.

[* Seal-flesh being the principal food of these tribes, a failure of the fishery starves them, and deprives them of fish-oil, the fuel of their lamps, &c.]

[8] "*Thy soul is sad, thy home is with the dead!*"

[A reference has already been made to the dreadful land-expedition of Franklin on the shores of the Polar Sea; this was simultaneous with the earlier voyages of Parry. His home may truly be said to have been then with the dead (witness the tragedy of Hood and the Iroquois Indian, Michel;—and now!—].

[9] "*Fill'd with the future thus, as glanced his eye*"

[To the reader are here offered some details of the novel and daring ice-expedition of Parry towards the Pole. The unsuccessful issue of the various former expeditions (and lastly that of Buchan, in 1818,) had led to the belief that this object could not be accomplished by water; when, acting upon his own experience, aided by the suggestions of Mr. Scoresby and Captain Franklin, and under the authority and sanction of the Lords of the Admiralty, that great and hitherto most fortunate Arctic adventurer, Captain Parry, made the attempt to reach the Pole in two boats, to be dragged or navigated, as circumstances might require; these boats, accordingly, were conveyed, together with himself and his crew, in his old ship, the "Hecla," to the northern coast of Spitzbergen. They were formed of hickory and ash, with a canvass covering; and were further strengthened by fir and oak planking, with felt between; they were flat-bottomed and spacious, and had two runners each (one on each side of the keel) to fit them for use as sledges; they carried, likewise, wheels.—After some rather discouraging incidents on reaching Hakluyt's Headland, Captain Parry left his vessel in a harbour named by him "Hecla Cove," with a portion of the crew in charge; with the rest he embarked for the fields of ice. The provisions for this hazardous adventure were pemmican, biscuit, cocoa, and rum, with spirit of wine for fuel; a change of clothing, fur dresses for sleeping, and Esquimaux boots: the snow-shoes were afterwards converted into sledges, for conveying the baggage. After a slow advance of about eighty miles from Hecla Cove, they reached the ice.

This expedition left the British shores in March, 1827.]

[10] "*Whose depths a secret mystery conceal,*"

"In this situation we tried for soundings with four hundred fathoms of line without reaching the bottom; the temperature at that depth, 30°,—that at the surface, 32½°,—the air 34°."—

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Narrative of an Attempt to reach the North Pole, &c. under the command of Captain W. E. Parry, p. 73.

"At seven, A.M. on the 28th June, we came to a floe covered with high and rugged hummocks, which opposed a formidable obstacle to our progress, occurring in two or three successive tiers, so that we had no sooner crossed one than another presented itself. Over one of these we hauled the boats with extreme difficulty, by a 'standing pull,' and the weather being then so thick that we could see no pass across the next tier, we were obliged to stop at nine, A.M. While performing this laborious task, which required the boats to be got up and down places almost perpendicular, James Parker, my coxswain, received a severe contusion."—*Id.* p. 63.

"We had light ice this day with some heavy rugged pieces intermixed; and when hauling across these we had sometimes to cut with axes a passage for the boats among the hummocks."—*Id.* p. 65.

"The sledges having been brought up as far as we had explored, we all went back for the boats, each boat's crew, when the road was tolerable, dragging their own, and the officers labouring equally with the men."—*Id.* p. 68.

"The labour required to drag the boats over the hummocks, and from one mass to another, was so great that we were obliged to have recourse to a 'bowline-haul' for many minutes together."—*Id.* p. 73.

[11] "*Till, the slow sum of stated hours fulfilled,*"

"After this, we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near for hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close alongside each other, with their sterns to the wind, * * * * *, and the sails supported by the bamboo masts and their paddles, placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow."—*Parry's Narrative, &c.* p. 57.

[12] "*And peremptory rule the mess divides.*"

[The allowance of provisions for each man per day was as follows :

Biscuit.....	10 ounces.
Pemmican	9 do.
Sweetened cocoa powder	1 do. to make one pint.
Rum	1 gill.
Tobacco	3 ounces per week.]

[13] "*No savoury messes steam, nowhere appear*"

[Except indeed, under such circumstances as the following :]

"Our sportsmen had the good fortune to kill another seal to-day, which again proved a most welcome addition to our provisions and fuel. Indeed, after this supply of the latter, we were enabled to allow ourselves every night a pint of warm water for supper, each man making his own soup from such a portion of his bread and pemmican as he could save from dinner."—*Parry's Narrative*, &c. p. 96.

[14] "*Oft from up-wielded tube the evolving smoke*"

"Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings 10° or 15°. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time, and the only one, of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories, and fought all their battles over again, and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. * * * * *

We then concluded our day with prayers, and having put on our fur dresses, lay down to sleep with a degree of comfort, which, perhaps, few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances."—*Parry's Narrative*, &c. p. 58.

[15] "*Probes the blown snows, and stems the obstructing storm.*"

"As soon as we landed on a floe-piece, Lieutenant Ross and myself generally went on ahead while the boats were hauling up, in order to select the easiest road for them; the sledges then followed in our track. * * * * *

As soon as we arrived at the other end of the floe, or came to any

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difficult place, we mounted one of the highest hummocks of ice near at hand, in order to obtain a better view around us, and nothing could well exceed the dreariness which such a view presented.
* * * * * It may well be imagined, then, how cheering it was to turn from this scene of inanimate desolation to our two little boats in the distance, to see the moving figures of our men winding with their sledges among the hummocks, and to hear once more the sound of human voices breaking the stillness of this icy wilderness."—*Parry's Narrative, &c.* p. 67.

[16] *Consign the night to toil, the day to rest."*

"It was my intention to travel wholly by night, and to rest by day, there being, of course, constant daylight in these regions during the summer season. The advantages of this plan consisted first in our avoiding the extreme and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation of the eyes, called 'snow-blindness.' * * * * * The only disadvantage was that the fogs were somewhat more frequent, and more thick by night than by day."—*Parry's Narrative, &c.* p. 55.

[17] "*Though today's hope tomorrow's fate destroys,"*

"We halted at seven, A.M., having by our reckoning accomplished six miles and a half in a N.N.W. direction, the distance traversed being two miles and a half. It may, therefore, be imagined how great was our mortification in finding that our latitude, by observation at noon, was only 82° 36' 52", being less than five miles to the northward of our place at noon on the 17th, since which time we had certainly travelled twelve in that direction."—*Parry's Narrative, &c.* p. 94.

[18] "*And strike with vocal fires the astonished ear:"*

[Hearne* (in a journal of his expedition to the shores of the Northern Seas) observes, in speaking of the Aurora Borealis, that "In the deep stillness of the night these northern meteors were

[* This officer was despatched by the Hudson's Bay Company, about the year 1770, to the borders of the country inhabited by the Athabaskan Indians, to discover the ore said to exist on the Coppermine River.]

distinctly heard to make a rushing and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind."—*Hearne's Journal*.

"Several questions have been agitated with respect to the Aurora. It has been said to be accompanied with a hissing and cracking noise; and indeed Captain Lyon observes, that the sudden glare and rapid bursts of those wondrous showers of fire make it difficult to fancy their movements wholly without sound."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. VII.

"Those singular streams of light, called commonly the Aurora Borealis, keep up an almost incessant illumination, and were frequently witnessed in full splendour by Captains Parry and Lyon during their Arctic residence."—*Id.* Ch. VII.

"Other luminous meteors, arising apparently from the refraction caused by the minute and highly crystallized speculæ of ice, appear in succession to embellish the northern sky. The sun and the moon are often surrounded by halos,—concentric circles of vapour, tinted with the brightest hues of the rainbow. Parhelia, or mock suns, frequently adorned with these accompaniments, shine at once in different quarters of the firmament."—*Id.* Ch. VII.

"We frequently, during fogs, saw a broad white fog-bow opposite the sun; but one which appeared to-night was strongly tinged with the prismatic colours."—*Narrative of an Attempt to Reach the North Pole, under command of Captain W. E. Parry*, p. 86.

"At half-past five, P.M., we witnessed a very beautiful natural phenomenon. A broad white fog-bow first appeared opposite the sun, as was very commonly the case; presently it became strongly tinged with the prismatic colours, and soon afterwards no less than five other complete arches were formed within the main bow,
* * * * * the whole of them beautifully coloured."
—*Id.* p. 99.

[Lieut. W. H. Hooper, during his residence on the shores of the Polar Sea, whilst attached to Her Majesty's ship "Plover," made many valuable observations on the Aurora Borealis.—See *Ten Months in the Tents of the Tuski, by Lieut. H. Hooper, R.N.*

The names of the boats employed on Parry's Polar excursion were, the "Enterprise" and the "Endeavour." The sledges were formed from the *Kamoogas* (Lapland snow-boots). The farthest land attained was "Little Table Island."]

"This island being the most northernmost known land in the world, naturally excited much of our curiosity; and bleak, and

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barren, and rugged as it is, one could not help gazing upon it with intense interest."—*Parry's Narrative*, &c. p. 43.

PART VII.

[1] "*The great, the brave, yet unreturning Chief;*"

[Sir John Franklin entered the Royal Navy in 1800, and served, as Midshipman, in the action off Copenhagen, in 1801. A year or two after, he sailed on a voyage of discovery to New Holland, and suffered shipwreck. On his arrival in England, he joined the "Bellerophon," and took part in the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805. In 1818, after many previous distinctions, he accompanied Captain Buchan on a voyage of discovery to the seas about Spitzbergen. In the following year he conducted an expedition, destined overland from Hudson's Bay, but with the more especial view of ascertaining the position of the Coppermine River, and the trending (eastward thence) of the Polar Sea. Subsequently, and till the year 1822, we trace him up to the conclusion of his appalling journey of 5,550 miles, in company with Back, Richardson, and the unfortunate Hood, on the same continent. In 1825, this energetic officer again joined an expedition to the north, to search, in co-operation with Parry and Beechey (though from opposite quarters), for a North-west passage. After further service in the Mediterranean, in 1830, Sir John Franklin was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Van Dieman's Land; and finally, in May, 1845, became engaged in an expedition to explore a North-west passage to Behring's Straits, an expedition that has terminated most fatally.]

[2] "*Ross lives, and Rae and Richardson are there.*"

[Among the searching expeditions of 1850, there was one, under Sir John Ross, equipped partly at his own expense and partly by public subscription, towards which the Hudson's Bay Company advanced £500. The vessels employed were one of 120 tons, schooner-rigged, named the "Felix," and a small tender of twelve tons, Sir John Ross's yacht, the "Mary."

The names of Rae and Richardson require but little comment; with the former, we associate the hard-earned discoveries on the southern shores of Victoria and Wollaston Land, and the terrors of Repulse Bay, while the latter has long become memorable. We have here to notice them as connected with the first great expeditions of search, in 1848. The plan of proceeding on this occasion was by coasting and land-portage between the Coppermine and Mackenzie Rivers.]

"In preparation for it, several boats, seven tons of pemmican, large quantities of other stores and provisions, five seamen, and fifteen sappers and miners, were embarked at Gravesend, on board ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the 4th June, 1847."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. XI.

[Upon the return of Sir John Richardson, C.B. Dr. Rae remained on the Arctic shores, to endeavour to accomplish, in 1849, what had been left undone in 1848. While, early in 1850, he received instructions from the Hudson's Bay Company to organize yet a further expedition, in the event of failure in the former year. With the further proceedings of this most enterprising officer, and his fearful discoveries, everyone is acquainted; these, however, are given at some length in his painfully-interesting letters.]—See *Parliamentary Papers*, &c.

[3] "*A bloodless end, where chieftains of command*"

[In the expedition of 1850, by way of Baffin's Bay, under the command of Captain Austin, C.B.] "multitudes of officers nobly vied as volunteers to obtain the subordinate appointments."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. XI.

[4] "*Or with descending bolt asunder hurl.*"

[In the ever-memorable expedition of Captains Collinson, C.B. and M'Clure, in 1850, by way of Behring's Strait,]—"The ships were provisioned for three years, and supplied with balloons, blasting appliances, ice-saws, and many other contrivances for aiding their movements and research. Each also was provided with a pointed piece of mechanism, about fourteen pounds in weight, attached by a tackle to the end of the bowsprit, suited to be worked from the deck, and capable, by means of a series of sudden falls, to break ice of any ordinary thickness, and open a passage through a floe or light pack."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. XI.

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[5] "*See! at his post Antarctic Ross appear.*"

[This was the expedition of 1848, by way of Baffin's Bay, under the command of Captain Sir James C. Ross; the vessels were the "Enterprise" and the "Investigator," of 470 and 420 tons respectively, each being provided with a screw-propelled steam-launch. After their arrival in Pond's Bay,] "they fired guns every half-hour, and closely examined every part of the shore with their glasses, but did not get sight of a single human being."—*Polar Seas, &c.* Ch. XI.

[When off the coast of Lancaster Sound,] "They every day threw overboard, from each ship, a cask containing papers of information of all their proceedings; and, in every fog, they periodically fired guns; and, in every time of darkness, they burned rockets and blue lights."—*Id.* Ch. XI.

[Frozen up finally in Port Leopold,] "During the winter a great many white foxes were taken alive in traps; and as they are well known to travel great distances in search of food, they were fitted with copper collars, containing engraved notices of the position of the ships, and depôts of provisions, and then set at liberty, in the hope that they would be caught by the crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror."—*Id.* Ch. XI.

[After many exploratory journeys, undertaken during a winter passed in Port Leopold, from which they were forced eventually to cut their way out with saws, Sir J. C. Ross returned with his crews in the November of 1849.]

[6] "*Kellett, who, vainly-zealous, swept the tide*"

[The course of this officer, whose vessel (the "Herald," of twenty-six guns,) was already in the Pacific, took him through Behring's Strait into the Polar seas. The "Plover," surveying vessel, under Commander Moore, left the Thames in January, 1848; but, owing to delays, and being compelled to winter on the Asiatic Coast, did not join her consort, the "Herald," till July, 1849, while at anchor off Chamisso Island, Kotzebue Sound. It was here that Mr. Shedden, in his yacht, the "Nancy Dawson," first took his portion with the discoverers, and eventually fell a victim to his honourable exertions; he died some months after at Mazatlan. Proceeding northward, the Herald discovered, some-

where off Cape Lisburn, a new territory; at first a group of islands, and subsequently a range of lofty and extensive land.]

"There was a fine clear atmosphere, except in the direction of this land, where the clouds rolled in numerous immense masses, occasionally leaving the very lofty peaks uncapped, where could be distinctly seen columns, pillars, and very broken, which is very characteristic of the higher headlands in this sea. * * * * * The distant mountainous land was supposed by Captain Kellett to be a continuation of the lofty range seen by the natives off Cape Jakan, in Asia, and mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his *Polar Voyages*."—*Polar Seas*, &c. Ch. XI.

[In this voyage, Captain Kellett pursued a track identical, in some measure, with that of Captain Beechey, in 1825, when the latter officer was despatched to co-operate with Parry and Franklin in the investigation of the North-west passage. On that occasion, Captain Beechey, in his ship the "*Blossom*," became becalmed off Petropaulovski, in Kamtschatka; but proceeded afterwards to Chamisso Island, and thence northward, threading the N. A. coast in boats as far as Point Barrow, which he named. On his return, he deposited some provisions in Chamisso Island, which were discovered in 1849 by Commander Moore, of the "*Plover*," in perfect preservation. The object of this voyage of Captain Beechey appears to have been to relieve (if necessary) the expedition overland of Franklin. The outward voyage had been accomplished within a few days of the time specified in his instructions; a proof, in so long and perilous a track, of the discipline to which Captain Beechey had brought his crew.

In the expedition of Kellett through Behring's Strait, Lieutenants Pullen and Hooper distinguished themselves by their exertions in a boat adventure, accompanied by the unfortunate Mr. Shedden in his yacht, along the North coast of America, as far as Point Barrow.]

[7] "*The fire rekindled and he could not rest.*"

[For the subsequent achievements of Captain Kellett, C.B., while command of the "*Resolute*," we must refer to the despatches of that officer; and every one is acquainted with his timely measures undertaken at Dealy Island, for the relief of Captain M'Clure.]

[8] “ *Who struck down Death—himself more terrible.*”

[To such men as Richardson, may well be applied the words of a great Poet]

“He lived through that
Which had been death to many.”

[9] “ *Envious to share, Columbia's sons advance.*”

[This is the American expedition*, equipped at the instance and cost mainly, of Mr. Henry Grinnell, a merchant of New York; the vessels employed were the “Advance” and the “Rescue,” of 125 and 95 tons, respectively, placed under the command of Lieutenant De Haven, an officer who had already served in an exploring expedition in the Antarctic seas.]

“It sailed from New York on the 24th of May, 1850, and was accompanied for two days in his yacht by Mr. Grinnell. Its object was to push promptly forward, in any way it could, in the direction of Melville Island and Banks Land—to winter wherever it might happen to stick fast, in the pack or out of the pack—and to move on and make search, as long as it might be able, in any direction which should offer most promise of success—reckless at once of nice precautions and of all ordinary obstacles.”—*Polar Seas*, Ch. XI.

[10] “ *He who by Osborn's cape of glaciers came;*”

[Sir Edward Belcher, C. B., commanded that squadron in the Artic Seas destined to renew in 1852-3 the search for Sir John Franklin. In September, 1853, his vessel, the “Assistance” was frozen up off Cape Osborn, in the Wellington Channel, and finally abandoned in 1854, near M'Cormick Bay.

The reader will search the despatches of this adventurous officer for discoveries made by him along those dreary shores, which became in succession the theatre of his exertions, at the head of the Queen's Channel, and in the high latitudes he afterwards attained.]

[* For particulars of this romantic voyage the reader should consult the interesting and clever work of Dr. Kane—*U. S. Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, &c.*]

[11] "*Open'd to a remote and ruthless shore,*"

[In the despatches of Sir E. Belcher from his winter quarters, Northumberland Sound, the following passages occur.]

"I took possession of this new addition to Her Majesty's territories under the title of "North Cornwall," in compliment to His Royal Highness the Heir Apparent. Waiting to secure the position, * * * * * I returned to the beach; and having hauled the boat overland, to clear the ice which had entrapped us, launched in the open water, and pulled along the south-western line of the island about seventeen miles, where we landed, and encamped for the night. * * * * *

* * * * * "The weather still continued thick, with occasional snow falls, and hiding most of the objects which I was so anxious to obtain. * * * * *

"Throughout this very interesting search not a particle of drift wood has been noticed since quitting Village Point, and not a trace of human beings. Animal life seems to fail after quitting Exmouth Island. * * * * *

"If our unfortunate countrymen have 'taken the floe, and drifted with it,' their case is hopeless. If we may judge from the aspects of the floes, where they have come into collision, or where they piled themselves in layers over forty feet on the north-western extremities of the islands, the feeling was disheartening. We noticed nothing equal to it in Melville Bay."

[Again.]

"If Sir John Franklin passed through this channel, to the southward of Barrow and Parker Islands, and met the floe moving westerly, he never could reach, as far as we can discover, any place of refuge, and in all probability drifted into the Polar Basin."
* * * * *

[12] "*Yet fearless here could fond M'Cormick urge*"

[A boat and sledge excursionist on the east coast of Wellington Channel, and the shores of Baring Bay, in 1852. The following are extracts from Dr. M'Cormick's truly interesting narrative.]

"Sad as the reflection must be, it is in vain to deny that the time has arrived when, indeed, it is hoping against hope, and which suggested to me the name of 'Forlorn Hope' for my boat."

["The Forlorn Hope" taking refuge under the lee of icebergs, aground in Wellington Bay, is thus described.]

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"When we had got about midway between Cape Osborn and this Point" [Point Eden], "our situation became a truly perilous one; the boat was taking in water faster than we could bale it out, and she was settling down so much as not to leave a streak free; labouring and rising heavily and sluggishly to each successive sea, so that all expected every moment that she would fill and go down the first sea that struck her, from which only the most careful and watchful attention to the helm preserved her. Fortunately for us, at this critical moment, two bergs aground appeared on the port-bow, and I immediately ran for them, in the hope of finding the water smooth enough under their lee to enable us, by lowering the sail and lying on our oars, to thoroughly bale out all the water from the boat, which was now nearly full; in this we happily succeeded whilst lying only a few feet from the bergs in comparatively quiet water, protected by their blue hard washed sides from the seas which broke over them to windward, rebounding upwards in foaming columns of surf and spray, which dashed high above their summits, from forty to fifty feet in height, presenting a wild scene, at once grand, sublime, and awful."

[In recording an excursion to Caswall Tower, Dr. M'Cormick says—]

"I passed a whole day and night without food or shelter beyond what the snow-drift afforded, * * * * * When overwhelmed by the darkness of the night blending with the fog, and a gale approaching, we cut with a hunting-knife a trench in the snow-clad plain, about two feet deep, and in this truly Arctic bivouac, we, with our canine friends" [two Esquimaux dogs], "passed the night, without a tent or other clothing than our usual walking dress.

"The gale which swept over us soon forming a white coverlet of snow-drift, protected us from the blast." * * * * *

[On the traces of Sir John Franklin near Cape Riley we have the following.]

"The swampy flat, intersected by small lakes and water-courses, in the vicinity of Caswall Tower, is the only spot where the very few straggling wild fowl that alight in this barren limestone region, on their way north, are to be met with; and here I have followed Franklin's sledge-tracks over the low shingle ridges in the direction of the tower, which was, doubtless, their shooting station. The sledges must have passed in the summer season, when the soil was

plastic enough to leave impressions of their tracks behind them. Caswall Tower is an isolated precipitous mount, between three and four hundred feet in height, rising from a plain at the head of Radstock Bay and Gascoigne Cove, which I ascended." * * * *M'Cormick's Narrative.*

[13] "*Wage with pale Osborn's cliffs unceasing war,*"

[Near Cape Osborn, "The Forlorn Hope" passed a remarkable isolated rock, to which Dr. M'Cormick gave the name of "Franklin's Beacon."]

"After a laborious pull of four hours we reached the steep and almost perpendicular ridge of Cape Osborn, a bold headland of rounded form, white with snow, * * * * * This cape may be considered the northernmost boundary of Wellington Strait, * * * * * At 1.45, p. m. we passed a very remarkable isolated mass of rock, rising abruptly from the steep face of this ridge about one third from the summit.

"It bore a striking resemblance to the bust of a human figure of burly form, and habited in a cloak and cap; * * * * * I transferred a fac-simile of it to my sketch-book under the name of 'Franklin's Beacon,' whose attention it could not fail to attract, pointing as it does to those unknown and unexplored regions which lie beyond, around the Northern Pole, untrodden by the foot of man since creation's dawn," * * * * * — *M'Cormick's Narrative.*

[It was in this part of Wellington Strait that poor Bellôt lost his life, August 18th, 1853.]

[14] "*Lamented Bellôt! Science's favourite child,—*"

[It appears to have been somewhere in the Wellington Channel, about midway between Capes Grinnell and Osborn, that this melancholy event occurred.]

"This unfortunate occurrence took place on the night of the gale, when M. Bellôt with two men were driven off from the shore on a floe; and shortly after, whilst reconnoitering from the top of a hummock, he was blown off by a violent gust of wind into a deep crack in the ice, and perished by drowning." * * * *

"A careful meteorological journal has been kept, a tide register

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at Holsteinberg, and a great many observations made on the direction, dip, and force of the magnet. These have been carried on by Mr. Stanton and the late lamented M. Bellôt, whose industry in this branch of science is well proved by the mass of valuable matter he has left behind."—*Captain Inglefield's Report, 4th of October, 1853. H. M. S. S. "Phoenix," off Thurso.*

[To this ship (The "Phoenix") M. Bellôt had been appointed, as supernumerary; and at the time of his death was the bearer of despatches from Captain Pullen to Sir E. Belcher.]

"He was sincerely regretted by us all. His zeal, ability, and quiet, unassuming manner made him indeed beloved."—*Captain Inglefield's Report, &c.*

[Captain Pullen, in his deeply-interesting "Journal of the Proceedings of H. M. Discovery Ship, "North Star," records the circumstances attending the fate of this gallant officer, as reported to him by the two men, Johnston and Hook, who had been left with him on the floe.]

"Poor Bellôt's last remark to Johnston was rather singular, and characteristic of his idea of his duty"—'Nothing makes me more happy than to think that I am not on shore; for, considering it to be the last duty of an officer to be at the post of danger, I would rather die here, on the floe, than be there, on the shore, to be saved.'—

"Deeply unfortunate as is such an occurrence, yet it affords me a melancholy gratification in knowing that confidence was not misplaced in the gallant Frenchman; and the men speak of him in the highest terms. He was well appreciated by all on board the ship; and it was not the first time that we knew of his zeal and devotion in the cause we are engaged in. I feel his loss most acutely, and received a shock that time only can dispel. He was a character that any one might feel a pride in being associated with."—*Commander Pullen's Journal, &c.*

[The name of Kennedy being associated with that of the amiable, brave, but ill-fated Bellôt, the present would appear a fitting occasion for some slight record of the energetic daring, and surprising powers of endurance manifested by him during his extensive winter excursions, in company with M. Bellôt, along the frozen shores of America.

In a voyage undertaken subsequently in Lady Franklin's vessel, the "Isabel," with the view to a North-east passage by

way of Behring's Strait, this meritorious and most enterprising officer was unfortunately thwarted by a mutinous crew.]

[15] "*Yet, sacred Shade! at yon impassion'd shrine*"

[Attached to the monumental column* at "Northumberland Dépôt," Beechey Island, is a marble tablet with the following inscription.]

IN MEMORY
OF LIEUT. BELLOT,
OF THE FRENCH NAVY,
WHO LOST HIS LIFE WHILST
NOBLY AIDING IN SEARCH OF
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,
IN THE WELLINGTON CHANNEL,
ON THE 18TH AUGUST, 1853,
THIS TABLET, TO RECORD THE SAD EVENT,
WAS ERECTED BY HIS FRIEND, J. BARROW.
A.D. 1854.

[16] "*Whose portal dire led Franklin to his fate;*"

[There is scarcely a single geographical feature in the whole range of the Arctic regions to which the name of this eminent man has not somewhere been attached: while the scientific repute of Colonel Sabine (a name here associated with that of Sir John Barrow) needs but little comment.]

[17] "*And in his honour'd son he lives again.*"

"To the inlet running up on the west side of Mount Providence from south south-west to north north-east, I gave the name of Dragleybeck, in commemoration of the birth-place of Sir John Barrow, Bart. and in compliment to his son, John Barrow, Esq. of the Admiralty, F.R.S. who, following up his father's career,

* A clever sketch of the column is given in the Parliamentary Papers from the pencil of Lieutenant Emile De Bray, a French officer, who accompanied the Expedition, on board the Resolute, and distinguished himself on all occasions—gaining the esteem and respect of both officers and men—(Vide Despatches).

has earned for himself a distinguished position in the history of Arctic discovery, by his noble and unceasing efforts in furthering the search for the brave but ill-fated Franklin and the rest of our long-lost countrymen.

"No one but those who have near relations in the expedition can possibly have felt deeper interest in this hapless search from first to last than I have, unless it is my friend Mr. Barrow, whose untiring exertions and devotion in this noble cause stand unequalled."—*M'Cormick's Narrative, &c.*

[18] "*Still-vex'd Polynia sits with brow serene;*"

[The bold excursion of this meritorious officer (Captain M'Clintock) along the most repulsive shores of the Polar Sea are well known and appreciated. In the expedition here alluded to, he ranged as far as the Polynia Islands.]

"15th June. * * * * The ice traversed this march was covered with snow, except off the west point of the island, where there are some huge grounded hummocks, and extending both ways from them a line of crushed-up ice. * * * It is almost impossible to form a correct idea of the shape of this coast-line, it is so extremely low, and so deeply covered with snow; far out we see sand-heaps, and far inland we find masses of ice; the land and ice seem confusedly heaped together all about us, but two miles outside us the edge of the tremendous pack seems to rest upon the ground.

"16th June.—A continuous line of very formidable hummocks has been seen in the offing. * * * * The Polynia Islands lying further off shore are all pure gravel. * * * *

"17th June.—After taking bearings, &c. here, we travelled seven or eight miles to the next extreme of land, on rounding which we saw several islands forming a chain a few miles off shore; these keep off the heavy Polar pack, and within them we have ordinary old floe. * * * *

"P. M. The weather is worse if possible, we cannot advance against this gale, not being able to see our way, nor will we retreat before it. It is very mortifying to be thus arrested within one march of our extreme, and to be unable to get a glimpse of the coast beyond that which we have actually walked to; to-morrow we must commence our retreat. The little sledge turned up on its

side forms the weather end of our hurricane house; one end of a ridge pole rests upon it, the other end on my compass stand. The sledge's sail thrown over this affords us shelter on three sides, and here we sit anxiously watching the weather." * * *—*Journal of H. M. Sledge, "Star of the North," Commander M'Clintock, &c.*

[19] "*Pierced like a Power of life the obstructing floe.*"

[Among the searching expeditions of 1850, there was one equipped by the Government, and which consisted of two ships of 225 and 120 tons respectively, named, from obvious motives, the "Lady Franklin" and the "Sophia," and placed under the command of Captain Penny. Another, fitted out mainly at the cost of Lady Franklin, comprised one vessel only, the "Prince Albert," schooner-rigged, of 90 tons, a dashing little craft that well did her duty. She was commanded by Captain (then Commander) Forsyth, accompanied by Mr. W. Parker Snow, who served in various capacities, and has given in his journal a graphic description of one of her feats of daring].

"As the wind was blowing right down upon it" (the ice floe) "and pretty fresh," he observes, "it was determined by Captain Forsyth boldly to try and break through the impediment, by forcing the ship on it under a press of canvass. Accordingly all sail was set, and the ship was steered direct for the narrowest and most broken part of the neck. As this was the first and only time the Prince Albert was made to come direct upon the ice, to break it with the force she would derive from a press of sail, we were all anxious to see how she would stand it; and right well did she bear the test." * * * * *

[After detailing the critical position of the "Prince Albert" under these circumstances, Mr. Snow adds—]

* * * * * "The next instant, with a tremendous blow that for the moment made her rebound and tremble, she struck the ice in the exact point, and caused it to rend apart in several fragments."

[20] "*Gave to the sphere of Hope another Star;*"

[H. M. Sledge, "Star of the North," and H. M. Ship, "North Star," were eminent both, in their respective spheres, and un-

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surpassed in their exertions to throw light on the mysterious fate of the "Erebus" and "Terror."

The "North Star" was despatched in the first instance under command of Mr. Saunders, Master, R.N. with stores, but quickly changed her character to that of a Discovery Ship; and joining the searching squadron of 1850, pursued a career, the exciting particulars of which are ably recorded in the journals of her commander, Captain Pullen. The successful efforts of this officer in the arduous task of recovering his stranded ship are entitled to the highest credit.

Lieutenant Wm. Hulme Hooper was a most zealous and accomplished young officer, who accompanied Captain Pullen on his previous boat-voyage along the Polar shores, from Icy Cape, across the mouth of the Mackenzie River, to Cape Bathurst, and sacrificed his health, and life to the cause. His work, entitled "Ten Months in the Tents of the Tuski," is full of close observation, and gives an interesting account of this little-known race of people. A marble tablet to his memory was erected at Haslar by Lady Franklin.

The expedition of this year under Sir John Ross has already been noticed. That under Captains Austin, C.B. and Ommanney consisted of two ships, the "Resolute" and the "Assistance," and two screw-propelled steam vessels, the "Pioneer" and the "Intrepid." The ships had a tonnage, the one of 500, the other of 430. Lieutenant Sherard Osborn was placed in command of the "Pioneer." After encountering great difficulties from the middle ice in Baffin's Bay, they reached Cape Riley at the mouth of the Wellington Channel, and there discovered and collected such traces as led to the certain conclusion that a prolonged sojourn had been made there by parties whom circumstances pointed to as Sir John Franklin and his crews.]

[21] "*Spoke, but alas! told not the course to shape.*"

"The greatest mystery of all is," as Dr. M'Cormick remarks, "that of no record having been left of their sojourn or departure; so sanguine was I for a time that something might turn up to reward a diligent and persevering search, that I did not rest until I had closely examined every foot of ground for miles around."

* * * * *—*M'Cormick's Narrative, &c.*

[The daring gallantry of the sledge-excursionists of the search-

ing squadrons will long be remembered in Arctic history; while the chapter that treats of the expeditions by way of Behring's Strait will not fail to do justice to the meritorious efforts of Captains Moore, Maguire, and Trollope.]

[22] "*But One came back, a partner in defeat,*"

[This was the most deeply interesting of all the expeditions of search, and the most remarkable for its results. The ships employed were the "Enterprise" and the "Investigator," which in 1848 had been given to the command of Sir J. C. Ross for the first exploration by way of Baffin's Bay. They were fine vessels of 470 and 420 tons respectively, and commanded, as is well known, on the present occasion, the former by Captain Collinson, C.B. the latter by Commander (now Captain Sir Robert) M'Clure. From the dispatches of the latter officer the following are extracts.]

[23] "*Where wild Magellan, with impetuous sweep,*"

[These Straits are dangerous and difficult, from the prevalence of westerly or north-westerly gales through a great part of the year. From this and other causes, the western currents setting through them acquire a velocity equal almost to that of a mountain-torrent. The vessels of the present expedition were provided with steamers, to tow them through the straits.]

[24] "*By the huge fastness of the Polar pack.*"

Upon one occasion when the Investigator was in "a most exposed position, being upon the eastern side of a large bay, open to the whole pressure of the Polar pack, and surrounded with masses of ice sixteen and eighteen feet thick, while the grounded floes were from forty to sixty-seven in depth, * * * * *

* * blasting was had recourse to, with charges from sixteen to sixty-five pounds; these made little impression, except near the explosion, therefore a six and twenty gallon rum cask, containing two hundred and fifty-five pounds, was now sunk five fathoms. Amongst these large masses at thirty yards from the vessel its effect was most conclusive, shivering them to atoms, rending that

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to which we were attached, and which was sixty-seven feet thick on the outer, and thirty-five on its in-shore edge, asunder, without the concussion being very much felt on board."—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. H. M. Discovery Ship, "Investigator," off Cape Bathurst, Polar Sea.*

[25] "*With the ever-varying tack a course is steer'd.*"

"Upon rounding Cape Halkett upon the morning of the 9th, found the ice was set close to the shore, which rendered it a passage of much anxiety, great labour, and imminent risk, as the wind was strong from East-south-east with thick fog, and the ice closing around us fast, so that we had barely space to work in, tacking frequently in five, and never beyond ten minutes, standing upon one tack into three fathoms and a half, and upon the other to four and a half and six fathoms."—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Point Warren, Polar Sea.*

[26] "*Fires from the earth, and forests struck to stone.*"

"September 5th, the weather, which had been squally accompanied by a thick fog during the early part of the day, cleared towards noon, when a large volume of smoke was observed about twelve miles south-west and five to the eastward of the Horton, in the same spot that it had attracted our attention yesterday. As divers opinions were in circulation respecting its probable cause, and the ice-mate having positively reported that from the crow's nest he could distinguish several persons moving about dressed in white shirts, and observed some white tents in a hollow of the cliff, I certainly had every reason to imagine they were a party of Europeans in distress, convinced that no travellers would remain for so long a period as we had remarked the smoke, in one spot, for their pleasure; therefore, to satisfy myself equally as others, I determined to send a boat on shore, as it was now calm. The first whale boat, under Lieutenant Cresswell, with Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Miertsching, were despatched to examine into the cause, who on their return reported the smoke to emanate from fifteen small mounds of volcanic appearance, occupying a space of about fifty yards, the place strongly impregnated with sulphur, the lower

mounds being about thirty feet above the sea level, the highest about fifty feet."—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Cape Bathurst, Polar Sea.*

"Shooting and other parties made daily excursions inland, in which rambles an exceedingly old Esquimaux encampment was met with, and a most interesting discovery of a range of hills composed of one entire mass of wood in every stage, from a petrification to a log fit for firewood; many large trees were amongst it."—*Id.*

[27] "*To find in Nature's a confiding child.*"

[Captain M'Clure speaks of the friendly and confiding nature of the tribes (generally) on these distant Arctic shores.] "Shortly gaining courage, they returned, and, as we approached, arranged themselves in line upon the beach, and commenced extending their arms above the head (typical of friendship), which being answered from the boats, perfectly assured them of our amicable intentions. Upon landing, they evinced a most manly confidence, rubbing noses and embracing most vigorously. These were very cleanly, so that the operation was not so unpleasant as it otherwise might have been."—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Point Warren, Polar Sea.*

[28] "*Such was thy art:—yet once, with bended bow,*"

[Captain M'Clure gives some interesting details of this strange story; a few extracts are offered from his despatches.]

* * * * * "Great, therefore, was my surprise, upon approaching the beach, to find, instead of being greeted with the usual friendly signs, that two savages, with gesticulations the most menacing, having bended bows with arrows on their strings, and one with a large knife which he brandished most significantly, waved us off. Taking no heed of these hostile demonstrations, we pulled in; they retreated, yelling furiously. Upon our reaching the full of the beach, we made the same signs of friendship which we had used with the Esquimaux further west, but without any effect until joined by the Interpreter, who was in full native costume. This gave them confidence. * * * * *

—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Cape Bathurst, Polar Sea.*

[PART VII.]

[The two savages here described were the Chief and his son, who had remained to defend their property; the tribe having taken to their baidars with their most valuable skins, and left the settlement, upon observing Captain M'Clure's approach]—"Alleging, as a reason, that they feared the ship had come to revenge the death of a white man they had murdered some time ago."—*Captain Inglefield's Report, &c. H.M.S.S. "Phoenix" off Thurso.*

"Observing an old brass button suspended from the ear of the Chief, he said it was taken from a white man that had been killed by one of his tribe, who went away in his kyack when the vessel was seen. The white man belonged to a party which had landed at Point Warren, and there built a house; nobody knew how they came, as they had no boat, but that they went inland. The man killed had strayed from the party, and that he and his son buried him upon a hill at a little distance. The only answer we could obtain as to the probable time when this transaction took place was, 'that it might be last year, or when I was a child.' To have examined the graves I was very anxious, but was prevented by the state of the weather becoming foggy, with fresh breeze, which compelled our immediate return to the ship; so, making them a few presents, we parted on very amicable terms. This intelligence appeared of so important a nature with respect to the white man on the point, that I determined to remain until it became sufficiently clear to land and examine the house, which might possibly contain some indication of the missing expedition. This detained me eighteen hours; but to have left with a doubt would have been a subject of perpetual regret.

"At 2 a. m. on the following morning, the 25th, we reached the point. The weather being tolerably clear, the interpreter, Dr. Armstrong, and myself went on shore in eager expectation of discovering some clue that would lead to a knowledge of the parties; but in this we were miserably disappointed; two huts, indeed, were there, to excite hopes, but upon approaching them, we found the woodwork to be perfectly rotten and of a very old date, without any description of mark to yield the slightest information.

* * * * *

So the history of the white man will still continue a mystery."—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Cape Bathurst, Polar Sea.*

[29] "*Secure in Mercy's memorable Bay.*"

"On a view of our position, we found that we were on the North-west side of a large bay, whose eastern limits bore North-east eight miles, which, we subsequently found, formed the western point of Banks's Sound, and running to the South-south-west about seven, which was rapidly filling up with ice flowing before a fresh gale from the Polar Sea; still wishing to see if any possibility remained of getting down Barrow Strait, we weighed and stood as far as the ice would allow to the North-east, when, observing from the crow's nest no water in that direction, I determined to make this our winter quarters; and, having remarked upon the south side of the bank on which we had grounded a well-protected bay, Mr. Court was despatched to sound it; and shortly making the signal that there was sufficient water, we bore up, and at 7. 45. a. m. anchored in four fathoms and a half, and that night were firmly frozen in, in what has since proved a most safe and excellent harbour,—which, in grateful remembrance of the many perils that we had (during the passage of that terrible Polar Sea) escaped, in reaching, we have named the Bay of Mercy. * * * * *"—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Cape Bathurst, Polar Sea.*

[Two years previously to this, on the 26th of October, 1850, the Prince of Wales Strait (between Banks or Baring Island and Prince Albert's Land) was traced by Captain M'Clure to its entrance into Barrow Strait. This discovery, which established the existence of a North-west Passage, is noticed (as below) in the despatches of this most persevering and intrepid officer, who had proceeded in a sledge with a travelling party from the "Investigator."]

"Being dissatisfied with the view obtained from Prince Albert's Land, respecting the waters we were now in, as to their connexion with Barrow Strait, which would settle the question of a North-west Passage, I determined to proceed in that direction with a travelling party, although rather late in the season, as soon as I felt that the vessel might be safely quitted, which I judged would occur after the ensuing spring tides, if at that period there was no commotion amongst the ice. Accordingly, upon the 21st, everything being favourable, I started with Mr. Court (second master)

and the men*; the ice for two miles from the ship was so rough, that Lieutenant Haswell and the whole of the ship's company were occupied in carrying the sledge and different articles of lading. At 8 a. m. the sledge was finally packed, when with the fatigue party in charge of Mr. Wynniatt (mate), accompanied by Dr. Armstrong (as an amateur), we set off to the north-east. At noon the fatigue party, having taken us eight miles, were directed to return. Soon after quitting us, we got amongst very difficult ice; the sledge was broken, but quickly fishing it, proceeded. Unfortunately, scarcely an hour had elapsed, when crossing a floe, the inequalities of which were imperceptible, it came down with such a crash, that it broke into pieces. This was unlucky, but pitching our tent, Mr. Court and Peter Thomson (Captain of the Foretop) started for the ship, where they arrived at 7.30 p. m., and rejoined the next day at 2 p. m. with a fresh and larger sledge, and a fatigue party with Mr. Wynniatt to carry the damaged one back. This party, upon my return, I found did not get on board until the following day, being stopped by heavy snow drift, but having a tent and provisions, did not suffer. As soon as the new comers were refreshed, the sledge was packed, and by 3 p. m. we were again off, continuing our course without any further disaster until 3.45 p. m. of the 26th, where we had the extreme gratification of pitching our tent upon the shores of Barrow Strait, nearly on the line as represented in the charts were Sir Edward Parry has very correctly marked the loom of the land."—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Cape Bathurst, Polar Sea.*

[30] "*Closed all the hatchways, and the vessel housed,*"

[A winter having at length been spent in the Bay of Mercy, which is recorded by Captain M'Clure as one of unusual mildness, and productive thus of great success to the sportsmen,—the succeeding season soon closed in another winter of apparently great severity. Under the influence of its approaches, in August, he says,] * * * * * "I felt assured that the winter had again fairly set in, and all hopes of any release this year totally annihilated, * * * * * Having previously

* Robt. Calder, Captain of the Forecastle. Robt. Tiffeny, Captain of the Main-top. Mich. Flynn, Quarter-Master. George Brown, A.B. P. Thomson, Captain of the Foretop. James Saunders, Private, Royal Marines.

determined what course I should adopt under circumstances thus unfavourable, upon the 8th September I announced my intentions to the crew of sending half of them to England next April, with all the officers not in charge of stores, *vid* Baffin's Bay (taking the boat from Cape Spencer) and the Mackenzie, detaining the remainder with the hope of extricating the vessel during the summer of 1853, or, failing that, to proceed with sledges in 1854 by Port Leopold, our provisions admitting of no other arrangement.

* * * * * Upon the 25th October, closed the hatchways and housed the vessel over. * * * * *

The 26th being the second anniversary of our discovery of the "Passage," and the last that we should all be together, the occasion was celebrated by a small additional allowance of provisions, and an extra glass of grog, which had the effect of putting all in high spirits, so that the evening was passed most jovially in singing and dancing. On November 8th, completed the banking up and other outside work, finally terminating our winter arrangements on the 18th, by covering the upper deck with eighteen inches of snow. The deer for the last few days have been coming from the southward to their winter quarters among the ravines and sand-hills; ninety have been met with at one time and forty at another, but so very wild that few have been shot. Our two seasons' experience show that these animals do not migrate to the south, as is generally supposed; but bear the extreme rigour of the climate, and exist upon the scanty herbage, chiefly the dwarf-willow, from off which they break the snow with their feet, which tapping can be heard at a considerable distance, when the weather is calm, and frequently leads to their discovery. The hares and Ptarmigan have also descended from the high ground to the sea ridges."—*M'Clure's Despatches, &c. off Cape Bathurst, Polar Sea.*

[31] "*Behold! all-sudden, as some sight that comes,*"

[For records of this extraordinary and providential relief, and of the circumstances immediately preceding and following from it, reference should be had to the Despatches of Captain M'Clure; more especially the letters of that officer to Captain Kellett, and subsequently to the Secretary of the Admiralty. From these the following are extracts.]

[PART VII.]

"I would, were it possible, endeavour to convey the state of feeling which animated not only myself, but every soul, when his sudden and most unexpected appearance on the floe, about 200 yards from the ship, was remarked. All description must fall below the reality. Only imagine, if you can, a whole crew which had to this moment no idea of any ship but their own being within the limit of these dreary regions, cut off from the world, their isolated situation, and (in defiance of all exertion) a little despondent, when accidentally a strange, remarkable, and solitary figure is seen rapidly advancing, showing gesticulations of friendship, similar to those used by the Esquimaux, black as Erebus from the smoke created by cooking in his tent. My surprise, I may almost add dismay, was great in the extreme. I paused in my advance, doubting who or what it could be, whether a denizen of this or the other world; however, the surprise was momentary. 'I am Lieutenant Pim, late of the "Herald." Captain Kellett is at Melville Island.' And as the apparition was thus indubitably discovered to be solid, real English flesh and blood, to rush at and seize him by the hand was but the first impulsive gush of feeling. The heart was too full for the tongue to articulate, as this dark stranger communicated his errand of mercy. The sick, forgetting their maladies, jumped from their hammocks, the healthy their despondency;—all flew to the only hatchway that was open, and in far less time than it takes me to write this, all hands were on deck. Such a scene can never be forgotten; all was now life, activity, and joyful astonishment. In the twinkling of an eye the whole crew were changed; but I shall cease to say more, for I might write much, but never could, even faintly, convey the most remote idea of the sensation created by this most opportune and providential arrival of your relieving party."—*Commander M'Clure to Capt. Kellett, C.B., H.M.S. "Resolute," Dealy Island, 2nd May, 1853.*

[32] "*Whose faithful bosom bore thee to the end.*"

It was the anxious desire of Captain M'Clure "to further continue in the country, with the chance of being able to extricate his ship;" but at length, "in consequence of there not being a sufficiency of hands to work the ship, the only alternative that remained was to abandon her, which it is my intention to do reluctantly indeed) as soon as the stores and provisions have been

landed to form a depôt, which articles are enumerated in the accompanying list, and securing the vessel with one bower anchor by the stream, the former in two, the other in one fathom water, having one hundred and sixty fathoms of chain, which will, from her sheltered position, hold her against the ice, and throw her upon a mud bank, where she may remain for ages, and possibly become a home for other wanderers through these dreary seas."

* * * * * *Commander M'Clure to the Secretary of the Admiralty, H. M. D. S. "Investigator," Bay of Mercy.*

* * * * * "That disagreeable duty was carried into effect upon the evening of the 3rd, when she was left with her colours flying, the hatchways and skylights all covered and battened down, and every precaution taken to prevent moisture from penetrating between decks; she was perfectly water-tight and serviceable."—*Commander M'Clure to the Secretary to the Admiralty, H. M. S. "Resolute," Dealy Island.*

[33] "*Mark'd the fond course of faithful Collinson.*"

[The "Enterprise" and the "Investigator" parted company at the Straits of Magellan, and never met again. The course of each has been most remarkable, and the hazards encountered almost unparalleled.]

[34] "*Pure-minded man!—Affliction saw in thee*"

[The oneness of purpose that animated this distinguished officer throughout, cannot be too highly praised. He searched, and searched, and searched, with an enduring zeal not easily to be diverted from the great object he had at heart, and a patient perseverance to be discouraged by nothing, save, perhaps, the startling disclosures of the Finlayson Islands:—Though whether any, and what connection, may be presumed to exist between the scanty relics discovered there, and the more fearful remains reported by the Esquimaux to Dr. Rae, it is for others to determine.]

[35] "*And fatal triumph sanctifies the claim.*"

[The writer of a work of the imagination, on a subject to himself wholly unprofessional, may well pause ere he hazard his sentiments upon a point which, to some perhaps, may still appear open to question. It will, however, be safe to presume that, to the mind of every reflecting man, the tidings reported to Dr. Rae, taken in connection with the fearful evidence of which that gentleman was the bearer to England, will appear as proof only too convincing of the triumph of Sir John Franklin over every obstacle in the accomplishment of the North-west passage.]

[36] "*Unwearied Rover! who more prompt than thou*"

[We have but to become acquainted with the history of Captain Inglefield's untiring exertions in the Arctic Seas, fully to feel and appreciate them. In his last voyage, especially, throughout the expansive and perilous waters of Baffin's Bay, this officer distinguished himself, not less by the rapidity and energy of his movements, than by his wakeful and unceasing devotion to the cause of science; a cause, nevertheless, still secondary to that which was the stirring motive of a voyage, the incidents of which are graphically described by Captain Inglefield, in a volume entitled, "*A summer Search for Sir John Franklin,*" &c.

On the remote shores of that great Bay, chosen as the field of his efforts, Captain Inglefield found some interesting natives, his intercourse with whom is pleasingly depicted in his work; and, with regard to his scientific industry, the sentiments of high authorities are here offered.]

* * * * * "The new official chart of the Polar Regions shows how many errors of former delineation of the headlands, gulfs, and islands of Baffin Bay, have been corrected by him, and how he has obtained entirely new data respecting Smith Sound, which go far to settle the belief that Franklin must have taken the route of Wellington Channel.

"Acquainted as we were with the very untoward circumstances under which Commander Inglefield volunteered to take the command of the small private vessel, the "*Isabel*," and seeing the energy with which, in overcoming all difficulties, he carried out the wishes of Lady Franklin and the subscribers to the expedition, we might well admire results which, in the words of the first of

living authorities on such a subject, Sir Edward Parry, "have placed Commander Inglefield among the most distinguished of our Arctic navigators:" * * * * * Extract from *A letter of the President and Vice-President of the R. G. Society, to His Grace the Duke of Northumberland.*

* * * * *
 * * * * * "All this has been performed in four months, and all accomplished without the drawback of a single accident; every obstacle having been overcome by his persevering energy, and every vain temptation resisted by his singleness of purpose, altogether forming, in my estimation, one of the most extraordinary voyages on record." — *Report on Commander Inglefield's Arctic Voyage, by Sir Francis Beaufort, Hydrographer of the Admiralty.*

[37] "*A faithful band of Patriot-Rulers rise,*"

[The allusion here is to the Hudson's Bay Company. That great Association dates its origin from the year 1668, established, as is well known, for the traffic in furs, and invested by its charter with supreme authority over fifty tribes of native Indians, ranging a territory more extensive than the whole of Europe. But the spirit of that Charter, no less than the inclinations and interests of the Governing Body itself, prompted to frequent research along the intricate coasts that bounded its domain to the north. Under such cogent motives, many daring explorations have been effected by its officers, as well as others who, from time to time, became enlisted in its service: of such there are many instances, to which occasional reference has already been made in these pages: but, in more recent times, this great Company has distinguished itself for an untiring devotion to the Arctic cause, and a ready and unsparing employment of its means for the furtherance of discovery: nor are these patriotic exertions yet at rest; with the view of further clearing up the painfully-lingering mystery that still envelopes the fate of Sir John Franklin, and the officers and crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror," the Hudson's Bay Company have equipped expeditions, for the indefatigable efforts of which, in so sacred a cause, the names of Rae, Anderson, and Stewart are an all-sufficient guarantee.]

THE END.

EXPEDITIONS

SENT IN SEARCH OF

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, K.C.H. AND THE CREWS

OF HER MAJESTY'S

DISCOVERY SHIPS, "EREBUS" AND "TERROR."

Officers in command.	Vessels.	
Sir James Clarke Ross, Kt.....	Enterprise . . .	} 1848.
Captain Bird	Investigator ..	
Mr. Saunders, Master, R. N.....	North Star.	1849.
Captain Collinson, C. B.....	Enterprise . . .	} 1850.
Captain (now Sir Robert) M'Clure, Kt.	Investigator....	
Captain Austin, C. B.....	Resolute.	} 1850.
Captain Ommanney.....	Assistance . . .	
Lieutenant Bertie Cator	Intrepid	
Lieutenant Sherard Osborn.....	Pioneer	
Captain Penny	Lady Franklin }	} 1850.
Captain Stewart.....	Sophia... ..	
Captain De Haven	Advance.	} 1850.
Lieutenant Griffin	Rescue.....	
Grinnell's U. S. Expedition.		
Captain Sir John Ross, C. B.....	Felix	1850.
Hudson's Bay Company.		
Captain Forsyth	Prince Albert.	1850.
Lady Franklin's Vessel.		
Captain Kennedy.....	} Prince Albert.	} 1851.
Lieutenant Bellôt.		
Lady Franklin's Vessel.		
Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C. B. . . .	Assistance . . .	} 1852.
Captain Kellett, C. B.....	Resolute.	
Captain M'Clintock.....	Intrepid	
Captain Sherard Osborn.....	Pioneer	
Dr. M'Cormick	Boat-voyage ..	1852.

Officers in command.	Vessels.	
Captain Inglefield	Isabel	1852.
Lady Franklin's Vessel.		
Captain Inglefield	Phoenix	1853-4.
Captain Kennedy	Isabel	1853.
Lady Franklin's Vessel.		
Captain Moore	Plover	} Behring's Strait.
Captain Maguire	Plover	
Captain Trollope	Rattlesnake	
Captain Kellett, C. B.	Herald	
Mr. Shedden	Nancy Dawson (Private Yacht).	
Mr. Anderson	} Hudson's Bay Company.	
Mr. Stewart		
Sir John Richardson, C. B.—Boat-voyage.		
Dr. Rae—Boat-voyage, and extensive journeys.		
Captain Pullen	} Boat-voyage.	
Lieutenant W. Hulme Hooper		
Dr. Kane	Advance	1853-4.
(Grinnell's U. S. Expedition.)		
Captain Hartstein		1855.
(U. S. Expedition.)		

ERRATA.

- Page 145 line 25..For *their* read *thine*.
 — 146 — 17..For *necessary* read *necessarily*.
 — 147 — 13..For *darkness* read *deadness*.
 — 159 — 23..For *maynote* read *magnete*.
 — 160 — 8..For *interprising* read *enterprising*.
 — 186 — 14..For *speculæ* read *spiculæ*.

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“ Being wholly unable to do more than this, in consequence of my state of health, I now return the MS.

“ I should be glad to know what price you put upon each copy of your Poem, and have the honor to remain,

“ Sir, your most obedient Servant,

“ W. E. PARRY.

“ C. H. ABRAHALL, Esq.”

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"I am, dear Sir,

"With truth and regard, your obedient Servant,

"JOHN ROSS.

"Capt. W. A. B. HAMILTON, R.N.

"Sec. &c. &c. &c."

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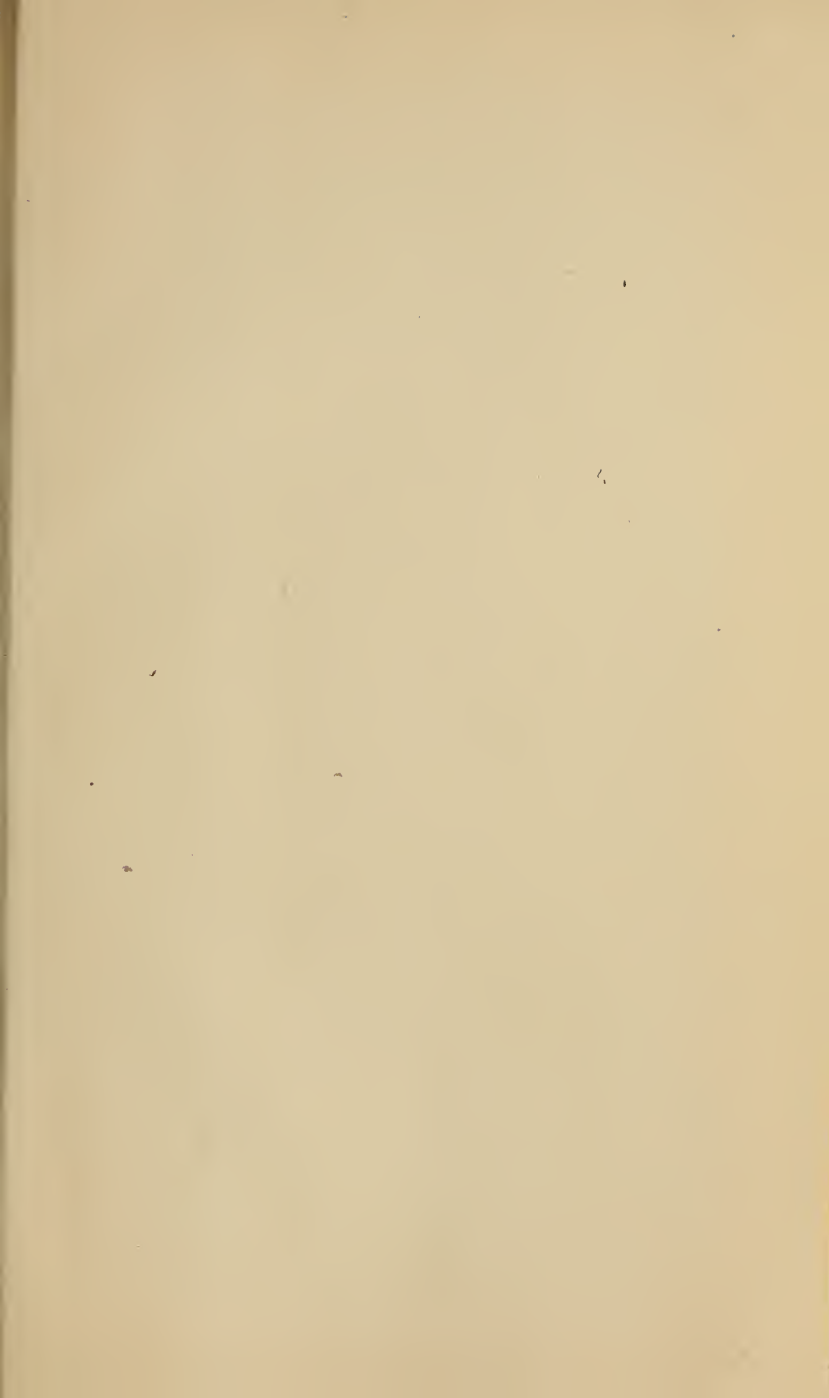
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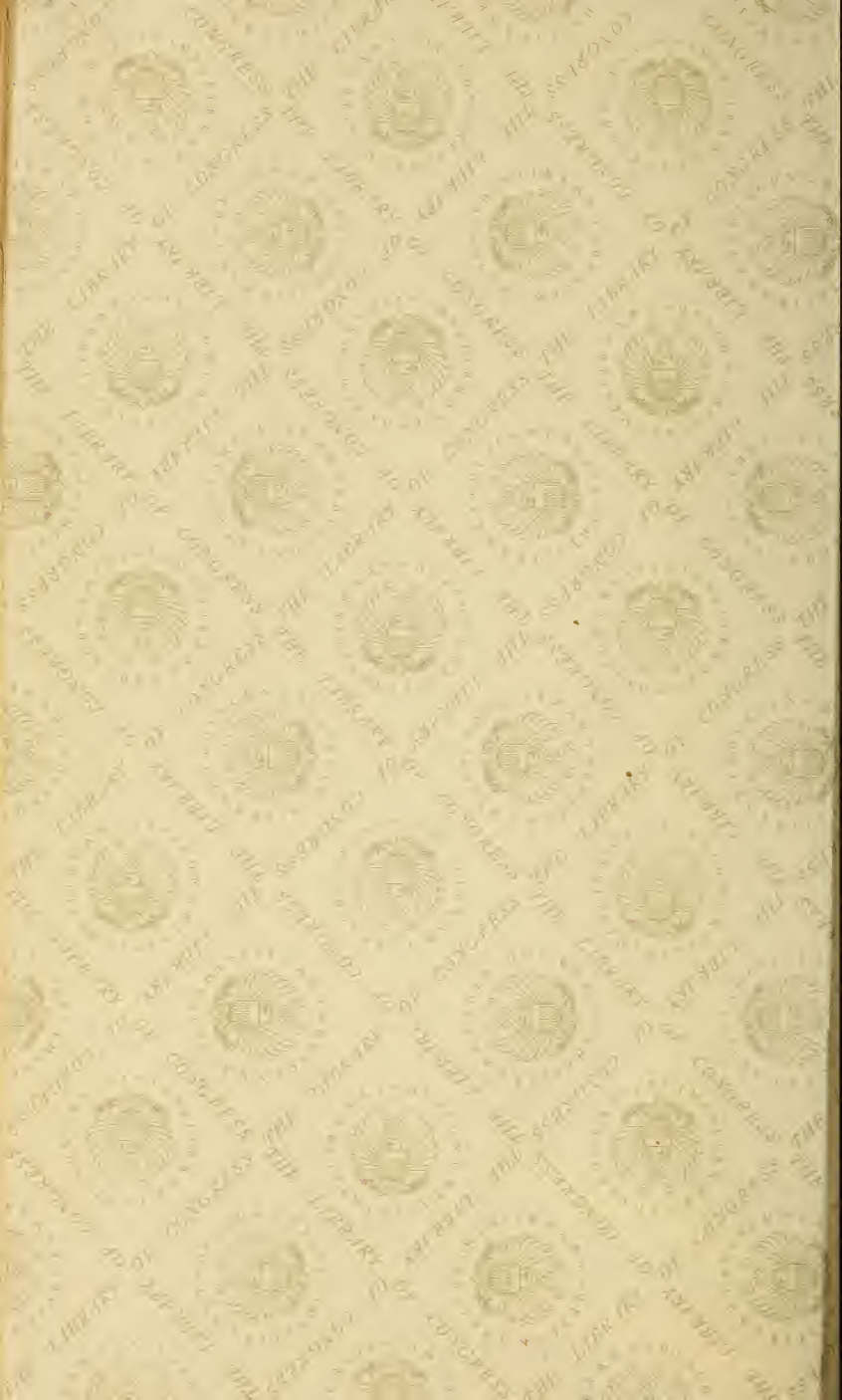
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